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Bon Ami

For the Hands

When your hands get too grimy for ordinary toilet soaps, borrow the Bon Ami from the kitchen and you'll find it takes off the dirt and stain like magic. Remove ink stains with it. Bon Ami won't hurt the hands a bit, even if you use it all the time.

For White Shoes

Yes, Bon Ami cleans white shoes better than the special cleaners do. It dissolves the grime and stains and leaves the shoe as clean as new instead of merely painting the dirt white. No chalky dust to rub off on skirts. A cleaning with Bon Ami lasts longer, too.

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK

Other Uses

For cleaning and polishing windows, mirrors, brass, nickel, painted woodwork, tiling and bath tubs, nothing else equals Bon Ami.

"Hasn't scratched yet."

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EVERYBODY'S ALMANACK *for* AUGUST

AUGUST *hath* 31 days — *By* FRANKLIN P. ADAMS — 1912

Predictions

In August, 1912, the Republican National Committeeman will prophesy that, because of the strength of the Republican candidate, his party will be victorious at the polls in November. The Democratic National Committeeman will prophesy that, owing to the strength of the Democratic candidate, his party will be victorious at the polls in November. The cost of living will advance slightly.

Staggering Statistics

If all the fools who rock the boat in one season were placed end on end they would reach from Lusk, Wyo., to Batavia, Ill. This department strongly urges that they be placed thus.

The 5,000,000 inhabitants of Greater New York waste daily enough tooth-powder, in getting the powder from box to brush, to supply the entire standing army of Roumania. The tobacco spilled by persons who roll their own cigarettes would fill 2,217 freight-cars bound for Albuquerque, N. M.

The lead wasted in the state of New York by persons who make pencil marks while waiting at telephones would make bullets enough to annihilate 3,487 taxicab chauffeurs.

Anecdote

A noted physician in the city of New York, whose practise was largely among patients whose maladies were caused by excesses in food and drink, is said to have described himself as a primrose pathologist.

Lines on Contemplating the Futility of Human Endeavor

"Man wants but little here below"—
'Tis thus the poet sets it,
And, you may credit me or no,
He generally gets it.

POEM: AUGUST

Were this a month of winter-time,
Of many a chill and raw gust
It would be easier to rhyme
The well-known month of August.

Bits of History

William Shakespeare, a talented English playwright, was born in 1564.

The American Civil War ended in 1865.

In 1791 a pound of beefsteak contained sixteen (16) ounces.

1—Th.—Geo. Ticknor, founder Boston Public Library, born, 1791. Gas-meter invented by Ananias, 1871.
2—Fr. —J. Ogden Armour blames high cost of beef on farmer, middleman, politics, and warm weather, 1903, 1906, 1908, 1910, 1912.
3—Sa. —Christopher Columbus sets sail from Palos, 1492.
4—Su. —Palos *Gazette* prints editorial against Columbus, 1492. Shelley born, 1792.
5—M. —Byron Diman, Governor of Rhode Island, born, 1795. He organized the Republican party in R. I., where it remains very much so.
6—Tu.—Hugh S. Fullerton discovers inside baseball, 1909.
7—W. —John F. Dryden, inventor of insurance blotters and calendars, born, 1839.
8—Th.—Charles A. Dana, editor New York *Sun*, a famous paper in its day, born, 1819.
9—Fr. —Izaak Walton, original summer-resort booster, born, 1593. Francis Scott Key, author national anthem "Star-Spangled Banner," which all Americans know two or three lines of, born, 1780.
10—Sa. Theodore Roosevelt endorses principles embodied in Decalogue, 1907-12. *Look out for Fish liars.*
11—Su. —Robt. Fulton's *Clermont* makes first trip up Hudson River, 1807. Gifford Pinchot born, 1865.
12—M. —Protocol ending Spanish war signed, 1898.
13—Tu.—Society of Daughters of Spanish War organized, 1898. Emma Eames born, 1867.
14—W. —Ernest Thompson-Seton, and vice versa, born, 1860.
15—Th.—Napoleon Bonaparte, thanwhomest of generals, born, 1769. H O T
16—Fr. —First message sent by Atlantic Cable, 1858.
17—Sa —Horace Greeley arrives in New York, 1831. Julia Marlowe born, 1870.
18—Su. —Horace Greeley writes editorial on New York as a Summer Resort, 1831.
19—M. —Theodore Roosevelt approves of solar system, 1912.
20—Tu.—Robert Herrick born, 1591.
21—W. —St. Louis Browns plan for winning ball-team for 1918, 1912.
22—Th.—Albert Brisbane, father OF Arthur Brisbane, BORN, 1809.
23—Fr. —Dr. F. A. Cook purchases copy Nansen's "Farthest North," 1908.
24—Sa. —Snobbery at Yale discovered by Owen Johnson, 1911.
25—Su. —Allan Pinkerton born, 1819. Bill Nye born, 1850.
26—M. —Mrs. Pinkerton frantic at not being able to make her son sleep, 1819. First oil-well bored, 1859.
27—Tu.—John D. Rockefeller smiles faintly, 1859. Julius Cæsar lands in Britain, 55 B. C. Appalled at tipping system, 55 B. C.
28—W. —Bellamy Storer, first member Ananias Club, born, 1847.
29—Th.—Oliver Wendell Holmes, born, 1809. *Rain.*
30—Fr. —Cleopatra commits suicide, 30 B. C. Expression "some queen" first applied to her.
31—Sa. —Editor EVERYBODY'S ALMANACK wonders why an inexpensive vacation is impossible, 1912.

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THE SON HAD THROWN ONE ARM ROUND HIS MOTHER'S WAIST. LIKE HIS FATHER, HE HAD HAPPY EYES AND A BROAD SMILE. *The Fiancée, page 147.*

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VOL. XXVII
NO. 2

Everybody's Magazine

AUGUST
1912

THREE LITTLE STORIES *of France*

By MARGUERITE AUDOUX

AUTHOR OF "MARIE-CLAIRE"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAY HAMBIDGE

Editor's Note—A few years ago a little French seamstress, unable to work steadily at her sewing because of defective eyesight, began to write reminiscences of her childhood. She read some pages of the manuscript to a group of brilliant young literary men in Paris—pages which sketched her life in a Catholic orphanage, and her apprenticeship as a shepherdess, with a simplicity and an exquisite naïveté that won the fervent enthusiasm of her audience. This was the launching of "Marie-Claire," which became upon publication a literary sensation in England and America as well as France.

Even before the book appeared, Marguerite Audoux, under the stimulus of encouragement, began to write short stories and sketches. The three published here, like her own story, give enchanting glimpses of French provincial life; and they are told with the same charming and unconscious simplicity that made the book "a literary miracle."

The Fiancée

I WAS going back to Paris after a few days' holiday. When I got to the station the train was crowded. I peeped into every carriage, hoping to find a place. There was one in the last carriage, but two big baskets, out of which ducks and hens were peeping, filled the seat. After a long moment's hesitation, I decided to get in. I apologized for disturbing the passengers, but a man in a blouse said:

"Wait a moment, mademoiselle; I'll take the baskets down."

And while I held the basket of fruit which he had on his knees, he slipped the baskets with the ducks and hens under the seat. The ducks did not like it, and told us so.

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IN A MOMENT MICHEL REMEMBERED THE STORY HIS FATHER USED TO TELL HIM— WHO WAS SO BEAUTIFUL, SO BEAUTIFUL, THAT ALI

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"AND THE WATERMAN WHO OWNED THIS PRETTY, PRETTY BARGE HAD A DAUGHTER THE KINGS OF THE EARTH WANTED TO MARRY HER." *The Queen's Barge, page 154.*

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The hens dropped their heads as if they had been insulted, and the peasant's wife talked to them, calling them by their names.

When I was seated, and the ducks were quiet, the passenger opposite me asked the peasant whether he was taking the birds to market.

"No, sir," said the man. "I am taking them to my son, who is going to be married the day after to-morrow."

His face was beaming, and he looked around as if he wanted everybody to know how happy he was. An old woman who was hunched up in the corner among three pillows, and who filled double the space she should occupy, began grumbling about peasants who took up such a lot of room in the train.

The train started, and the passenger who had asked about the birds was opening his newspaper, when the peasant said to him:

"My boy is in Paris. He is working in a shop, and he is going to marry a young lady who is in a shop, too."

The passenger let his open paper drop to his knees. He held it with one hand and, leaning forward a little, asked:

"Is the fiancée pretty?"

"We do not know," said the man. "We haven't seen her yet."

"Really?" said the passenger. "And if she were ugly, and you did not like her?"

"That is one of the things that can always happen," answered the countryman. "But I think we shall like her, because our boy is too fond of us to take an ugly wife."

"Besides," said the little woman next me, "if she pleases our Philip, she will please us, too."

She turned to me, and her gentle eyes were full of smiles. She had a little, round, fresh face, and I could not believe that she was the mother of a son who was old enough to marry. She wanted to know whether I was going to Paris too, and when I said yes, the passenger opposite began to joke.

"I should like to bet," he said, "that this young lady is the fiancée. She has come to meet her father- and mother-in-law, without telling them who she is."

Everybody looked at me, and I got very red. The countryman and his wife said, together:

"We should be very pleased if it were true."

I told them that it was not true, but the passenger reminded them that I had walked up and down twice as if I were looking for somebody, and that I had been a long time making up my mind to get into that carriage.

All the other passengers laughed, and I explained as well as I could that this was the only place I had found.

"Never mind," said the countrywoman. "I shall be very happy if our daughter-in-law is like you."

"Yes," said her husband. "I hope she will look like you."

The passenger kept up his joke; he glanced at me maliciously and said to the peasants:

"When you get to Paris you will see that I am not wrong. Your son will say to you, 'Here is my fiancée.'"

A little while afterward the countrywoman turned toward me, fumbled in her basket, and pulled out a cake, saying that she had made it herself that morning. I didn't know how to refuse her, but I said I had a bad cold and a touch of fever, and the cake went back into the basket. Then she offered me a bunch of grapes, which I was obliged to accept. And I had the greatest difficulty in preventing her husband from going to get me something hot to drink when the train stopped.

As I looked at these good people, who were so anxious to love the wife their son had chosen, I felt sorry that I was not to be their daughter-in-law. I knew how sweet their affection would have been to me. I had never known my parents, and had always lived among strangers.

Every now and again I caught them staring at me.

When we arrived at the station in Paris I helped them lift their baskets down, and showed them the way out. I moved a little away from them as I saw a tall young man rush at them and hug them. He kissed them over and over again, one after the other. They smiled and looked very happy. They did not hear the porters shouting as they bumped into them with the luggage.

I followed them to the gate. The son had passed one arm through the handle of the basket with the hens, and thrown the other round his mother's waist. Like his father, he had happy eyes and a broad smile.

Outside it was nearly dark. I turned up the collar of my coat, and I remained a few steps behind the happy old couple, while their son went to look for a cab. The coun-

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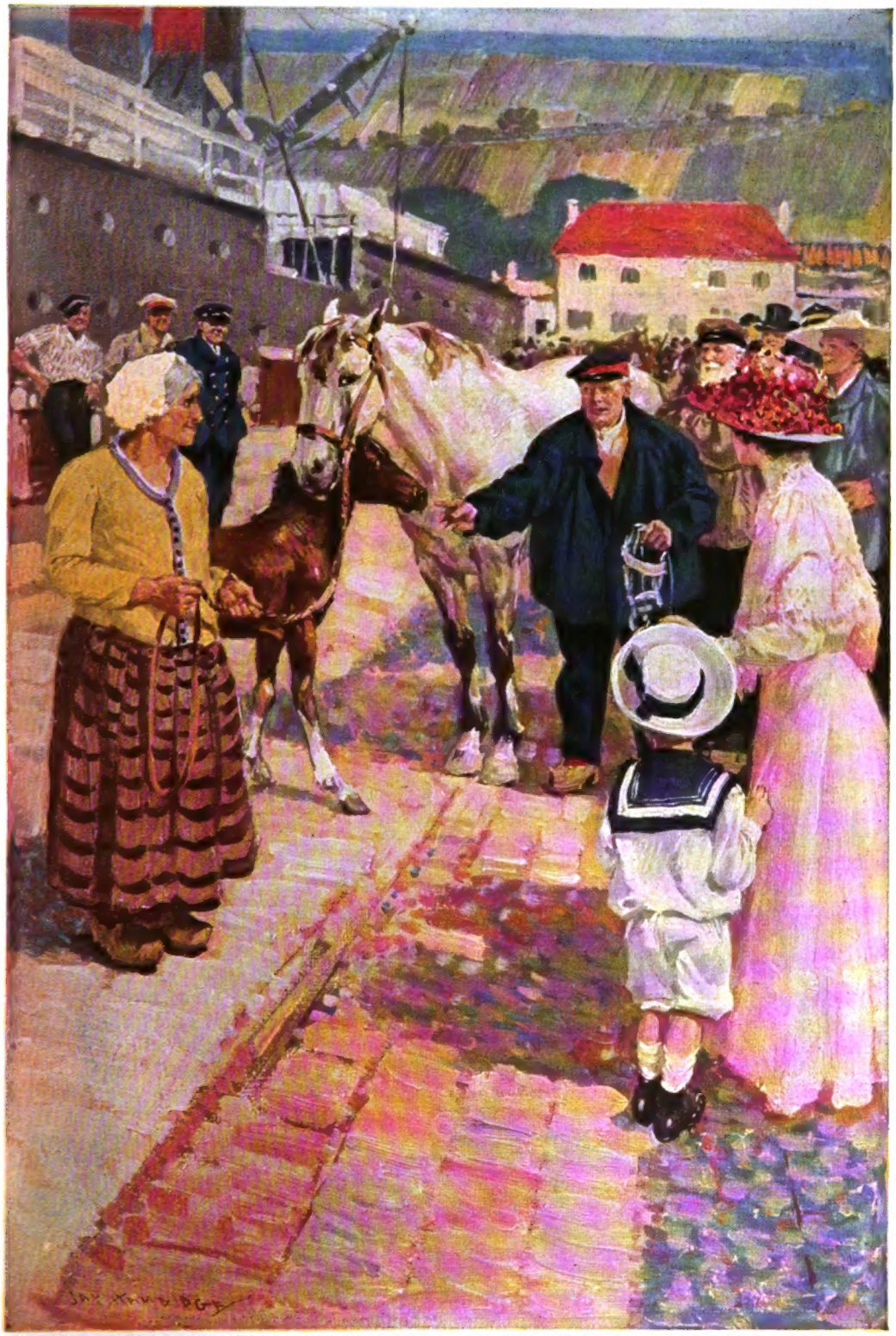

THEN THE FOAL DREW CLOSE TO HIS MOTHER AND PUT HIS LITTLE HEAD UNDER HER NECK TO BE STROKED. THAT WAS WHEN THE DEALER CAUGHT HIM. *Foals, page 152.*

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tryman stroked the head of a big hen with spots of all colors, and said to his wife:

"If we had known that she was not our daughter-in-law, we might have given her the spotted one."

His wife stroked the spotted hen, too, and said: "Yes, if we had known."

She made a movement toward the crowd of people who were coming out of the station, and, looking into the distance, said:

"She is going off with all those people."

The son came back with a cab. He put his father and mother into it and got up on to the box by the driver. He sat sideways so as not to lose sight of them. He looked strong and gentle, and I thought, "His fiancée is a happy girl."

When the cab had disappeared I went slowly out into the streets. I could not make up my mind to go back to my lonely little room. I was twenty years old, and nobody had ever spoken of love to me.

Foals

IT WAS the end of the summer, and the last day of Raymond's holidays. His mother and he had to leave that afternoon the little island where they had been spending two months. While his mother was finishing her packing, Raymond went out for a last run in the meadows. Since he had been on the island he had grown to love animals. They did not herd them here as they did in other places. Scattered about the meadows one saw a cow or a sheep grazing near the rocks. Raymond used to think they looked like shipwrecked sailors waiting for help. When they heard any one coming, they would raise their heads and call. They watched people come and go until they could no longer see them; and when the people had gone they stopped calling, as if they knew that the time for rescue was not yet.

Raymond's favorites were the foals that frolicked about the island. The one he liked best was a little one, whose coat had rosy tints in it. The boy had been watching him a long time the day before. The sun was setting, and the foal had galloped about the meadow, doing all kinds of pretty tricks. He dropped his head and raised it as if he were bowing to the great red sun, sinking to rest in the water. Then he reared on his hind legs as if he were trying to stand up straight, and then came down and threw out his hind legs behind him. When he had done that, he trotted daintily in circles around and around his mother.

But that morning, although Raymond went all over the meadow and along by the rocks, he could find only cows and sheep. He could not see the foals anywhere. He did not know why, and he was worried about it when he went back to his mother, who was waiting for him, ready to leave.

When they reached the harbor, Raymond saw that there were as many people out as on Sundays, but he noticed that they were not walking about quietly on the jetty and the quays. Every one looked anxious and busy. Men gathered in groups and chatted about money in loud voices.

While his mother had the luggage put

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down near the boat, Raymond drew near the groups of men, and, listening to their talk, he learned that it was Fair Day, and that there was a sale of foals. He could not see where the Fair was being held, but every now and then a woman would come along leading a mare, with her foal. Sometimes several men followed them. They were all dressed much alike, but Raymond always knew a dealer by the way he watched a foal.

The woman would lead the mare to the quay-side near the boat, and as the foal drew nervously close to his mother, two men would slip a great strap under him, to which was fastened a wooden bar that kept his legs in place. Then a pulley would grate on the boat, two wheels would turn, and a huge cable with a big hook on it would come down to the colt and pick him up like a bundle.

The colts were all frightened when they felt themselves lifted off the ground. Their eyelids almost flapped, and they tried to stretch their fore feet out in front of them, as if they were seeking for foothold. When they found none, they relaxed, and their bodies hung loosely at the cable end. A moment afterward they disappeared down a large hole in the boat, out of the depths of which Raymond heard neighing and kicking. After that the woman and the mare would go slowly away, while the dealer would climb on board the boat, lean over the hole, and shout orders down.

Raymond had believed that all the colts grew up with their mothers until they became big enough and strong enough to draw carts themselves. He was surprised to find them rushed on board this boat like children who are taken to school for the first time. It reminded him of the day when his mother first took him to school. It had been the year before, but he still remembered his feeling of fright when he found himself in front of the big door of the building. His first idea had been to run away, and his mother had been obliged to hold his hand tightly to keep him back. Speaking in a low voice, she had made him feel ashamed of himself, and had told him to look at the other boys, who were walking quietly by their mothers' side—just like the big colts that came quietly down to the boat.

And he had not forgotten the little boy who had thrown himself down at the school door, and had kicked and struck the gentleman who tried to pick him up. The little boy cried and shouted to his mother; he cried and shouted so that he became quite hoarse. A crowd gathered round him. The people said: "He will have to go in; they are stronger than he is."

And next day Raymond had seen him in the playground.

Raymond thought all these things over, and felt very sorry for the colts that the boat was taking to places which they did not know. All of a sudden, he saw the women moving aside to let a big white mare pass. The mare walked heavily and every moment tried to stop. The woman who was leading her stopped when she did, and then moved on again, saying: "Come on —do. Come on."

Raymond recognized at once the mother of his favorite colt. The colt looked very frightened; he ran around and around his mother, uttering a little neigh that sounded like the cry of a tiny child. The dealer followed him and tried to put a pink-and-white halter over his head, but the colt got out of his way by backing and jumping to one side. The dealer began to swear. He wanted the woman to help him, but she remained straight and stiff at her mare's head and said:

"He is yours now; catch him as you can. I told you that he had never known a halter."

The women pitied the little creature, and watched the dealer, who crept toward him on tiptoe with the halter in his two hands. He went this way and that, and turned round and round in his efforts to catch the colt, which always eluded him. He was a

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heavy, thick-set man, and awkward, and Raymond thought to himself that he looked like a bear trying to catch a bird. Once or twice he got so near the colt that the little thing crept up to his mother's side for safety. He tried to hide himself under her belly; then he tried to get on her back; but as he could not do this, he drew close to her and put his little head under her neck to be stroked. That was when the dealer caught him.

When the colt felt the cord, he jumped into the air with all four feet, and threw himself about, this way and that. Raymond heard people saying, as he heard them saying outside the school: "He will have to give in; he is the weaker." The colt had backed up to a heap of luggage, pulling at the cord and shaking his head with all his strength to get rid of it. Then the dealer twisted the halter-end around his arm to make it shorter, and drew nearer. He pulled a little whip from under his blouse and struck the colt a sharp blow with it, saying between set teeth: "Get on, you little ass."

As the others had done, the woman brought the white mare up quite close to the boat. The colt trembled all over. He tried to neigh for help, but the stroke of the whip must have broken his voice, and he could not utter a sound. His mother stretched her neck toward him. Her nostrils quivered as they touched the colt's nose. Her lips trembled and rested for a long moment on the colt's lips. Raymond saw that she was giving him her last kiss.

Then she raised her head and looked over the boat at the sea. The woman watched the sea, too, while the chain creaked and the colt swung at the end of the cable. When he had disappeared in the hold, she turned the mare's head landward and the two went away slowly.

Meanwhile the dealer settled his cap on his head, shook his blouse, and went over to the other dealers, who were making a loud noise on the boat.

The Queen's Barge

HIS Aunt Maria had punished him that morning and forbidden him to go down to the river side. She was very angry, and she said: "You will see that this bad boy will end by drowning himself, as his father did." Whenever she lost sight of the child, she was to be heard screaming at him in her high voice: "Michel, Michel!"

All the morning Michel sulked and cried at the back of the house, but toward evening he was down again on the tow-path without quite knowing how he had got there. He never tired of watching the barges that went up and down the river. They were so big, so heavy, and so tightly shut. As each one passed, he tried to guess what it was carrying. That gray one must have stone in it. That great black one carried iron, no doubt, and those that slipped so quietly down the river must be full to the brim of secret news.

He often trotted down the tow-path, following the barges for a long way, and the bargees chatted with him from the middle of the river. They could see that he was not like the other children of the neighborhood. And he always told them that he came from Paris and that his own house was near the canal of St. Martin.

He was always thinking about this canal

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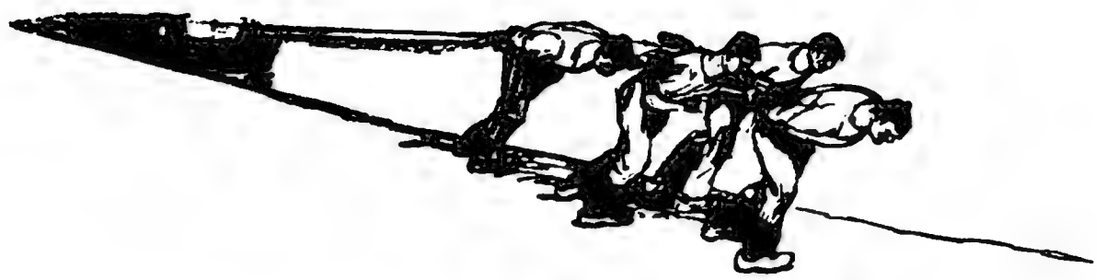

of St. Martin in Paris, where he had been so happy with his father, who used to work at unloading boats. He remembered the games he played with his comrades on the sand heaps that the barges emptied out on to the bank. Sometimes a boat brought bricks along, and then he would build houses, which fell down every time a cart passed. But what he enjoyed most was watching the unloading of a cargo of pottery. On those days he did not want to play at all. He used to remain quite still, looking at the great two-handled vases, the little blue pots, and the flower-covered cups, which were so pretty that he always longed to carry off one of them under his pinafore.

Then, when his father had done his day's work, they used to go home together to their room on the sixth floor, from the window of which they could see the canal. They would have dinner at the little table near the window. He would tell what he had done at school, and his father loved to hear him talk. And before he went to bed he always insisted that his father tell him a story. They were always stories of watermen and bargemen. There was one in particular of which he was very fond that began like this:

"Once upon a time there was a waterman who owned a barge which was so pretty, so pretty, that all the ladies and their daughters came down to the lock to see it pass."

He missed St. Martin's lock enormously. He could see it every time he thought of it, with the little bridge over which people had to cross, one by one. He could see the big lock in which the barges looked bored, as if they had been shut up for punishment, and the reflections of the houses in the water, all upside down.

There was a big factory opposite, too, which threw out such a lot of hot water into the canal that the whole lock would smoke as if there were fire at the bottom of it. He was fond of this factory, with its nine big chimneys. He never passed it without counting them. Sometimes all the nine chimneys smoked at the same time. That would make a big cloud, which would settle down and form a kind of bridge over the water.

And then his great misfortune happened. One day after school he did not find his father on the bank of the canal. The barge owner said to him: "Go home, my little chap; your father is not coming back here."

Two days afterward his Aunt Maria had come and taken him away. He did not love his Aunt Maria, who beat him for everything and for nothing, and who used to prevent him from going to see the barges.

All the barges were like those of the canal of St. Martin. But here they were drawn by horses, while in Paris the men used to tug at them to pass them through the lock. They were harnessed by twos or by fours, one behind the other. They wore a large strap around their shoulders, like a halter, and they pulled just like horses, stretching their necks and tugging with the straps.

Here the river ran between two mountains that were ever so much larger than the houses in Paris. The water of the river was so clear that it reflected the mountains right up to the sky. On the other side of the river three great rocks jutted out from the mountain. The people used to call them "the ladies of the river." They had no heads, but one could see that they had been ladies once, because the great folds of their dresses still spread out down to the meadows.

Michel had been sitting opposite the three rocks for some time, when he heard the sound of merry little bells in the distance. It came down to him like a song. The little bells were so bright and so merry that he began to imitate them, singing:

"*Teen, teegleen, cleen, cleen, cleen; teegleen, cleen. . . .*"

Two men who were going along the towpath stopped to listen, and Michel heard

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one of them say: "It must be the Queen's barge coming." Directly afterward the child saw two splendid white horses come down the tow-path. They were covered all over with nets, the long fringes of which swung under their bodies. On their heads were great topknots with silver and gold coins on them, and they walked along quite tirelessly, as if it were a pleasure to pull the huge barge and make the little bells ring.

The man who led the horses looked happy and strong. His right hand was on the back of the first horse, and in his left he carried a whip like a lance, with ribbons all round it that floated in the air.

The barge came nearer, and Michel thought he had never seen one half so fine. It looked quite new, with its great white hull and its broad, colored stripes. Its name, "The Queen," was painted in large letters which shone in the water upside down, and danced and twisted as he looked at them. Right up in front, a bird was singing in a little cage, and amidships, sitting near a bed of green plants and flower-pots, Michel saw the queen of the barge. She was sitting on a yellow gold chair. Her white dress was pulled up quite high. Her legs were crossed, and the dog that was lying at her feet was of the same color as her stockings. Her flowing hair fell down to her waist, and on each side of her forehead a knot of ribbon was tied into her curls, which fell down on to her cheeks.

She did not look like the other daughters of watermen whom Michel had seen, and when he saw her he understood that she must have the most beautiful barge in the world.

In a moment Michel remembered the story his father used to tell him—"and the waterman who owned this pretty, pretty barge had a daughter who was so beautiful, so beautiful, that all the kings of the earth wanted to marry her."

Michel rose when the barge passed in front of him. The boy's sudden movement woke the dog, which jumped up and barked. But the waterman's daughter made him quiet by just holding out her hand, and she smiled at Michel.

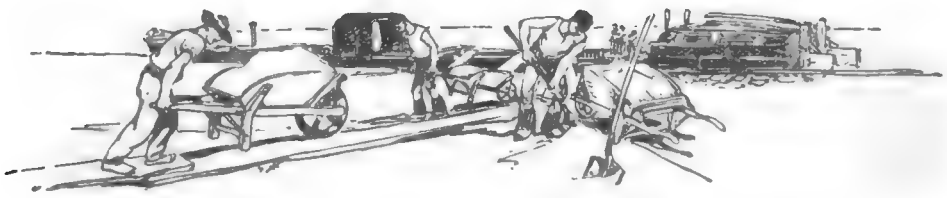
At that moment the sun lit up nothing but the top of the mountain. The river had become clearer than a mirror. One could not tell whether the mountain was above it or below it. The meadow went on into the middle of the river, and one could see the long grass trembling in the water. The sound of the silver bells grew fainter, and the barge moved slowly away. The river seemed as narrow as St. Martin's lock, and the barge seemed to be touching the two banks.

All of a sudden Michel saw that the barge was going to disappear round the bend in the river. He was sorry that he had not followed it as he had often followed other boats. He went closer to the water to see it better, and left the tow-path to run down the meadow which he saw in the water. But at the first step he took, the meadow disappeared, and the river opened and received him.

A few minutes afterward, Aunt Maria's screaming voice called "Michel, Michel!"

But nobody answered, and as she listened to the little sounds of evening, she heard in the distance the sound of silver bells, so faint and yet so clear that they seemed to be ringing in the water, and, in spite of the uneasiness which was growing on her, she could not keep herself from murmuring, quite low:

"*Teen, teen, teegleen, teen, teen.*"



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"Old Mammy Cruel"

by

MAXIMILIAN FOSTER
AUTHOR OF "CORRIE WHO?" ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

AT EVENING, when the booming trade-wind lifted and, plying along the wide, unpaved street, sent the dust clouds whirling high over Nob Hill's open reaches, "Old Mammy Cruel" would come out of her hovel back in Leavenworth Street and go gliding like a specter through the dusk.

I can see her yet. She was little and bent, a witch-like figure, with straying hair, a face dark and heavily furrowed, and black, piercing eyes—eyes that never were at rest. From side to side they leaped and darted, peering everywhere as she sped along—looking, always looking! Occasionally she halted, pausing at a street corner, where for a moment she would bend forward, with a claw-like hand raised to her brow, staring under it into the distance. Then, with a shake of her head, a gesture of passionate distress, on she'd go again, bareheaded, with her hair streaming in the wind, mumbling to herself—a weird, eery figure, ever on the move.

We boys named her "Mammy Cruel." What her real name was doesn't matter here. It was through fear of her that we came to call her so—she was indeed the terror of our lives. After school, when a group of us were pegging tops on Nob Hill's wooden sidewalks, or shooting "ring-taw" out in the middle of its equally archaic, unpaved streets, the mere sight of that flitting, hurrying, mysterious little old woman was enough to send us scampering.

For it was us whom "Old Mammy Cruel" hunted up and down. From a distance, if she saw us, on she'd come, her hair and skirts flying in the wind, her face gleaming wildly. But she seldom caught us—trust us for that! At the first shrill cry—"Look out! There's Mammy Cruel!" we'd scatter, fleeing all four ways at once, like a flock of startled birds. Then, when she'd gone on again, baffled and still speeding on her quest, from a distance we'd bravely jeer her out of sight. "Old Mammy Cruel! Old Mammy Cruel!" It was we who were cruel, though; not the little old woman we harried. I know that now.

We were a mob of unlicked, graceless barbarians then—much like other boys. Lake was our Leonidas, a dauntless harum-scarum who, as a leader, was always on the lookout for some especially impish adventure. It was he who nailed fast to the grocery door-step the coat-tails of a dozing policeman—Tehaney, the big, red-faced Irish cop, with whom we outlaws were ever at swords' points. A strong, fierce, good-hearted, big, impulsive, blundering Irishman was Tehaney—peace to his ashes! I was both friend and foe with him, so I'm sure.

It was he who first gave me the story of Old Mammy Cruel—told me, I mean, what had addled her poor old wits. This was on the day that Tehaney and I struck hands together. From that day we counted each other as friends.

The time was a Saturday evening, late along in August. That day, lured by the glittering sunshine, Lake and I had gone adventuring, wandering far from the known home-ground of Nob Hill into distant—and

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forbidden —territory. The Bay was our first port of call — North Beach, with its blowsy attractions: its sailors' dance hall, its music, and a row of foul cages filled with consumptive, flea-ridden monkeys and baboons. For a while we hung absorbed upon their antics, until a baboon snatched Lake's hat, and Lake, fighting the beast for it, precipitated a riot in the cage.

Afterward, we tracked westward toward the Presidio, exploring *en route* the coast and shallows of Whale Pond, a small body of brackish water, half tidal, half intercepted sewage. This we voyaged for a while in a sort of coracle we found submerged in the mud. Part raft, part bateau, it was ingeniously constructed out of what obviously had once been a piano-box; it upset a few rods from the shore, and we two waded out wetter and, at the same time, wiser.

IT WAS US WHOM "OLD MAMMY CRUEL" HUNTED UP AND DOWN, AND SKIRTS FLYING IN THE WIND.

So, faring north and west again, we climbed a hill, and on its crest for a while sat drying our clothes in the sunlight. Below lay San Francisco Bay, ringed by steep green hills—a great bowl of flashing cobalt blue, with high Tamalpais at the west, and under it Golden Gate. Now through that narrow portal, carried on the high tide's turn, a fleet of small craft moved toward the open sea. They were of every sort and kind —the low, picturesque luggers of the Portuguese fisherman; a couple of Sea Island trading schooners, trim like yachts, with their rails awash in the breeze; and close at hand a Chinese junk with a high poop and a

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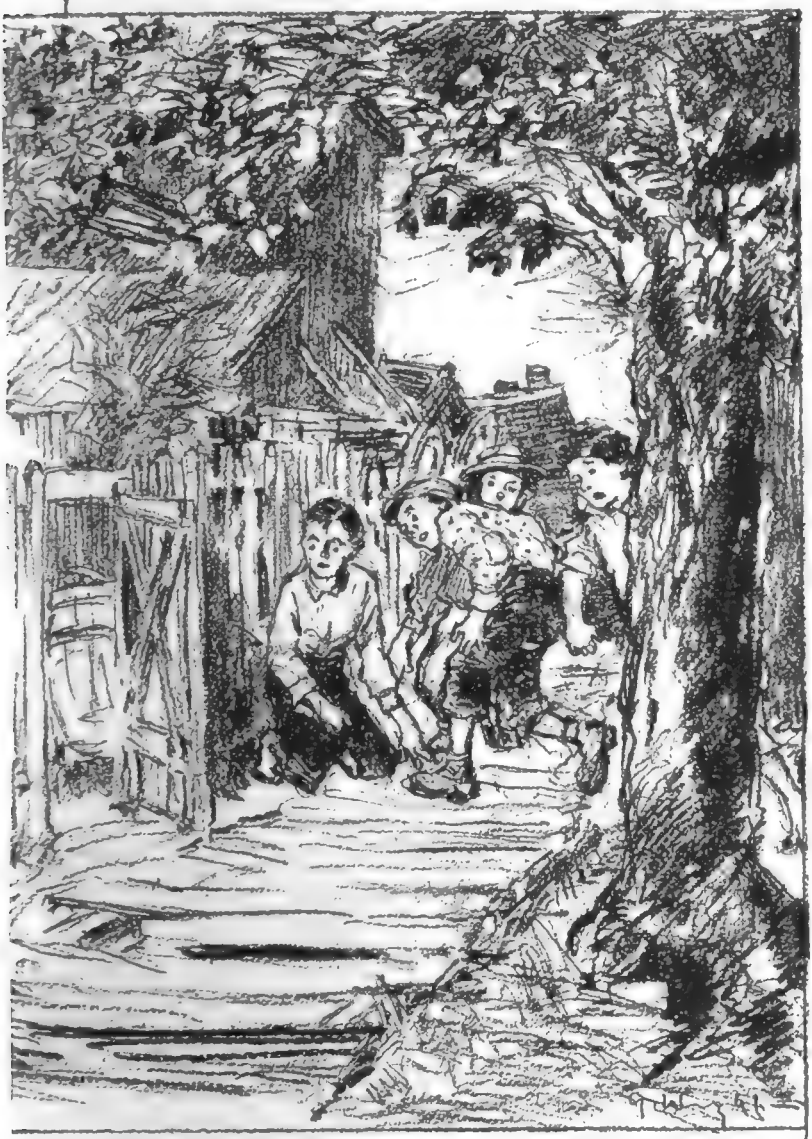

FROM A DISTANCE, IF SHE SAW US, ON SHE'D COME, HER HAIR HER FACE GLEAMING WILDLY.

big, battened square sail, dyed a bright vermilion; and then, high to the windward of this wanderer, rising like a pinnacle, a great four-masted American clipper—a "round the Horn" lime-juicer—tall, with white, trembling cloths and a golden figure-head that flashed in the yeasty curd of water underneath the forefoot. Aloft at her main-royal top, the ship's house flag snapped and crackled, flat as a board, showing on its blood-red field a mailed fist uplifted like a threat. It was the banner of Gower & Company—old man Gower—and the flag was like the man. Red and terrible, with an iron hand upraised!—that was Gower of Nob Hill.

Do you know Nob Hill?—the Nob Hill of thirty years ago? You don't, of course, unless you saw it before the "quake" came—that, and on its heels, fire. Between them—and worse, what the arts of the jerry house-builder since have done—the old hill is no longer itself. Before, it was an Olympian height, studded with the grotesque, yet picturesque, mansions of the newly rich. Huge, vaunting piles of woodwork and tin, they were, all masquerading as granite and sandstone, as slate, marble, and even brick; each a towering, outlandish monument to the ambition of some early Argonaut, and each as romantic and as vulgar as the men themselves that had dreamed them.

But now they are gone, and in their places flats and cheap, tawdry dwellings

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crowd each other shoulder to shoulder on the height.

Under the brow of the hill, perched on its western slope, stood in my boyhood a row of tall white houses. A little garden bloomed in front of each, and behind them all were other larger gardens, all sweet with the scent of jasmine, verbena, roses, and honeysuckle—bright, too, with fuchsias, calla lilies, passion-flowers, and morning-glories. Back of the gardens ran a long alley, a kind of mews, across which were the yards of the houses in the adjoining street. Gower's home stood there, and by its fence was a slender pear-tree burdened with luscious, golden fruit. Always in August they hung like apples of the Hesperides, a lure to stray marauders such as we; and as their only guardian in Gower's absence was a fat Chinese cook, bloused and slippered, more than once Lake and I had made a swift foray across the high board fences.

But when Gower was at home, then be sure we steered clear of that alluring, walled-in close. For while we feared Old Mammy Cruel, terrified by her wild eyes, her dark, passionate face, even more we feared old Gower—a colossus with red, fiery, little eyes, hairy brows, and a voice that rumbled like rolling thunder. On Sundays, when he rested, he chose the garden for his den, where, clad in pongee pajamas, he spread himself out in a Canton rattan chair and snored, with a glass and bottle at his hand. A knot-hole in the fence gave a near view of the drowsing monster, and often we pored on him, absorbed, much as we might have pored on some huge, evil beast penned in a menagerie cage.

The man was by repute all we thought of him—monstrous and evil. Those were turbulent times in San Francisco—days of the "sand-lotter," of mobs, arson, and murder; and Gower was properly a figure in that era of primal, deadly violence. From the Bay to Callao, or westward to the China seas and back again, the ships which flew that blood-red flag of his had, at any rate, a name to appal. Officered by gun-fighting skippers and knock-down bucko mates, they were the dread of every Jack that knew them; so that half of their crews, every time they sailed, were dregs of water-front humanity, the other half unfortunates black-jacked and shanghaied aboard from some den in the city's "Barbary Coast."

But enough! I must get back to that Saturday of which I started to tell you.

On the clipper's forward rail, as Lake and I watched, a figure suddenly appeared, balanced there with one hand raised. Then, fore and aft, a commotion stirred the ship's white decks, pygmy forms crowding and jostling together in the waist; and at the height of it, the man on the rail turned and, with a last look backward, flung himself far out over the side. He struck with a splash, went under, and for a long minute, while we two watched breathlessly, he was hidden. Afterward, far in the clipper's wake, a black dot bobbed up abruptly, and headed for the shore.

It was a futile effort. Hardly had the swimmer shown himself when the ship's helm was thrown down, she flew up into the wind and, with her foreyard backed, hung there. Then a yawl slipped out from under her counter and headed for the fugitive. Half-way to the beach it overtook him and, double and dive as he might, at every move the boat was right over him. In the bow stood a man brandishing a heavy boat-hook; it fell like a flail, and that ended it! Like a bag of meal the poor wretch was dragged in over the gunwales, and, swinging about, the yawl raced back to the clipper.

Lake and I went home.

It was late when we turned down Leavenworth Street and slipped in at the alley that lay between those city gardens. Dusk had already begun to fall, and we were bedraggled and tired and famished. But wearied as we were, and aware, as well, that we had yet to pay for the day's doings, our deviltry by no means languished. At the sight of Gower's pear-tree nodding over the fence, our steps quickened.

"Come on!" said Lake.

I gave him a boost, and from the fence-top he pulled me up after him. Together we dropped down into Gower's garden and, reaching into the pear-tree, we had already begun to fill our jackets when I chanced to look behind me.

There was Gower racing down the grassy path, one hairy paw outstretched, the other flourishing a stiff Malacca cane!

He had come out from under the veranda stairway, and on the soft turf his slippered feet had made no betraying sound. Glittering balefully, his little red eyes blazed out from under his heavy brows, and he wet his lips expectantly. I stood frozen. Now he was almost upon us; but just as his hand

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OLD MAMMY CRUEL SLIPPED A HAND BENEATH MY CHIN AND, RAISING MY HEAD, STARED INTO INTO MY EYES. . . "IT'S NOT HIM!" SHE WAILED. "NOT MY JAMIE!"

had nearly fastened on Lake's collar I awoke.

"Look out!" I yelled and, like a cat made one leap at the fence and scuffled up. But as Lake scrambled after me, Gower clutched him by the heel and, bellowing

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furiously, tried to drag him down, at the same time lashing fiercely at him with the heavy, steel-like rattan. Somehow, though, Lake broke away and dropped headlong into the alleyway. Then we fled, Lake going one way and I another.

And as I fled, I ran straight into the arms of Old Mammy Cruel!

I think she had seen us and followed. Whatever the case, she had me fast enough; and as I felt her talons sink into my arm and looked up to find her dark face staring down into mine, witch-like with its burning eyes, I screamed—or rather it was a squawk I let out of me, the squeal of a rabbit when a hawk swoops upon it. Struggling fiercely, I strove to tear away, but she had me in a grip of iron. "No, no!" she murmured and, strangely, her voice was soft and endearing. "No, no, Jamie boy!"

My name was not Jamie. With my head down, squealing still, I fought her. All the time I was conscious that she strove to turn up my face to hers. "Jamie! Jamie! won't you know me?" she mumbled, and then hurrying footfalls sounded, and I heard a voice break in. "Psst! Stand still, lad; she'll not hurt ye!" Looking up, I saw Tehaney. "Psst! Be still—she means no harm!"

Trembling, I obeyed. Then, mumbling and muttering, Old Mammy Cruel slipped a hand beneath my chin and, raising my head, stared intently into my eyes. She gave a wail, and that instant I saw Gower's face rise, menacing, over the fence beyond—a face like a red, angry moon. Between the devil and the deep sea, I waited; but to my astonishment, after one fierce, malevolent glare—with his eyes fixed though, on Old Mammy Cruel, not on me—Gower faded away.

"Hmph!" said Tehaney, who had seen him too. "Well, now, now!"

A low moan broke from the little old woman's lips. She suddenly let me go and gleamed up at Tehaney. "It's not him! No!" she wailed. "Not my Jamie!"

"No," said Tehaney, soberly. "It's not." Then he smiled at her. "But was ye to go home now," he suggested, his tone cheerful, "maybe he'd be there—eh, what?"

She flashed up another look at him. "Home? Why, yes, I didn't think of that!" she muttered. "Oh, and what if he came and found the door locked! I must hurry, hurry!" whispered Old Mammy Cruel. "Dark! and my boy locked out!"

"Aye, it would be bad," gravely assented Tehaney.

So up the alley went the little gray old figure, hastening, with her hair streaming in the wind; and when she had gone, Tehaney turned and soberly stared down at me.

"You young divvle!" he observed.

I made no answer.

"Aye, take shame on you—*tck! tck!*" he clucked. "Only an hour ago did I see your own mother—it's true!—hunting the street for you and asking me, Tehaney, had I seen you!"

"My mother!" I faltered, with a stab of conscience.

"Hunting you," added Tehaney, "like the poor body that just now went up the alley crying for her own boy!"

But he couldn't chaff me like that! "Aw, what're you giving us?" I jeered. "Old Mammy Cruel's?—*her boy?*"

Tehaney nodded. "Him I knew, too—her Jamie," he answered. "I knew him well. And yes," said Tehaney, judicially, "he was the living spit and image of the likes of you—a wild one, ready to lay his hand to any devil's work of mischief that was doing—the same as yourself, I'm thinking. Oh, sure you're a boy," he added solemnly; "and so too was I, once, with my own ways of raising Old Hornie and all. Aye! but so was that other boy, her Jamie. You'd best remember that!" warned Tehaney.

At the moment the big cop's eyes had wandered away from me, and I could have ducked under his arm and escaped. There was in Tehaney's voice, though, something so grave and portentous that I stood watching him, agape. "*Her* boy? Old Mammy Cruel's!" It seemed to me incredible that the witch-like little old crone had ever been the mother of a boy, one like all us other boys.

But that, after all, was her story.

I suppose it isn't much of a tale. She was a widow with one child, this Jamie of hers—a widow, or so they said. At any rate, she and Jamie, ten years before, had lived over near Rincon Hill. They had a little house, a box of a cottage with a garden no bigger than a nosegay at the back; and her Jamie had grown into a tall slip of a boy, fifteen or thereabouts—a spirited, fun-loving, mischievous, rollicking lad, no worse,

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perhaps, than any other boy. But the kernel of *Wanderlust* lying in the heart of every lad had with Jamie taken root and flourished, so that he gave promise even then of becoming either a great traveler or geographer, or, on the other hand, a hedgerow vagabond.

Anyway, Jamie was forever on the move, hunting, day by day, new sights, new scenes —playgrounds of adventure which, at that time, the old city offered on every hand. But what he both knew and fancied most was the water-front, where in those days ships from the world over crowded alongside, their masts a veritable forest. From them he brought home strange shells and stranger pets—rare, wonderfully colored birds, and queer small animals—a lemur, once, and another time an armadillo.

Besides these, too, he gathered together a whole museum of deep-sea curios—South Sea *aitu* idols, Japanese manikins, models of Malay flying proas, queer Chinese kites in shapes of beasts and birds and fish; carved ivory games, spears, knives, bows and arrows, whales' teeth, bone walking-sticks, and all the other inconceivably strange and alluring knick-knacks that Jack Bowline brings to port in his ditty-chest. And whenever a new sail was sighted, bound in through the Gate, Jamie, be sure, heard of it, and was alongside the moment the wanderer warped in at her dock. Then he would ply his arts, bartering, wheedling, jesting, till he had what he was after. Few indeed could resist the boy, for his smile itself, as Tehaney told, was "enough to charm a bird from off the bush"

But one day all this ended. Jamie, squired by another lad, fared forth on some adventure—what it was, none ever knew—and from it neither returned. . .

Time brings many changes. Most of all it brings forgetfulness. In the growing city, forty years and more ago, life moved swiftly and, as I have said, often violently. Consequently the vanishing of these two made but a momentary ripple. Only their families remembered them. Together they searched far and wide. Then the other boy's kin lost heart and hope; they moved away, were buried in the swift kaleidoscopic changes of the changing time and place, so that they, too, were forgotten.

Thus at the end only one figure in the drama remained upon the stage—Old Mammy Cruel, the mother that night by night went speeding through the dusk, never at rest, wildly seeking still the lost boy that long ago had gone. How she lived, who knows? Her home was a hovel now, but still she waited. Time and again Lake and I had seen her standing in the doorway, a lamp held above her head, while with bright eyes she peered up and down the dark, windy street. Poor Old Mammy Cruel!

"Well, you'd best be off home now," advised Tehaney, once he'd brought his tale to a close. "There's your own mother, besides; and I'll take no doubt she'll be worrying sore. Come!"

In the growing dusk, the alleyway had suddenly filled itself with shadowy, shapes, and never before had I been so grateful for human company, big Tehaney's in particular. To be sure, the terror of Old Mammy Cruel had for once and all been dissipated, but in its place other worse terrors had arisen. What if in the day's outlawry some bogie had seized upon me, as doubtless it had seized on lost Jamie? I was not only frightened—I was—*good!* Moreover, for a long period the spell hung upon me. I dare say it lasted all of a week.

Old Mammy Cruel we never hooted again. Nights when she came flitting through the dusk, we'd stand our ground, waiting while with gleaming, eager eyes she'd peer up into our faces, her frail figure trembling with the stress of her never-answered hope.

"I'm his mother—Jamie's!" she'd whisper, looking from one boy to another. "If you see him—if he comes up the street, you'll tell him, won't you? Tell him," she'd beg, "that his mother's waiting for him, home."

"Yes, Mammy," we'd say, "we'll tell him."

Then with that old, ever helpless, passionate gesture of distress, along the hill Old Mammy Cruel would flit upon her way, looking, looking!—never tiring, never giving up. One knew that whatever happened she, at least, would never forget!

And so it was. The years passed; we had come to be the age of her own Jamie when he left, and still she came flying like a warlock through the dusk, seeking him. Time, though, seemed to make no changes in her. She was as old, as bent and gray as ever, but no older, no grayer, than at first.

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Then one wild, stormy month, when sheets of rain lashed the hill, and the fog followed, stealing in from the Gate—a gray, silent curtain, as enfolding as the grave—then, at last, Old Mammy Cruel came to the end of that long quest of hers.

At dawn that day, we awoke with the fog crowding at our doors. It was a silencing pall. Through it the sounds of the awakening city came hushed and remotely small, whispering and secret. Against the window-panes the vapor banked sullenly—a blind and creeping flood that seemed to rustle as it moved. But that was the way always when the fog came upon the hill. It was as if the world lay dying below and one walked in the twilight of the gods. Then a breath of the day's rising wind would stir through it, so that it whirled and swayed, molding itself into huge, fantastic shapes, forms that in a swift, soundless panic tossed their arms about, only to crouch down again, submerged, hidden, once the wind had passed.

There arose at length, out of this obscurity, an abrupt, startling train of sound. A voice cried out—it was answered by other voices—and hurrying footfalls thudded in the alleyway behind the gardens in our rear. Then there came another shout, the footfalls ceased for a moment, and in the pause that followed—a breathless silence—one seemed to hear again that murmur of the deep, crawling fog.

But only for a moment. Uproar broke upon the stillness—up and down the street there was a clatter of opening windows, again the footfalls went racing back and forth, while a dozen voices, men and women together, cried sharply in alarm. "What is it? What has happened?"

No answer came. Below, though, in the fog, those unseen, disturbing visitants still padded to and fro, calling thickly to one another. Then suddenly, just as the alarmed householders redoubled their startled outcries, a gust of wind tore the vapor aside, and for an instant, sharply, a length of the narrow alleyway lay revealed.

There by Gower's garden a figure crept along, a man in blue. He was a policeman, and in his outstretched hand held ready was a revolver. That was enough. Half dressed, I scuttled down the stairway and, dodging big Tu, our Chinese cook, who sought to grab me as I passed, I bolted out of the kitchen door and headed for the alley fence. By the time I got there a group of half-clad figures stood banked on the near-by fences, and from one to another were crying out the news.

Old Gower was dead! What is more, he had been murdered! At dawn, when his fat Chinese cook, his only companion, had opened the house, he had found Gower lying sprawled out on the library hearth-rug, dead, but still warm and quivering. Already, at the first alarm, the police had closed in upon the block, and were combing over the back yards and the alley, hot upon the murderer's trail. But the fog hampered them.

I recall still vividly the day that followed. Through all of it we boys hung upon the fences, staring, delightfully absorbed. More police appeared, singly, by twos and threes, in squads, for Gower had been an important personage, and the crime of his murder must be solved at any cost—and then, as a final touch, the most exquisite to us in all that drama, the coroner arrived. Gravely, with a frowning intentness, an air even more important than the officiousness of the police, he went over the ground again.

Meanwhile, as we knew, in that shuttered house of his Gower still lay where he had fallen, his hand still clutching the weapon with which he had defended himself. It was a heavy Malacca stick—the same stick with which Gower had lashed at Lake that time when he caught us filching his pears.

But who had killed Gower, and why, were together mysteries. Robbery had not been the motive, for in his pockets he still had his watch and money, while on the finger of one hairy paw there gleamed a Burmese emerald as big as a hazelnut. Only one clue was found. It was a footprint stamped in the mold of a rose-bed near the fence—the mark of a foot as small, as slender, as that of a woman or a boy. And it was naked!

Naturally the police first achieved the obvious. Hardly had the morning dawned when they seized Gower's fat Chinaman and mured him jabbering in a cell. Then, with the rare acumen that distinguishes the Hawkshaw wherever found, instead of looking farther they bent all their energies upon fastening the crime on the victim of their first impulsive surmises. Meanwhile, of course, the murderer was granted every opportunity to efface himself.

But that naked footprint! It was confounding! Whose was it? Who could have

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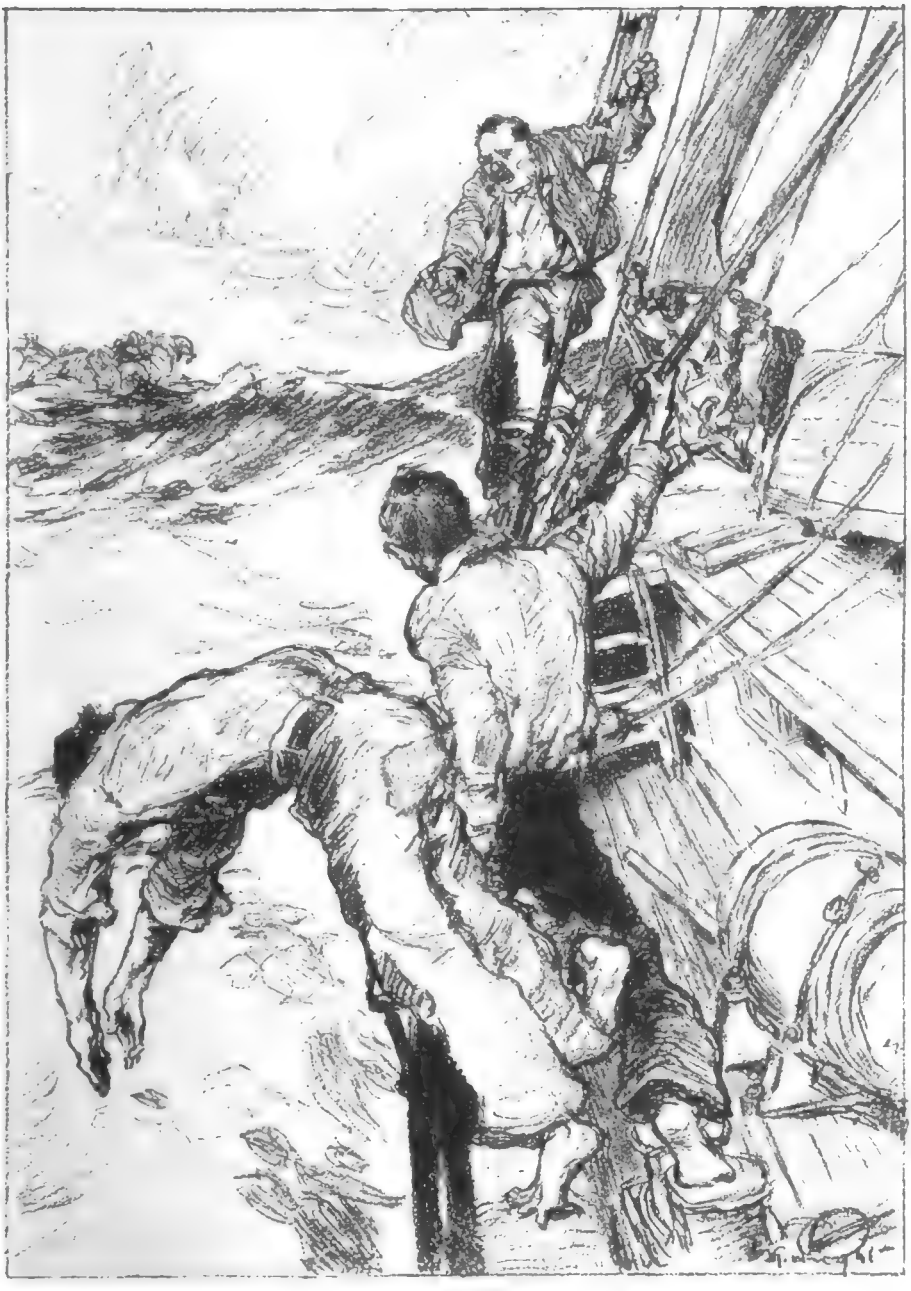

"OF COURSE AFTER THAT THERE WAS NOTHING TO DO BUT GO OVERBOARD."

come barefooted to Gower's house to kill him? Along the alleyway faint traces of the track showed all the way to the gate. There they ended. But none could dispute that Gower's murderer, whoever it was, had come and gone unshod.

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It became, typically, a nine days' sensation. Then it failed. But long before that—in fact, while the police still hunted, hot and energetic—the murderer was tracked down, found, and caught. It was not the police, though, that got old Gower's slayer. It was, instead, Lake and I—and Tehaney.

By the third day the police pack had drawn off from the neighborhood, and was nosing elsewhere, still baffled. So, once more left to his usual quietude, that evening Tehaney leaned drowsing against the side wall of the grocery on the corner. Above, in Leavenworth Street, the old market with the slaughter-house at the back lay dark—a huddle of blowsy, unpainted shacks, now shapeless and shadowy in the fog's rising veil, while beyond, with another alleyway between, stood the hovel of Old Mammy Cruel.

Lake and I had already crossed the street and were turning in at our own alley gate, homeward-bound after a day of exploration beyond Lone Mountain, when Lake paused suddenly.

"Look! What's that?" he ejaculated. Then he pointed.

In the upper floor of Old Mammy Cruel's a light flickered momentarily, and almost as abruptly was gone. Afterward the lower sash of a window was slyly opened, and as slyly a hand reached forth and slowly drew the shutters to. Again at a second window, while we watched, this was as furtively, as secretly, repeated; and then through a long minute we were conscious that a face pressed itself to a chink in the shutters, that a pair of watchful eyes stared forth fixedly. We stood breathless. Presently the face withdrew.

"Say," said Lake, his voice quavering, "did you see that?"

We crept back across the street and down the alley entrance to the door of Old Mammy Cruel's. It was not alone, though, the sight of that face which had stirred us; nor was it altogether the way that furtive hand had closed the shutters. It was as much the dark secrecy of the house itself; for, as we knew, always in that upper story an unshaded window had gleamed out into the night, staring like a beacon—a lamp to light home missing Jamie when at last he should come. And now there was only darkness!

Rain fell, splashing on our upturned faces. A pit could have been no darker than that blind hole of an alleyway. Lake struck a match, and, guided by its feeble glow, we stole our way along. At the door-step the match gave out. He struck another, and as he bent down to shield it from the wind, I heard him gasp; then he gave a muffled cry.

There in the soft dirt of Old Mammy Cruel's door-path was a footprint, clearly stamped. It was the print of a small, naked foot! Then the match burned out, and with our hearts in our mouths we two turned and ran. . .

That night at our dinner-table, fits of trembling shook me to my shoes. But none noticed. Alone with my secret, I listened while the others vigorously discussed what had happened three days before in that house behind our garden—Gower's house. The police, they said, had just advanced a new theory. It was their belief that Gower had been slain by some one from the water-front, a seaman—some sailor, perhaps, that the crimps or a hired press-gang of Gower's had shanghaied aboard his ships. This, the police had figured, would account for that naked footprint found in the garden rose-bed. Sailors, they said, often went barefoot.

Horrified as I was, while I listened I could have laughed aloud in mockery. For I knew now, I thought, who had been the murderer.

Two hours later, while the sheets of rain fell drumming on my window, a handful of gravel pattered on the pane. Outside in the storm stood Lake. He had dared the inky blackness of the alleyway, dodged past the terrifying shadow of Gower's dark, shuttered house, and, climbing the fence, had taken the chance of being seen and fired on by some uneasy householder. "Psst! come down!" he whispered; and, snatching a hat, I dropped from my window to the roof of a convenient shed and then slid to the ground beside him.

The first thing he asked as I reached him was, "Did you tell?"

With my teeth chattering I told him no.

"Nor I," he whispered back, then grabbed me by the arm. "But Tehaney knows, I think!" he whispered. "Come on! I saw him just now and he was staring up at her windows!"

We climbed the fence and, dropping into the alleyway, ran. The fog had closed in thickly, so that it was less by sight than by touch that we made our way along the

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alley. Boylike, one impulse urged us: to see and to hear; to behold at first hand the end of the drama. And plunging along, tripping and stumbling in the dark, soaked already in the downpour, Lake and I fell headlong over a crouching figure! Instantly I squeaked, and instantly a hand reached out and seized me. Then a fierce, threatening voice commanded us to be silent.

It was Tehaney! Watching from the alley's mouth, he had heard us coming and, what was perhaps lucky for us, had guessed who we were. At any rate, once he had silenced us we were aware that at the alarm of our coming he had prepared himself. A revolver glittered in his hand.

"Do you know? Have you seen?" together we cried at him.

The big Irishman pushed us behind him. "G'wan out of this!" he roughly ordered. "Be off. I'm going in there now!"

But, having once dared this much, we two were of no mind to withdraw. Tehaney, in fact, had no sooner crossed the street than we went after him, following closely at his heels. A moment later we heard him fumbling and blundering through the dark, and then a brief pause, a little silence, followed. Presently we heard from within the hovel a small, curious sound, a sort of murmur rising like the whisper of wind about a housetop, fugitive and unintelligible. Soon, however, it rose to a higher, clearer note, and we knew it then for what it was—a human voice.

It was of course the voice of Old Mammy Cruel; but what she crooned was this: "Oh, so long! Oh, so long! and now you've come, *Jamie!*"

The next instant there was a crash, followed by a sudden flood of light. Tehaney had put his shoulder to the flimsy door and burst it from the lock.

At a glance we saw it all. It was not Old Mammy Cruel that Tehaney had come to get. There, framed in the opposite doorway, was a man. Clad in a dungaree shirt and a pair of weatherworn, stained duck trousers, he stood with his shoulders thrown back and both hands clenched at his side. Erect, slight in comparison with the big Tehaney, he stood poised, waiting; and though his face was haggard and white, it was unafraid.

Then I gasped. Not only were his feet exceptionally small and slender—they were naked!

Presently a thin little smile wavered on his lips. "Well," he murmured lightly, "you've got me." He had no sooner spoken though, than he started, his eyes widening in surprise. "Why!" he exclaimed. "It's Tehaney!"

We two crept to the doorway and stood there staring. But neither Tehaney nor the stranger gave any heed to us. The big Irishman was gaping, his own eyes round with astonishment. "Eh, what!" he cried thickly; and bent forward, peering at the other. "Eh? who are ye?" he stammered.

The stranger smiled again. "Don't you know me?" he asked.

We wondered at Tehaney's dulness. Of course by this time we were sure that the Irishman's prisoner could be but one person—that long-lost stray whom for years poor, distracted, little Old Mammy Cruel had hunted up and down the streets. Convinced of this, we were struck breathless by Tehaney's answer.

For after another swift stare and another gesture of astonishment, Tehaney cried out suddenly: "God! but you're not Jamie at all!"

"No," said the man, slowly shaking his head. "No, I'm Holloway!"

Then we knew him. Holloway was the boy who, when Jamie went, had disappeared with him.

A long pause followed. Tehaney drew back his coat and slipped his revolver into its holster. Then he turned abruptly to us.

"Close that door!" he ordered.

We obeyed instantly. Alone, at the roughness in his voice I think I should have fled. But Lake gave me no chance. With a sudden energetic shove he sent me sprawling into the room, then followed me. So when the door was closed we closed it from the inside.

But neither Tehaney nor the stranger seemed to notice.

"And was it you or him that done it?—put away Gower?" asked Tehaney. "You or Jamie?"

"Jamie?" The name fell from the man's lips with a small note of wonder. "Jamie's dead—don't you know?" he answered. "Dead. It was twelve years ago. He died on the beach at Taritari in the Gilberts."

Then he sighed. "No," said Holloway, unimpressively, "I killed Gower."

I heard a deep breath escape Tehaney. I saw Lake wet his lips expectantly, and

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together we bent forward, hanging upon every word. Then to the drumming of rain upon the window, the whistle of the wind's staggering gusts, and the murmuring voice of Old Mammy Cruel crooning to herself in the room beyond, Holloway told the story—the tale of Jamie and himself, and of how Gower had been slain.

It was short and it was grim. Through it were scattered the names of strange, far places, distant byways and corners of a world as legendary to us as the fabled lands of a tale in the "Arabian Nights"—Oceanica, the Marquesas, Fiji, the New Hebrides, Samoa, Ellice, Paumotu, Cook's, the Friendly Islands, and all the rest of those mid-sea, mystic groups that pin-dot the map of the broad Pacific. But first of all the tale ran here in San Francisco, wandering along our own known avenues and side streets and thence to the water-front. *The two boys, it appeared, had not run off. They had instead been shanghaied, kidnapped!* And furthermore it had been by Gower's orders.

Holloway was well along in his story when he told us that. "I'd supposed," he said, "that the ship was short-handed, and that they'd taken us because they could get nothing better than boys. But at Taritari, where Jamie lay dying, he told me. He was Gower's son. Gower denied it, though, and that's why he wanted to get rid of Jamie."

But how the boy had found out his father, or in what way he had incurred his hatred, we never learned. Whatever the case, though, it was understandable that a man like Gower would stop at nothing to free himself of an encumbrance. So that day, years before, Jamie and the other had been seized on the water-front, silenced swiftly, and as hurriedly thrust into a small boat. When they came to, they found themselves lying in the forepeak of an island trading-schooner a hundred miles outside the heads.

The tale of that voyage goes swiftly to its end.

"It was at Taritari," said Holloway, "far up at the head of the Gilbert group. What we were doing there, I don't know, though sometimes I think it was to maroon us. Anyway, there we were, hanging at our hook outside, with a big, greasy ground-swell running in from the westward. A hurricane had gone by not so long before, and it was a sight to see those big fellows come trundling down on us—tall and round, rising half-way the height of our trucks. But astern the sea was something to scare you. There on Taritari reef the white water was flying masthead high, it seemed; and it boomed like guns, rumbling so that the air shook with it. A Kanaka himself would have thought twice before he tried it, but with Jamie and me there was no way out of it. We took the chance," said Holloway.

Even Tehaney gasped. "You went overboard?" he cried.

As for us, we stood frozen. Not for anything would we have missed one word of it. Lake's eyes shone like lamps as he glanced at me, and I was quivering in excitement.

"There was a row on deck," said Holloway, "and I ran up. The captain had struck Jamie. He'd done it before, of course, many a time; but now Jamie had gone at him with the first thing handy. It was a capstan-bar, and the man lay in the scuppers, senseless. Then the mate came on the jump, and together we drove him into the fore-shrouds. Of course after that there was nothing to do but go overboard. Halfway to the beach they opened fire on us, but it wasn't their bullets that got Jamie. No! they couldn't hit us, the duffers!" said Holloway, shrugging. "The pounding we got on the reef was too much for him, that's all. He was dying when I hauled him through the undertow."

"Glory be!" echoed Tehaney. "Dying in the undertow!"

Lake wet his lips feverishly. "At Taritari!" he whispered. "Dying in the undertow!"

Holloway nodded. "That was twelve years ago," he murmured.

And all the time he had been coming home.

For seven years, it seems, he had been on the beach at Taritari, held by the islanders. Then a New Bedford whaler had picked him up. She was just out, with her hold still empty; so for three years more she had loafed back and forth across the line, dawdling from one whaling-ground to another. Then the wanderer, homeward bound with her hold filled, had put in at Golden Gate to lay in stores for the long run around the Horn. Short-handed and in a hurry, she took no chances of losing any men, but lay out in the stream at anchor. Holloway, when he appealed for leave to go ashore—a day, a few hours, anything—was roughly ordered forward. A little money was com-

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ing to him, but he let it go. That night he went overboard, swimming with his shoes tied around his neck. On the way he'd lost them, though. So barefooted, hatless, in the rags of a shirt and trousers, he'd come home at last.

And to what?

His home, his people were gone. In the dark he found Tehama Street, but not his father's house. In its place stood a big tenement, and no one in it had heard of either his family or Jamie's, much less of the boys. Moreover, hatless, barefooted, and dripping as he was, his plight stirred their suspicions. So he fled, wandering from one unlighted street to another.

Then he remembered Gower.

It was past midnight when he came to the house. A light burned on the lower floor, but no one answered his ring. Then he climbed the garden fence and tried a kitchen window. It was unlatched and, entering, Holloway crept up-stairs. There he found his man.

"He was snoring in a chair, his mouth open, half drunk, with a glass and a bottle at his elbow. I sat down opposite him and waited. Then he awoke."

One could imagine what had followed—Gower's first gasp at the sight of that scarecrow figure before him—this barefoot man; then the wonder that must have dawned even on Gower's thick, purplish features when he learned who the visitor was. They fought. Armed with his heavy stick, Gower had set upon the smaller, slighter man; and, seizing a chair, Holloway had brandished it in defense. Then, hard pushed, he had struck to save himself, and Gower had gone down with a crash. Falling, his head had

HIS HEAD HAD STRUCK THE FIREPLACE. THAT ENDED IT.

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struck the fireplace. That ended it. Holloway had fled, going out the same way he'd come in and down the long alleyway at the back.

And as he fled, his heart in his mouth, the blank profundity of the darkness and the fog engulfing him—creeping along with a hand outstretched to guide him, a sudden burst of light had blazed through the gloom, blinding and terrifying. A door had opened, and framed in it stood a little old woman with a lamp held above her head. Holloway had gone straight to the house of Old Mammy Cruel.

"What!" cried Tehaney. "And did she know you?

Holloway shook his head, then raised a finger to still us. "Listen," he said.

From the other room we heard the murmur of Old Mammy Cruel's voice as she crooned softly to herself. "Jamie! Jamie!" she whispered over and over again.

"She thinks I'm him," Holloway said quietly. "That's why I stayed here—didn't try to get away."

It was splendid. Again Lake gleamed at me, his eyes leaping, and again I saw him wet his lips. As for me, I know that in my breast my heart thumped like a sledge-hammer. Tehaney, though, loudly cleared his throat.

"No," said Holloway, as if he simply expressed some simple fact. "No, I had to stay." Then he smiled around at us. "She's dying, too, you know," he added.

There came at that instant a little cry, a louder note from that room within.

"Jamie!" cried Old Mammy Cruel. "Jamie!"

Holloway looked inquiringly at Tehaney, and the big Irishman nodded. "Yes, go to her," he ordered.

A candle burned on a chest of drawers at the room's other end. In the pale, uncertain light it shed, we saw obscurely the bed in the room beyond and on it the wee, almost bird-like figure that lay there. Peace had composed the dark, furrowed face, smoothed its heavy lines; and as Old Mammy Cruel peered up into the eyes of the man who bent over her, her own eyes now glowed softly, filled with a gentle, appealing tenderness. "Jamie!" was again all she said; and at the name, the man slid his hand into hers. "Jamie!"

We two—Lake and I—had never before seen death. Instinctively, though, we knew it now. She was going fast.

"I knew you'd come," she whispered. "I knew you'd find me. I was waiting, waiting always."

"Yes, yes," smiled Holloway, bending closer. "I knew you would."

Then she closed her eyes and sighed. Holloway still knelt there, his hand in hers. A long time passed.

"Hush!" said Tehaney, suddenly; then raised his hand. "D'ye hear?"

Outside along the plank sidewalk a heavy footfall sounded, then passed on again. At the corner it paused, and we heard afterward the sound of a nightstick thumping a signal to the man on post.

"That's for me! Sssh!" whispered Tehaney. "'Tis the rounds, Fallon, calling me!"

A long minute afterward Fallon went on his way, and together we three turned back to the room beyond.

Old Mammy Cruel had stirred suddenly on her bed. Once more her eyes were open, but now they stared straight before her. Then her lips parted, and with a loud cry she raised herself. Together she lifted her hands, and the light in her eyes leaped and sparkled with a radiance that illuminates only a mother's face.

"Oh, my son!" cried Old Mammy Cruel. "My boy!"

And so she found Jamie at last.

A half-hour later, Tehaney, Lake, and I crept through the fog together. I was barefooted, and Lake was without either hat or coat. In place of his stout pantaloons, moreover, he wore only a tattered pair of fo'c's'l ducks, but these he regarded proudly as we passed under the glow of a street lamp.

"Talk of souvenirs!" he exclaimed.

A fierce growl rumbled from Tehaney's throat.

"Keep shut with your sowvenirs!" he ordered. "'Tis none I'll have—nor a job, neither," he grumbled, "was you to speak of them! Would ye have me broke?" he asked.

For it had been Tehaney who held the door open when Holloway went out into fog.

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THERE IS LITTLE THAT IS FUNNY, MUCH THAT IS REVOLTING, IN THE FOLLY OF A WHITE-HAIRED MAN. IT CHILLS THE BLOOD, AND CAUSES YOUTH TO WONDER, HORRIFIED: WILL I EVER COME TO BE LIKE THAT?

"Oh, You Babylon!"

A Taxi-cabaretta

Cabawritten by Julian Street

with

Cabagraphs by Wallace Morgan

"I can see that you are married,
And you know I'm married, too,
And nobody knows that you know me:
And nobody knows that I know you . . . "

HIPS, arms, and head a-swinging with her song, hands flipping up and down like fins, the girl with the oakum hair moved before the tables in a lazy, undulating shuffle suggesting a mermaid swimming in tobacco smoke. Her mouth was open wide—a large red-painted bull's-eye in the round white target of her face—but the sounds emitted lacked the allurement of a Rhine maiden's song. They were, rather, a Rhine-wine maiden's nasal notes.

The people at the tables hedging in the open space in which she gyrated to the ragtime music of the little orchestra, observed her with varying degrees of interest. A tall, aristocratic woman, in a black evening gown, looked stiffly through her lorgnon, as who should say: "Let me hear and see, and get it over with." To three other women, sitting with their escorts at the next table, the cabaret was clearly an old story. They wore Broadway faces and Fifth Ave-

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nue toilettes—gowns too fine, faces not fine enough. Resting bare, creamy elbows on the dead-white cloth, they presented to the singer three pairs of eyes like those of lazy, purring Sphinxes, and to the spectators, ranged at remoter tables in the rear, three glorious white backs, each, as it were, endeavoring to outstrip the other in the acuteness of its "eternal triangle." Now and then one of them lifted to her lips a champagne glass or a cigarette, taking a light draught from the one or a deep draught from the other.

"Her voice," remarked one of the escorts, "is slightly corked." Fondling a half-foot amber cigarette-holder, he cast sad eyes upon the singer.

"Put on another record," rejoined another.

Save for minor differences (such as the initials on their cigarettes and the names on their visiting-cards) the three young men were as like as three young dandies in a shirt and collar advertising lithograph. They were fashionable, night-prowling New Yorkers, clean-cut as to hair and clothing, polished as to finger-nails.

Having passed their table and sung a second verse, the girl was once more shrilling the chorus. She had stopped dancing,

FELA AND HER BROTHER CAME TO NEW YORK. THEY HAD BEEN HERE BUT A SHORT TIME WHEN THE BROTHER DEVELOPED TUBERCULOSIS. SINCE THEN FELA HAS BEEN WATCHING FOR BOTH.

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and was leaning with one hand on a table at which sat three old men, dapper and delighted.

"I can see that you are married . . ."

The three exchanged significant glances and giggled foolishly together, while people at the other tables sneered and snickered. There is little that is funny, much that is revolting, in the folly of a white-haired man. It chills the blood—even hot, young blood—and causes youth to wonder, horrified: Will I ever come to be like that? But cabaret girls must make people laugh. Still singing her refrain, the girl leaned farther over the table, thrusting her pert, ill-shaped nose closer and closer to that of the *vieillard* facing her. In the mocking stare of her cold, glittering eyes there was something of the reptile; in the blank, blinking look he gave her back, something of the reptile's prey—of the helpless bird, terrified yet charmed. Closer came the cruel eyes. A silly smile was frozen on his lips.

". . . If you care to, we'll have luncheon,
Every day, here, just the same;
But sweetheart . . ."

Her bare, whitened arm shot out; her fingers tickled him beneath the chin, in a derisive caress that was like the strike of a snake.

". . . if you talk in your sleep,
Don't men-shun my name!"

With the final word she turned abruptly and cast a crimson smile about the room. People applauded her and laughed, as they will at brazen youth. With a sort of start the old man she had baited came to life—or to something as like life as there was left in him. He felt a feeble but insistent impulse to hold up his non-existent end of the non-existent joke; to "come back," as they say on Broadway. So he laughed loud, clapped his hands, and called upon the girl to sit down at his table. But she had done with him. Without so much as looking round, she moved away.

A certain Broadway sentimentalist I wot of, could take, as a beginning, a scene something like this, and make from it a pretty romance. I can see what he would do. He would roll the episode in the sugar of his imagination, and place upon its apex the candied fruit of final happiness. In his story the old man would not be a fool, but a fine old figure, a millionaire with a house on Fifth Avenue and a heartache. (You see, he had a daughter once, who, etc., etc. She would have been just the age of this girl had she but, etc., etc.)

As for the cabaret girl in the story, she would have a "strange air of refinement." It would puzzle you until it was disclosed that she came of "a fine old Southern family." Little do her poor old mother and lame sister at home know how she earns the money to support them! But the shrewd eye of the old millionaire (and, now that I think of it, my friend the sentimentalist would make him a colonel with a white goatee) would quickly fathom the fictional fact that this girl was "not like the rest." He would call her to his table and talk with her in "low, well-bred tones," while about them all was smoke and revelry. He would ask about her past. She would tell him her real name.

Then, to his surprise, and hers, and ours, the truth would be revealed. The girl would be his niece—the daughter of his scapegrace brother, long since dead! Together they would rise from the table, the bent old man and the fair young girl. Out in the night, beyond the gilded portals of the cabaret, would be standing the colonel's "perfectly appointed brougham." A "trim footman" would open the door. The colonel would "hand the girl in" ahead of him. Then, as she "dropped back upon the soft cushions," symbolic of the luxurious future awaiting her as his adopted daughter, the colonel would turn to his footman and pronounce the single, significant word "Home!"—which would end the story.

As he wrote that final word, I think my Broadway sentimentalist would drop a tear upon his manuscript. I am sure that he cries over his stories after a certain point, just as he cries over his high-balls after a certain hour. And for my part I could almost cry over his stories myself.

Alas for romance! No such story was enacted. As the real cabaret girl (in all her panoply of unreality) left him, the real old man felt not at all paternal. He was thinking, on the contrary, that the young girl had a pretty body, and that he was not so old, after all, as to be unattractive to the ladies. Hadn't she picked him out to sing to? He threw out his chest and patted

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down the wisps of white hair upon his bald spot.

The cabaret girl's mind was countless centuries older than the rest of her. She knew that she had hypnotized him, as she had so many other old men before. She always picked an old one for that sort of thing; the young ones "guy" back, sometimes, which is inconvenient. "Now that he's out of his trance," she said to herself, "I mustn't notice the old silly. When they're like that they want to pinch my arm, put their clammy hands on my shoulder, and make me dance with them."

"THE ROSARY."

It was a manicure girl who first set me to wondering about cabarets. I had heard vague rumors that a wave of cabarets had broken on the Broadway coast, and had made a mental note of the fact, as one notes the abstract news that several million Chinese families are perishing from famine. Then there came an afternoon when I found myself indulging in the polite folly of having my nails "done," and the still greater folly of listening to the blonde person's prattle of food and fashion.

"Well," she said, "I suppose you've been to that new restaurant at Broadway and Forty-eighth?"

"No," I admitted, looking idly at the buffer flying back and forth. "It's another cabaret, isn't it?"

"Oh, no," she replied. "A gentleman friend took me there the other night. There's an orchestra and singers—to dancing."

"Does it take dancing, then," I asked, "to turn a restaurant into a cabaret?"

"Sure," she answered.

"What does the word cabaret mean?" I asked.

The shoulders, beneath her peekaboo waist, went up in an indifferent shrug.

"Search *me*," she said. "It's something new."

Clearly she was more interested in eating than in etymology, in filling than philology.

Presently she gave my hand that final tap which means "I've finished," and I placed in hers that final tip which is the answer, and departed.

It was spring—spring on Fifth Avenue. Buds were shooting in the milliners' windows; a soft haze of exhaust gases from automobiles filled the air and wafted like incense to the nostrils, while on every hand could be heard the soft low note of the motor honking to its mate.

Waiting to cross the street, I met a stockbroker I know, and to him repeated my inquiry concerning the word cabaret.

"I have it," he replied, "straight from Steve, the head bartender at Rector's. The word cabaret is a compound—like a cocktail, you understand—made of two pure old Broadway words: 'cab'—a means of getting there, and 'hooray'—a noise made there."

I thanked him.

"Great time to buy stocks," he declared, a fiery glitter showing in his eye.

When a broker attempts business with a writer it is a sign that things are very, very dull in Wall Street.

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"Good-by," I said hurriedly, and turned into the nearest doorway.

The place proved to be the Public Library. Being, as I just said, a writer, I had never been inside a library before. I was about to rush out, when the sight of a stewdious-looking man reminded me again of cabarets. The very place! You can find out anything in a library. Within a quarter of an hour I had found the inquiry desk.

"I wish to know about cabarets," I said to the young man behind the desk.

"You have made an error," he replied, regarding me oddly, through his large, round glasses. "This is the Public Library. Broadway is two blocks west."

I explained further.

"Ah!" he said, "you'll find it in Larousse, on a shelf just inside the door of the next room."

I set off at once. Within ten or fifteen minutes I had reached the next room. Finding Larousse, I turned the pages, with shimmering finger-nails, until I came upon the word:

CABARET: Tavern, bar, or little inn; house where one sells drinks in detail, or where one gives also to eat.

I read on. Nothing about singing and dancing; nothing about evening dress. As for the "newness" of the cabaret, three hundred years ago a poor Parisian poet wrote an "Ode to all the Cabarets of Paris." The famous cabarets at that time were the Sucking Calf, the Valley of Misery, and the Pomme de Pin, or Pine-cone. The last-named, though long since torn down, is famous to this day as having been the resort of him whom Stevenson called "the sorriest figure on the rolls of fame," the poet François Villon. Rabelais, too, patronized the Pomme de Pin; "indeed" (says Larousse) "the place was the haunt of those poets and rhymesters who opened the seventeenth century with the noise of their glasses and their songs."

As time went by, many of the old cabarets of Paris disappeared, while a few elevated themselves, by virtue of good cuisine and wines, to the rank of first-class restaurants. Among the latter may be mentioned Voisin's and the Café Anglais, where monarchs, visiting in Paris, dine to-day.

In the bohemian region of Montmartre the cabaret underwent another sort of evolution—an evolution from which sprung the current Broadway idea that cabaret means entertainment. Here there came into being certain small establishments, half cheap café, half club, known as *cabarets artistiques*, where met those strange, dirty, clever, shock-headed, slouch-hatted eccentrics who belong especially to Paris and stand, the world over, as the ultimate of the type bohemian. Originally, these *cabarets artistiques* were not open to the public, but were held sacred to the Montmartre poets, minstrels, and ballad-mongers. But presently the echoes of their songs percolated through closed shutters to the streets and aroused a curiosity which ended in invasion. As sightseers came in, the flame of genuine bohemianism went out, and the *cabaret artistique*, becoming commercialized, presently expired.

Not so, however, the entertainment idea. Certain small, peculiar theatres, existing in Montmartre to-day (the Boîte au Fursy, the Grand Guignol, etc.), are outgrowths of the *cabaret artistique*, as are also the innumerable *cafés concerts* and the all-night restaurants in which paid singers and dancers perform between the tables. It is from these Parisian supper places that New York has taken its conception of the cabaret. But for all that, the word still holds in France its old primary significance of cheapness and inferiority: *dîner de cabaret* implying a bad dinner, and *vin de cabaret*, bad wine.

When one speaks of Broadway, one does not think of the steamship offices in the canyon of lower Broadway; the wholesale shirt, cloak and suit, feather and umbrella district above City Hall Park; the old department stores between Union and Madison Squares; but of that strange, sordid mile-and-a-half which is given over to amusement, and which—with its unimportant buildings and its general cheap look, only partially redeemed by an occasional fine hotel—must be a bitter disappointment to those who, having heard George M. Cohan's patriotic songs about it, see it for the first time.

Yet the street has interesting features: It is the hottest, tawdriest street on earth at midday in the summer; the coldest, cruelest street at midnight in the winter; and if inhabitants of other planets, gazing at us through their telescopes, see brilliant flashes in the night and think that we are

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signaling to them, it is because commercial gentlemen with goods to sell are signaling, not upward to the heavens, but downward to the earth. For the rest, what does Broadway offer us? Theatres named for other theatres in the European capitals; European actors playing European plays in European clothing; restaurants called after famous Paris eating-places; French cooking, French cooks, French waiters, and French wines.

So far as our restaurants are concerned, the French invasion is not to be deplored. No one who is civilized, or even semi-civilized, will mourn the loss of the "strictly American" restaurant which flourished in such numbers upon Broadway until a decade or so since. Gone are its checker-board marble floors, its heavy, plush-upholstered chairs, its armored plates and side-dishes, its Irish waiters (seasoning the soup with their thumbs), its unimaginative, uninviting bill of fare, set in type once for all, when the establishment first opened, and never changed save when a dish or two was added in peculiar purple handwriting. Why, I wonder, were all those ancient bills of fare written in purple and in the same illegible hand? It is one of the unsolved problems of our unlovely gastronomic past. Suffice it that the eating-house of other days has gone to an unhonored grave in its own greasy gravy.

EACH, AS IT WERE, ENDEAVORING TO OUTSTRIP THE OTHER

Even in New York the cabaret is not so new as many manicures and taxi-drivers suppose. Six or eight years since, many well-known artists frequented the Cabaret Francis in Thirty-fifth Street. Almost as long ago there was a "cabaret show" at the gay old Café Boulevard (which has a good one still) in Second Avenue. "Cap" Churchill, proprietor of the Broadway restaurant which bears his name, gives the cabaret an even longer local lineage, harking back to Billy McGlory's and other dives that antedate the days of Lexow. The "Cap" sets his face sternly against cabarets. He

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IN THE ACUTENESS OF ITS "ETERNAL TRIANGLE."

entertains his patrons with a concert.

"They'll 'can' this cabaret stuff," he remarks. "It's just 'joint' stuff."

There is truth in the diagnosis. The "joints" may fairly claim a sort of cousinship with this new-come French jade: the sort of cousinship there is between the woman of the streets and the favorite of a king. Things change. It takes time to "educate" the public. Moe would not go to the "joints," so the "joints" are brought to Moe. Besides, he'll tell you, cabarets are altogether different. They cost more. The women are "dolled up" and the walls are gilt. The "joints," upon the other hand, were dim and dismal. You went to them by narrow stairs that seemed to lead to Hades. Tough waiters brought bad whisky, and bawled songs like "The Rosary" in equally bad whisky voices, while a "professor" banged on a piano which was steeped in beer and stuffed with cigarette butts.

Ah, gentle reader! it is hard to realize that Music, heavenly maid, is still young in the big Broadway restaurants! Her life, though brief, has been so full! But a decade since, combined with potted palms, she could impart to any Broadway café a rakish and clandestine flavor! Consider her today. We hear her screaming everywhere. We masticate our morning egg to rag-time, lunch and dine to the strains of the pseudo-passionate waltz, and, after the theatre (where, doubtless, we run into something called a "cabaret show") sup like Oriental potentates, amid the minstrelsy and dancing of the neurotic, exotic, tommyrotic cabaret.

Tenderloin etiquette gives the Forty-second-Street-French pronunciation to the name of Louis Martin, calling it "Looey Mar-tan," and thus separating in one's mind the Martin family of Broadway, which feeds one on food, and the Martin family of Fifth Avenue which, represented by Frederick Townsend Martin, feeds one on beautiful thoughts.

Entering the glittering establishment of Louis Martin, you see (as you look over the heads of the "hat-snatchers" who wrest your outer garments from you) the ground-floor restaurant in all the splendor of its barbaric black and blue and gold. An orchestra is playing; people are supping; a gay scene you'd have called it before the invention of the cabaret. But now! . . . Poor innocents! Sunday-school picnick-

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ers! . . . . With the hollow, mocking laugh of one who knows the elevator-ropes, you move toward the lift. To the head waiter who intercepts you, you whisper your name. A glance at his list (it is a Tenderloin roll of honor) and he stands aside.

You step into the car. The door slides shut behind you. You have disappeared, mysteriously, like the man in the trick cabinet; your body, and along with it whatever soul you may have, is being wafted upward, like the spirit of a good Mohammedan, to a paradise where houris dance.

There is an artificial air of secrecy and sin about it all. You have (unless you are too jaded to have feelings any more) the delightful sensation of doing something you ought not to do, back of which is the comfortable consciousness that the sin is only seeming. Still, the fact that you get in proves that you have a clean shirt and a solvent appearance; that, in the eyes of a head waiter, careful as a bank cashier, you look like the very devil of a fellow, take you buy and large.

The room upon which the elevator disgorges you carries out the fancy of a Mohammedan paradise. It is "as Oriental as a rug" or as the harem scene from Sumurûn. Three walls are of gold; the fourth is faced with mirrors, giving an illusory effect of double space and double crowd. Nor are the people reflected only in the glasses. Despite variety of color in costume and complexion, they reflect one another; they are as like as a line of taxicabs.

Now and then you read in the Sunday supplement of a race of head-hunters or pygmies, discovered in their forest fastnesses by some intrepid explorer who likes to print "F. R. G. S." after his name. The Artist and I, however, don't go in for that sort of exploring. It disarranges the clothing and—as the young Briton remarked of the theatre—"cuts into one's evenings so." Instead of discovering new races in darkest Africa, therefore, we gum-shoe after them in lightest New York, after dark. Hence this cabaretting.

We call our new-found race the Hectics. Manhattan is their habitat. They first made their appearance in considerable numbers at about the time the appendicitis operation became general (though we attach no special significance to the fact). Their numbers are rapidly increasing, as they breed in those alcoholically damp places which are found in such abundance in New York. In coloring, both males and females run to shades of red; the males getting theirs through the application of alcohol within and hot barber-shop towels without; the females getting theirs from paint.

They do not paint in stripes, but rather in spots, after the manner of the ancient sisterhood of Cyprians. In the matter of trappings they also emulate the courtesan; they are not so much women wearing clothes, as clothes containing women. In their light, tight walking-skirts or their alluring evening gowns, their clothing cries so loud of sex that one may be forgiven if one wonders whether Robert W. Chambers hasn't dropped his pen and gone to cutting paper dress-patterns.

You may see them on Fifth Avenue by day, or by night in the famous feeding-places where, in combination with the Broadway "regulars" and the visiting "voulenteers," the Hectics keep the golden ball a-rolling. For the rest, their tribal game is bridge and their tribal dance the turkey-trot—executed to the tune of their national hymn, which Franklin P. Adams has super-named "Everybody's Overdoing It."

The female Hectic may readily be recognized by a sort of beauty that she has—the carnal beauty of loose, red lips, of feverish eyes, shining from the shadows of her low-piled hair like those of some wild beast which gazes from a cave at night. The male travels with her. He has a golden cigarette case, she a gold mesh-bag: receptacles in which, it is believed, they carry their ideals.

As you pass to your little table in Louis Martin's cabaret, your dress coat brushes several sorts of scented talcum from the backs of several fillies of the Tenderloin. You seat yourself, and after deciding between champagne and high-balls (at forty cents apiece), begin to look about. Perhaps you see, at other tables, men you know. Perhaps the women with them are their wives—some wives *do* look like that, nowadays, remember. But let us not pursue this line of inquiry too far. Let us rather heed the admonition of the Etiquette Department of the *Morning Telegraph*—the *Ladies' Home Journal* of the Tenderloin—which warns us that it is not good form

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A BLACK CLOUD AND A MOONBEAM, TEARING CYCLONICALLY THROUGH SPACE IN WHICH THE PLANETS ROCK.

(dealing in round figures) to notice whom our friends may happen to be with in cabarets.

The room is packed with little tables, valuable according to their proximity to the open space left at the center for the performers; the space in which we have already seen the nasal singer baiting an old man.

Now comes a little Spanish girl with jet-black hair and eyes, and castanets in her white hands. She is young—youth is at a premium in cabarets—and she dances well, revolving like a top in her spangled, springy skirt, now bending backward like a willow in the wind, now stamping her small heels and posturing as proudly as a matador. Fela Hidalgo, she is called. She has danced earlier this evening in a Broadway theatre. And in her tireless dancing is another story for the sentimental fictionist.

Having made some reputation as dancers at the *Cirque de Paris* in Madrid, Fela and her brother came last year to New York, and soon found an engagement at Louis Martin's. They had been here but a short time, however, when the brother developed tuberculosis. Since then, Fela has been dancing for both. The brother is in the country near Marseilles. They think that he is getting better.

And there you have another plot. *Ohé!* I wish I had the magic wand of Merlin (or, failing that, the magic "wad" of Mr. Carnegie) with which to touch Hidalgo's little heels; for if I had, each stamping of them would mint golden coins upon the carpet.

Cabaret nights are long. Other dancers, other singers come: fillers-in, just good enough to please an easily contented audience, which, with stomach and palate purring pleasantly, await Maurice.

Maurice (the French pronunciation, please) is the king-pin of the cabaret high

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priest of the decadent dance. He came from Paris, turkey-trotting on the crest of this all-engulfing wave of cabarets, was washed up Broadway, and has since been whirling madly in Louis Martin's maelstrom. Having introduced the *danse des Apaches** at the Café de Paris, Maurice arrived here as an international figure. He was more interviewed than an ambassador. There was a rumor that, in the violence of a dance, he had once (and once is enough) broken his woman partner's neck. Presently one heard that certain ladies, whose names are known to every shoe-clerk who reads the society columns, had actually put down their Pomeranians and cigarettes, taken up their skirts, and trod a measure with Maurice.

Societies opposed to what one might call the Mauricent school of dancing, got him to give exhibitions by way of showing them how shocked they ought to be. And the word went forth that of all tangos and all turkey-trots, of all sliding, gliding, twisting, swirling, wreathing, writhing man-and-girling dances, these were most apt to appal the prude and please the prurient.

Mr. Charles Frohman, in a recent interview, was quoted as saying something to the effect that the two important theatrical discoveries of the past season were Maurice and Gaby Deslys—both from France, and both, in a manner of speaking, dancers. Gaby didn't dance in cabarets; indeed, she didn't dance much anywhere, though any one could see she did her best. For the rest, the lady (you pronounce it Gah-bee Day-leece, by the way) had strings of things that looked like pearls, a rather pretty figure, a certain *chic*, and the name of having been the "lady friend" (as they say on Broadway) of a certain little European king who lately lost his job.

Personally, I think the story about Gaby and her little king is press-agent work, and much exaggerated. I might even call it false, but for the fear that Gaby, being a French *artiste* and jealous of her reputation, might sue the magazine and me for damages.

As for Maurice, he is a graceful, well-built young man, debonair and cocksure in his beautifully fitting evening dress. Mischief dances in his fringed blue eye, and something more than mischief hangs about the corners of his cruel, complacent, full-lipped mouth. The little orchestra strikes up a waltz. Jaded Hectics indicate expectancy by sitting up and filling glasses. Their shoulders fall into the rhythm, working up and down like the walking-beams of old side-wheelers. Several hundred more or less astigmatic eyes focus, as best they can, upon the end of the room at which performers first appear. Maurice steps forward with his partner—a girl young and blonde and dainty enough to lead a Senior "Prom."

At first they waltz for all the world like a pair of exceptionally good dancers at a ball. The tempo becomes more rapid. Suddenly the man flings the girl away from him violently, as a boy throws a top. Holding to his hand, she spins until their two arms are outstretched. Then, with a jerk, he draws her back again, revolving, to his arms. They have not missed, in step or gesture, the fraction of a beat in the well-marked measure.

The time changes. Dancing in circles, the girl leans back upon his hand, as if it were a sort of couch. Then, facing one another, and dropping into still another step, they move sidewise, in a straight line, down the room. Her face is turned upward; her gaze is buried in his eyes. It is a luminous gaze. She clings to him, her stride following his as naturally and swiftly as spoke follows spoke in a fast-flying wheel.

More and more rapidly they dance. The eye becomes bewildered. It seems to see them stepping through each other, each body giving way before the other as if its substance were no more real than those light, transparent gauzes which the ancients called "woven air." So they mingle and blend together—a black cloud and a moonbeam, tearing cyclonically through space in which the planets rock.

Then, of a sudden, the terpsichorean dream is shattered. The moonbeam detaches herself and turns to girl, again. With a leap, she alights astride her partner's hips and, fastened to his waist with the hooks of her bent knees, swings outward and away from his whirling body like a floating sash. It is the climax of the dance; not so ungraceful as it sounds, perhaps, and more astonishing. Speed relieves much of its vulgarity, leaving it bizarre—the more bizarre because the dancers are in evening

*The Parisian tough is known as an Apache, the word having been taken from our Indian name.

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dress, instead of being habited as acrobats. It is incongruity, as much as grace, which makes Maurice's dances so effective . . . . . Was it Chateaubriand who spoke of the difficulty of writing a description of a waltz? . . .

A great many people will tell you that these dances are quite new; a great many others (remembering that Wallace Irwin mentioned the "bunny-hug" ten years ago in his "Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum") will say they came from San Francisco. The fact is, however, that all these turkey-trots, tangos, bunny-hugs, grizzly-bears, Texas-tommies, etc., are the illegitimate descendants of the old *valse chaloupé*, which has been danced for the past thirty years, and probably much longer, in the dives around Les Halles in Paris, and which still forms a part of the quadrilles at the Bal Bullier. The *valse chaloupé* was doubtless taken to San Francisco by members of that city's

AT MAXIM'S THE *PIÈCE DE RÉSISTANCE* IS THE APACHE DANCE, DONE EXTREMELY WELL BY A COUPLE DRESSED AS A PARIS TOUGH AND TOUGHESS. THIS DANCE, THOUGH SORDID, HAS A REDEEMING HISTRIONIC QUALITY, WHICH LIFTS IT ABOVE DANCES THAT DEPEND ON ACROBATICS, OR ON SEX, FOR THEIR APPEAL

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French colony, and thus came eventually to be adopted by the "Barbary Coast."

Almost every cabaret in New York has its Maurice. Shanley's new place, in Lobster Square—largest of Broadway cabarets—has Jack Clifford and Irene Weston. Clifford used to be head waiter in a "joint" called Sweeney's; Irene, an habituée. Sweeney's "joint" was so often thrown out by the police, that it finally was permanently dislocated, so to speak. And the wonder is that Irene's joints aren't dislocated too—so violent is the dance she does with Clifford. Like other premier cabaret performers, they have been "doubling" in a Broadway theatre, and even in Shanley's they dance upon a stage, and with a spot-light on them—for Shanley's cabaret is almost like a music-hall.

The general run of singers and dancers in the cabarets along Broadway are much the same in one place as another. At Maxim's the *pièce de résistance* is the Apache dance, done extremely well by a couple dressed as a Paris tough and toughess. This dance, though sordid, has, to my mind, a redeeming histrionic quality, which lifts it above dances that depend on acrobatics, or on sex, for their appeal. The performers must be actors quite as much as dancers, for the Apache dance has the rare distinction of possessing plot. There is no allure about it—not even the charm of physical beauty set off by flashing silks—nothing which makes vice seem anything but horrible. Its action is direct and brutal; its music peculiarly sinister; and when you have seen it to the end, you turn away with a shudder, for you have witnessed a terpsichorean interpretation of the life of a "white slave."

One of the most peculiar and novel developments along the cabaret line was inaugurated by the brothers Bustanoby when they ran the Café des Beaux Arts. This was the opening of a completely equipped turkey-trotting department in a ballroom at the rear of the main restaurant. It was popular, and had a peculiar patronage, half Broadway, half Fifth Avenue. Dancing lasted late into the mornings. But something went wrong at the Beaux Arts, and the two brothers who had operated there got out, leaving the place to a third member of the family who, I take it, was more circumspect, for he abolished turkey-trotting, to the general sorrow of the Tenderloin élite.

The turkey-trotting brothers were, however, not to be circumvented. They opened another restaurant but a few blocks distant, where dancing is permitted, nay, abetted. George Rector's new establishment, which is just above Fifty-ninth Street, on the exact line that separates the up-town and the down-town Tenderloins, also installed an admirable turkey-trotting plant, and Murray's Roman Garden in Forty-second Street followed suit. In the latter two establishments one may sup on the ground floor in unblissful unconsciousness of the rag-time, the swaying shoulders, and the shuffling feet two floors above. There is a long ballroom at George Rector's, at one end of which are little tables where a "Supper Tabarin" is served. And of course those who come to trot remain to pay.

Murray's supper-tables are spread upon a comfortable roof-garden, where turkey-trotters may combine the process of cooling off with that of putting provender where it belongs. And it is wonderful indeed to see how much a single little chorus girl can eat and drink, when food and liquor are laid in in layers, between the dances.

If I should reach New York in August and should become obsessed with a desire—all of which Heaven forbid!—to know how many of our leading wine-agents, stock-brokers, affluent young actors, gilded youths, chorus-girls, show-girls and such, were in town (instead of being in Atlantic City), I should hie me at eleven or eleven-thirty, through the baking night, to Murray's Painless Turkey-trotting Parlor—that palace dedicated to the dance McCardell calls "the poultry of motion." There I should count the undulating shoulders. Having counted, I should tack up-town to Rector *fils*, and count again; after which I could go home quite sure that I knew the worst.

I feel apologetic. I have only scratched the surface of the cabarets—but that's because the cabarets have naught save surfaces to scratch. From Little Hungary in Houston Street, to Pabst's vast armory-like restaurant in One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth, you will find them everywhere: rag-time, turkey-trotting spots upon the city

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map; gay cabarets, jay cabarets; cabarets with stages and spot-lights, cabarets without; cabarets on ground floors, in cellars, and on roofs; cabarets where "folks act gen'l'mumly," cabarets where the wild time grows.

Nor must you fancy you have reached the northern cabaret belt when you get to and "penguin," throughout a night which lasts six months!

No; you don't mind ordinary sitting up, but that's too much! Hastily building a cairn at the roadside, you cache your instruments and pemmican, and start for home. Farther, farther south you fly. The climate becomes milder. You open the

THE CABARET IN DARKEST HARLEM.
(LAT. 117° N. LONG. 8° W.)

Pabst's. Far from it! Ask those Harlemites—those hardy men, with the solemn faces of folk who live forever in cold, northern places—and they will point their fingers toward the pack-ice of the Harlem River, and tell you there are cabarets "away up there."

It is the Bronx they mean—that dark and fearsome region 'neath the Northern lights, whence so few travelers have returned. Your taxi-driver's eye rolls horribly. So does his taximeter. Mutiny is in the air. Some one mentions a cabaret at Two Hundred and Thirteenth Street. You shiver horribly, and picture what the place must be: a chill igloo, where caborigines eat blubber and dance the "polar-bear" window of the taxi-cab. From the doors of countless cafés, which you pass, there comes a sound of rag-time. Shrill voices rend the air! . . Can this be death? No, Kid, this is Life! You can't escape it! You can't escape the cabaret! As you drive up to the apartment house which you call home, you discover that the janitor has started up a basement cabaret while you've been gone. The negro elevator boy does cabaret stunts as he carries you up-stairs. Rushing into your flat, you find your wife and children cabareeling round the little parlor! Help! Help! Telephone the doctor! Call the ambulance! The town is cabaridden! Cabarotten! And you, poor devil, you're stark, staring cabarazy!

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ZAMBOANGA

BY SUSAN HART DYER

Zamboanga! Zamboanga!
With the moonlight on the sea,
And the blue hills of Basilan
Looming up mysteriously!
Does the little darkling river
Still go whispering thro' the town,
Where strange Southern stars are mirrored,
Thro' the palm-fronds peering down?
Do the countless, shifting fireflies
Keep their lamps alight for me
In dreamful Zamboanga,
(Zamboanga! Zamboanga!)
World-distant Zamboanga,
By that moon-enchanted sea?

Ah, those nights in Zamboanga—when we sat, just you and I,
On the fort, that crumbling shell of transient power!
While, above, the vast armadas of all time went sailing by,
And we watched their flashing signals hour on hour;
And a dance-drum throbbed insistent in the Moro town below,
Some secret, savage rhythm o'er repeating:
"*No To-morrow! No To-morrow!*" (Ran the endless burden so?)
Till within our very veins we felt it beating.

Sweet those days in Zamboanga, 'neath the staring tropic skies,
In our little boat with sails hibiscus-tinted,
When the painted vintas passed us like gigantic butterflies
And we followed where their wakes of opal glinted.
Sweet the eves we rode together thro' the Gorge's fragrant peace,
Where we heard the warning voice of waters falling—
Where the broken-hearted pigeons sobbed unseen among the trees—
"*No To-morrow!—No To-morrow!*" were they calling?

It is over! It has faded—and the dance-drums throb no more,
And the glamour only lingers in our dreaming;
For other ears the plaintive songs are wafted from the shore,
For other eyes the tragic sunsets' gleaming—
Unforgotten! had we tasted while the well was brimming sweet
Perhaps we had not drunk such bitter sorrow!
Had not heard these taunting memories so endlessly repeat:
"*No To-morrow!—No To-morrow!—No To-morrow!*"

Zamboanga! Zamboanga!
With the moonlight on the sea,
And the blue hills of Basilan
Looming up mysteriously!
Softly moans the little river
Thro' the silence of the town,
Where the Southern Cross is mirrored,
Thro' the branches blazing down;
Still the madcap soulless fireflies
Light their lamps—but not for me!
In fairy Zamboanga—
(Zamboanga! Zamboanga!)
In long-lost Zamboanga
By the opalescent sea!

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Miss Winifred Atwood's Bird-Bath

by

Walter Prichard Eaton

AUTHOR OF "THE AMERICAN STAGE OF TO-DAY," "AT THE NEW THEATRE AND OTHERS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. H. GARDNER SOPER

I FIRST saw Leonidas Morton one Saturday afternoon. I had waited for a big stranger to "put" out on the eighteenth green before playing up my approach, and had wondered who he might be. When Joe Rogers and I reached the club-house he was seated at a table and was pounding it with a huge fist. Joe and I entered just in time to hear him roar to William: "Boy, bring me hogsheads of beer and thousands of cigars!"

Will went, grinning, and presently returned with a stone bottle of English ginger beer and a small panetela on a tray.

Everybody grinned. The huge man poured the beer into a glass, put the small cigar into his face, and shouted again, "Bonfires, boy!"

Will, glancing at the table, quickly fetched a new supply of matches.

"Ah!" said this strange person, including the whole room in his remarks. "Comfort at last! I lost hundreds of balls to-day, and took a million strokes. Bah!"

His "Bah" was a fine basso reverberation, like a thunderstorm in the mountains.

"What did you take?" somebody politely inquired.

The stranger scowled ominously. "Seventy-nine strokes, sir!" he bellowed.

"What is your *average?*" asked Fred Conner, with polite sarcasm.

The stranger scowled still harder. He looked the picture of rage. "Eighty-two, sir!" came his reply.

That was Leonidas Morton's introduction to the club. His roar soon grew familiar, his Herculean exaggerations, at first regarded as a joke if not a positive affectation, were rapidly accepted as curiously a part of the man, a quaint manifestation of his abounding good-nature and tremendous vitality. And he never had any trouble in finding partners—for his golf, too, was of high caliber.

His caddy he called Peanut, the lad was so small. The two were inseparable on the links. He loved the little Irish lad, and Peanut reciprocated. "Peanut!" he would roar, "you insignificant microbe, if you lose a ball to-day, I'll give you forty-seven lashes on the bare back with a horse-whip!"

Whereat Peanut would grin amiably up into the dark, scowling face far above him and retort, "Cut out yer slice, then."

Leonidas (we called him Leo because of his roar) could emit curses both loud and deep, great, heaven-defying, picturesque oaths. But he never swore in the presence of Peanut or any other caddy. He would reply humbly to Peanut's taunt about his slice: "Yes, sir, I'll try, sir. It is a grave fault of mine, sir."

But I am forgetting to explain that our golf club is in a certain New England village famed for its views and its old families, and so is full of new families in summer, who rush about in motors and never see the views, while the old families pretend to be invisible. However, the new families and the hotel make our fine eighteen-hole course possible, and enable us to put up a large, ugly, and much-coveted cup. Leonidas Morton had his eye on that cup. He paid

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scant attention to the old families, and not much to the views.

"I came here for golf," he explained one day, when somebody asked him to a dinner-party. "I work all winter like a one hundred and fifty thousand horse-power compound reciprocating turbine engine, and now I want to play golf ten hours a day and sleep the rest of the time. By the thirty-nine grandfathers of Morpheus, sir, I sleep so hard I make a dent in my bed-spring every night!"

Our golf club sweeps down from the village street across fair meadows to the river. One old-time house by the street is practically on the links. It has for more years than I can remember been inhabited by the Atwoods, most recently by Miss Winifred Atwood and her mother, the last of their line. The Atwoods are one of our oldest families. They are so correct that they didn't even have to join the golf club when it was founded—though, between you and me, I don't know if they could have afforded it.

Before the golf club started, there was no need of a fence between their house and that portion of the meadows rented from them. Afterward, no fence was erected, because there never had been a fence there —which is always an unanswerable argument in our town, especially among the first families. So Miss Winifred's Florentine marble bird-bath behind the house stood some one hundred and fifty feet to the right of the seventh green, and, as the course was mowed around, it was not out of bounds.

Presumably, an object one hundred and fifty feet to the right of a green *ought* to be safe. A man ought to get inside of that on his approach. So Miss Winifred would have reasoned, if she had reasoned on the matter, which she didn't, because the Atwoods' bird-bath had always stood right there, and of course one doesn't reason about the inevitable.

Miss Winifred had started out to be a beautiful woman, but had evidently become discouraged by a sense of the futility of beauty in so old a family as hers, and had become an Atwood instead. Not that she was ugly, nor even plain. She was just properly unnoticeable and appeared as if very little had really interested her since she reached woman's estate. As a matter of fact, very little had, beyond the problem of how to live like an Atwood on the income of a Smith; and even this problem was really her mother's, for that elderly lady did not propose to resign her post of mistress of her house till she moved to the permanent abode of the Atwoods behind the old church.

Miss Winifred went to the post-office every day, which was her chief point of contact with the outside world. Occasionally, however, she accompanied her mother on a tour of calls upon the first families. Mrs. Atwood wore black, and her perpetual consciousness of her family position caused her to appear as if she were perpetually sniffing, or expecting to sniff, a bad odor. Miss Winifred, however, looked less "superior" than discontented. She subtly gave you the impression that it was, of course, a great thing to be an Atwood, but it wasn't, after all, very lively. Miss Winifred was only thirty.

"BOY, BRING ME HOGSHEADS OF BEER AND THOUSANDS OF CIGARS!"

However, Leonidas Morton would never have known of Miss Winifred Atwood's existence, nor she of his, if he hadn't sliced his brassey second playing the seventh hole, after a terrific two-hundred-and-seventy-five-yard drive. On our moist turf, where the ball gets little roll, the seventh is for most players a three-shot hole. But, after a two-hundred-and-seventy-five-yard drive, it can be reached with a good brassey. Leonidas proposed to reach it. He made too hard an effort; the ball, furiously struck, de-

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veloped a slice, and to our mingled horror and amusement (I was in the foursome) landed splash in the Atwood bird-bath. We saw from afar the water fly, we saw the marble basin topple on its slender pedestal, fall to the ground, and shiver to pieces on the stone base.

Peanut uttered a cry, half of youthful glee, half of astonishment. But Leonidas roared out:

"What is that infernal thing doing there, anyway, not six feet from the green? A wonderful shot—hole high in two, and my score ruined—utterly, absolutely, irretrievably ruined! I hope the washbowl was worth ten thousand dollars!"

We walked to the ruins. There, amid the shattered marble, lay the ball. With the strange perversity of its kind, it had not bounded away. The basin of the bird-bath, some two feet across, had evidently been cemented to the pedestal, and this cement had, with time, crumbled, so that the shock of the ball had toppled

"INDEED?" SAID LEONIDAS. HIS EYES AND MISS ATWOOD'S MET FOR A LONG MOMENT. THEN HE SEIZED HIS NIBLICK AND SWUNG.

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the bowl clean off. The ball as it lay was practically unplayable. The rest of us were playing four on the green.

"Guess you'll have to give up," said we.

"Never!" roared Leonidas.

"But you are unplayable in bounds," we said. "This bird-bath's rub of the green."

"Rub of your grandmother!" he retorted. "It's a water hazard! I lift back with penalty of one stroke."

"Oh, no, you don't!"

"Oh, yes, I do! And if I don't, I play it from here, if I smash seven thousand clubs and all that's left of this tuppenny piece of aviary open-plumbing, by the——"

It was then that Leonidas Morton became aware of Winifred Atwood.

She was standing on the rear veranda of her house, almost directly above our heads, looking at Leonidas with an expression of astonishment such as a queen might wear who, for the first time in her life, had been insulted by a subject.

"You've committed *lèse-majesté*," we whispered to Leo.

"Madam," said Leonidas, looking at her unflinchingly, "I regret that my irreverent golf-ball has been guilty of an indiscretion. I shall, in due time, make proper amends in marble. Meanwhile, as these gentlemen refuse to allow me to lift, I am forced to play the ball where it lies, and you may be consoled by the thought that I shall doubtless smash my niblick."

Miss Atwood's eyes were blazing now with wrath. "Indeed, you'll do nothing of the kind!" she said.

"Indeed?" replied Leonidas. Their eyes met a long moment, like long-range artillery in action. Then he seized his niblick and swung, with all the might of his Titanic shoulders and wrists. The ball emerged from the wreck, surrounded by half a hundred marble chips, and lit on the green. The club, by some miracle, was not broken; but the bowl of the bath was a thrice more hopeless wreck.

"By Gee! Good shot!" exclaimed Peanut.

We saw Miss Atwood, speechless, stalk into the house.

"Ajax was timid beside you," said we to Leonidas, later. "He defied only the lightning. You have defied an Atwood!"

"If the club rents the ground on which the wash-bowl stood, the bowl must take its chances," cried Leonidas—"and it took 'em! As for the Atwoods, who are they?"

We tried to explain, but Leonidas refused to understand. "I don't know people by names or social classes," he replied. "To me, there are only men, women, and stock-brokers."

But that evening Leonidas visited the Atwood home. His card meant nothing to the two ladies. They were awaiting him on

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the rear veranda, with the glance of mingled curiosity and suspicion our best families always bestow on the stranger. Miss Winifred recognized him at once, and flushed to the roots of her hair. "It's he, mother," she whispered. Anybody but Leonidas would have been petrified by the sudden frost.

"Pray be seated, ladies," he said, quite at his ease. They sat down mechanically, in their astonishment.

"Mrs. Atwood, and Miss Atwood, I have the honor to address, I believe? Ladies, I presume that in spite of your proximity to the links neither of you plays golf. Did you play, you would understand the necessity which a stern Providence imposes on the proper completion of every stroke. Hence I was forced by a power not myself to complete with a niblick the destruction of your bird-bowl begun by a golf-ball. I am here now to tell you that to-morrow I defy all the terrors of a trip on the New Haven Railroad, to go to New York and secure you another, stolen from some ancient villa on the Tuscan hills and offered for sale at a fabulous price in a Fifth Avenue shop-window."

His flow of talk ceased. There was an icy silence. Then Mrs. Atwood spoke. "The marble you have destroyed was brought by Mr. Alexander Atwood from Italy in 1857. He was a man of exceptional taste. It is quite, quite unreplaceable."

"True," cried Leonidas, "and pray do not fancy for a moment that I would be so bold as to assume to match my taste against that of Mr. Alexander Atwood! But may it not be that the robins and thrushes, who have had less exceptional opportunities for esthetic culture, will be willing to accept a less beautiful bath, in the cause of cleanliness?"

There was no hint of irony in Leonidas's booming bass, yet Miss Winifred darted a look at him, and grew red again.

"The bath served an ornamental rather than a utilitarian purpose," replied the mother stiffly.

"Nevertheless," he replied, "I shall not sleep in peace till I have endeavored to replace it; and peaceful sleep is most essential to my health. I lose fifty pounds a night when my sleep is disturbed."

"That is hardly of interest to us," said Mrs. Atwood.

"Moth——" came the hint of an exclamation from Miss Winifred.

"Ah," cried Leonidas, "your daughter is more tender-hearted! She, I am sure, will accept my offer! I shall rest in peace! The new bath shall be hers. And now, ladies, good-night. I am delighted to have made your acquaintance, even though thus unceremoniously."

He rose to go. Miss Winifred called to the maid. There was no response.

"I will show you the way," she said stiffly, going into the house before him. At the front door she spoke. "Do not dare send us another bird-bath!" she flamed.

Leonidas towered over her. He looked down into her eyes, his own smiling. "Do I look like a man who wouldn't take a dare?" he rumbled. "Upon my word, Miss Atwood, I believe I like you!"

Her eyes flashed, she drew herself up and held the screen-door open. The enormous form of Leonidas blocked the door frame. "Good-night," he said, lifting her hand from the latch and holding it a second in his own. "Upon my word, I believe you like me, too!"

As she drew back, startled and flushing and haughty, he emitted a mighty peal of laughter and went swinging down the sidewalk.

The next day he was not on the links. He reappeared the day following, but said nothing to explain his absence. A few mornings later we noticed, to our surprise, a new bird-bath behind the Atwood house, much like the old one in size and shape, but more beautifully carved, and stained as only Italian marble stains with age. It must have cost a pretty penny. As it had not been there the afternoon before, evidently somebody had mounted it during the night.

"'Twas the fairies," said Leonidas, with a rumble of laughter. "I wonder if Mr. Alexander Atwood, that man of superior taste, would approve of their choice?"

He strolled over from the seventh green to examine the new bath, and we followed him.

"Most extraordinary!" he remarked in a loud voice, as he tested its firmness with his hand. "I wonder, really, how it got here!"

The rest of us grinned, and Peanut, who is a Boy Scout, pointed to certain cart tracks on the grass. "Looks as if the fairies had a team," he said.

But Leonidas was looking up at the Atwoods' house. My eyes followed his. The muslin curtain at one of the open chamber

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windows dropped back as if a hand had been holding it.

The new bird-bath remained. If Leonidas had expected the Atwoods to go out and demolish it with a hammer, he was disappointed. But doubtless he didn't expect them to.

However, Leonidas may have expected to be thanked. A week went by, and no thanks were forthcoming. Neither was there ever anybody on the Atwood veranda when we were playing the seventh hole. At the end of a week Leonidas took a solitary stroll one morning, having, he said, gone stale on golf. He strolled up the hill and into the woods, and overtook Miss Atwood strolling also.

"Good morrow!" he called out, down a lane of hemlocks. "Nymph of the woodland, dryad of the forest, flee not so fast on fairy feet, but wait the plodding steps of your mortal admirer!"

As Miss Winifred was at the time proceeding at the dignified pace of an Atwood, and he was coming on with his sixty-horsepower stride, another woman might have smiled. But not Miss Atwood. She froze into stillness—and silence. He drew alongside, lifting his hat, and smiled down into her face.

"I saw you two miles away, and have run at least twenty-five to catch you," he said.

"I told you *not* to replace that bird-bath!" said Miss Winifred.

Leonidas waved his hand. "The fairies did that," he said. "*I* had nothing to do with it. I had intended replacing it, to be sure; but my courage failed when it came to the point of matching my taste against the taste of Mr. Alexander Atwood!"

"You scarcely need add insult to injury," said Miss Winifred, biting her lip.

"May I be drawn, quartered, and my ghost compelled to sit through musical comedies for all eternity, if I intended any insult!" cried Leonidas. "But, my dear young lady, taste didn't die with your grandfather. Come, now, your bird-bath was smashed by an unfortunate accident. You'd had it many years, and were fond of it, of course. I've done my best, though, to induce the fairies to get you another. That score's settled, and we ought to be friends. But, no! You are an Atwood, and your ancestors have been Atwoods and lived in Massachusetts for two hundred years, while I—I, for all you know, may come from Spokane, Washington, and may have had a father who was spontaneously generated from the action of the sun on a piece of Stilton cheese. Ergo, I have no manners and no taste. Is it not so?"

It was quite evident that nobody had ever talked to Miss Winifred Atwood in just this way. Instead of finding herself, as usual, in dignified command of the situation, she was embarrassed and speechless.

"You—you exaggerate so!" she finally said, clumsily.

"I exaggerate?" he cried. "Why, I am the most matter-of-fact man alive! I should as soon think of sitting on the third rail in the New York Central tunnel to eat my lunch, as of exaggerating!"

They were standing in the cool shadows of the hemlocks. The day was hot. There was a mossy bank beside them. "Let us sit here," said Leonidas.

"I—I must walk on home," she replied, stiffly.

"But you were going *away* from home five minutes ago. No, we'll sit here and talk. Come, do. Think how different I am from the men you know. I shall broaden your horizon for you."

For the first time the flicker of a smile crossed Miss Winifred's mouth. "You *are* different," she answered.

Leonidas said nothing. But he put a great hand under her elbow, and with the gentleness of his tremendous strength assisted her to sit on the cool, yielding moss and hemlock needles. She let him assist her, which was something of a miracle. Then he threw himself at her feet. She was flushed and inwardly excited. She was having an adventure of sex—something so foreign to her experience that she almost trembled.

Leonidas sighed luxuriously, and looked up through the trees. "Ah," he cried, "you have this the year through, this great peace and quiet of green! But you've got to stew and sweat and fight in town, you've got to 'yammer at the bars' ten months in the year, really to appreciate it, really to have it lap over your soul its waves of peace, like the surf over your hot body on an August noontide—your naked, hot body, that shivers and then relaxes to the balm of the brine."

"You live in New York?" asked the woman, in a low voice.

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"Live? No!" he answered. "I swear in New York, and fight and bite and tear, and champ my bit, and smoke myself to death, and drink hogsheads of rum, and am bored by millions of vapid plays, and talk endless shop with money-grubbing little rat-men in New York—but I *live* on the golf-links in summer, smashing drivers, records, and bird-baths."

"What is your business?"

"Maybe it's selling pork, maybe it's tuning pianos," he replied. "What does it matter? I refuse to discuss it now. I prefer to sing."

And suddenly he began to sing, in a great, rich, sweet bass voice, that plaintive little song of MacDowell's—"Through the woods at eve I wandered."

There was a long silence when his voice had died away. The woman was looking out through the vista of the trees.

"It is a lovely song," she said at length. "I hear music so seldom."

"Does music call to you?" he said, his face close to her side. "Does it say, Get up and march! Or, Arise and dance! Or does it murmur, sometimes, How sweet and sad and beautiful this old world is, with solemn sunsets over the waters! Or does it creep into your heart and whisper, What's wrong, poor heart, that you beat cold and slow, cold and slow, when pulses were given you to leap, and life was made for love?"

There was no answer. The woman moved a little, as if to rise. Then she settled back again. A wood-thrush called, his clarion notes ringing with indescribable loveliness through the silence. The man spoke very low, the soft rumble of his great voice purring round her.

"This is a good old world," he said, "with thrushes in the leafy woods and golf-links in the meadows, and me, almost bursting into meter, and you, Miss Winifred Atwood, daughter of a hundred earls in a manner of speaking, sitting on a bank of moss and wondering why you allow this audacious grizzly bear of a stranger to talk to you so. Shall I tell you why?"

"Don't!" she half whispered, flushing.

"Very well, I will," said he. "It is because nobody has ever made love to you this way before, because nobody before, you poor, starved, haughty lady, has ever caught you up into bird-song and summer noon, till the big, primitive forces stronger than we are had their way with you. And you like it. You are afraid of it; all the social inhibitions of your life are pushing you back from it. But you like it! You are trembling for it. You *are* trembling, you know!"

"I—I am trembling with anger at you!" she cried, attempting to rise.

He put up a great hand and gathered hers into it. She sank back helplessly. His hand still held hers. "You are trembling less now," he said. Slowly he raised her fingers to his lips, and kissed them.

She lifted her other hand as if to strike him, but their eyes met and clung together, and slowly the hand descended on his shoulder, and with a sudden, startled, almost terrified sob, she lifted her face to his, and dumbly looked at him.

Still his eyes held hers. He seemed to struggle. Then, very gently, he took her hand from his shoulder.

"No," he said, "if I should kiss you, you would wake up to-morrow hating me for a beast who had betrayed you by some primitive hypnotism, and you'd hate yourself, too. That kiss would be to you the memory of a nightmare. It would haunt you like an evil dream. Now it will haunt you, too, and it will make you unhappy, too—but like the vision of an unfulfilled desire. The richness of our lives depends on just such visions, perhaps. You will never hate me now."

The girl gave a short, haughty, Atwood laugh. "You speak of the—the matter as if it depended solely upon you!" she said. Her laugh trailed off into a nervous little gasp.

"It depends upon neither of us," he replied. "A mighty hand behind us is pushing us toward the Great Adventure. Can you not feel the great, powerful, gentle fingers on your spine?"

The woman's eyes became enigma, as women's eyes will. It is one of their battle weapons.

"Why, then, should I hate you?" she said.

"At any rate, you'd forget me," he answered. "Oh, I know how you've broken your prison bars this hour! At some hour of our lives we all do, or perish. But you'll go back to your cage, and drink tea under Grandfather Alexander Atwood's portrait, and only wonder now and then, when some spindle-legged aristocrat is telling you how much his dog likes ice-cream, whether the

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"THERE'S NO DIFFERENCE IN MEN OR WOMEN TO ME, AND ALL THAT MATTERS IS THE GREAT IMPULSE TO LOVE 'EM ALL AS BROTHERS AND SISTERS, AND ONE ALONE OUT OF THE BILLIONS AS YOUR TRUE SOUL AND BODY'S MATE"

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cage isn't getting a tiny bit stuffy again, and maybe make a fleeting comparison between his hands and mine. But the next moment you'll pour a second cup of tea—'two lumps and a dash of cream, please'—and wonder why you ever let any man crush your hands in his—as I do now!"

She yielded her hands. Indeed, she was powerless to do otherwise.

"What is it you want?" she said.

"I want you to come live with me, and be my love, as old Kit Marlowe put it. I want you to come willingly, asking no questions, just you and I, woman and man, wife and husband, and Grandpa Atwood be damned!" he cried. "Why do I ask this? Because there's no difference in men or women to me, and all that matters is the great impulse to love 'em all as brothers and sisters, and one alone out of the billions as your true soul and body's mate. When you meet her, you shall know her by the leaping of your pulse and the sudden magic in the thrush's song. But you'd not be happy with me unless you knew this as well as I do. Nobody but God Almighty can teach it to you, and He teaches by letting you find out for yourself. When you know it, send for me and I will come."

The woman drew away her hands. "You have asked me to marry you," she said, "the second—no, the third time you ever spoke to me. I do not even know who you are—nothing more than your name. You are an audacious man. If I were free, would I arise and follow you? That is a question I do not have to answer, isn't it? Because, you see, I am not free."

She laughed a little grimly.

"You talk of freedom so freely!" she went on. "You capture a mood in the summer woods, and then suppose it's all of life! Why, you great, burly, bass-voiced satyr, I don't believe you ever *did* have a mother, after all! If you did, was she like mine?"

Leonidas smiled. "Not exactly," he replied. "Maybe her arms were quite red to the elbows."

"Who *are* you?" the woman suddenly asked.

He shook his head. "No white swan will come to carry me away because you have asked," he smiled again. "But still I shall not tell. Whether my father was a member of the Society of the Cincinnati or the Dublin police force must make no matter to you. I knew you for mine a thousand years ago, when first I touched your hand at your front door—nay, earlier, when you gazed upon me like an outraged queen and set a fire of resistance to you burning in my veins."

"A fire of resistance! Yes!" she murmured.

"So when you know that I am yours, we'll laugh to scorn the angels in heaven, who are given not in marriage, but twang Palestrina all day long upon their silly harps, and sleep all night on chilly clouds."

He raised her to her feet. Her face was troubled, her color high; yet she let him lace his great fingers through hers a moment, as they stepped into the forest lane. Then she drew them away, and they walked back in silence.

"You are to come no farther," she said at the end. "You are not to see me, nor try to see me again, unless I ask it. But I shall never ask it. I shall probably never learn."

"As you will," he answered. But he smiled down upon her, a great, confident, adoring smile.

She trembled irresolutely a second. Then suddenly she seized his hand, pressed it against her bosom, and fled toward the town.

The next week was the tournament. The world and his wife were on the course or the club-house veranda on the concluding day, and among the guests was Miss Winifred Atwood, unexpectedly gay as to hat and gown, chatting with an extraordinary amiability with every one. Leonidas was one of the finalists. A drenching shower came up during the afternoon round, and most of the gallery pelted back to the club-house. But the players kept on. The shower passed, and with the return of the sun came Leonidas, proudly followed by the diminutive Peanut, back from the fifteenth green. His drenched silk shirt (he never played in a coat) was plastered to him, and the tremendous muscles of the man stood out pink and magnificent through the wet white silk. We heard his roar of laughter from afar.

"He's won!" cried somebody.

"Not necessarily. He'd laugh just as hard if he'd lost," somebody else replied.

But he had won, four and three, and the cup was his. As he stood on the veranda, the crowd about him, his head rising above them all, he cried out: "By the Lord Har-

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ry, if Joe Rogers hadn't lost ninety-one strokes in the swale and sixteen balls in the river, and this infernal shower hadn't half drowned him, because he's got such a pug nose, he'd have trimmed me easily." And nobody noticed that Miss Atwood was still seated in a corner of the veranda, looking at him with a strange expression of pride —nobody but Leonidas. He saw her.

"Bill," he roared, "have nineteen gallons of Scotch whisky for me inside, and seventeen dry shirts." Then he reached the woman's side in two steps. She put up her hand.

"I—I am glad you won," she said.

"I shall come back to defend the cup next year," he replied, in a voice so low that it could not be overheard. "To defend the cup, of course. Some morning when you are watching the birds in their bath you will hear a hoarse bass voice bellowing 'Fore!' up the seventh fairway. I—I—oh, woman, God bless and keep you!"

As quickly he strode away into the club-house. That night he left town, and the club seemed lonely—and extraordinarily quiet!—without him.

Winter came, and with it a change in the habits of Miss Winifred Atwood. Formerly she was only seen walking twice a day to the post-office, and, at rare intervals, at a tea or dinner party given by some one of the scant half dozen most select families. To most of the village she was quite unknown except by sight. But now a mysterious change had been wrought, no less wonderful than the change which came over Paul on his way to Damascus. If her revelation could have been put into words, they would have been those words from Romans iii. 22: "For there is no difference."

"HE'S COMING A WEEK FROM SATURDAY."

She began timidly, by asking the astonished rector what she could do to help him. She had at first all the embarrassed ineffectiveness of the person who would help others without any real sympathy for them, or understanding of their needs. But by the time spring had come there was not a child on the village street who did not know and greet her; she had seen poverty and suffering and heroism in lowly places, and taken one frail and pretty girl to her bosom and heard between sobs the old, and trite, and terrible story.

And she had not flinched. The girl was now the maid in her mother's house. Atwood had met Atwood before the girl was taken in, and the mother, astounded, overthrown, now spent her days counting the silver, or dolefully predicting another domestic scandal. But Miss Winifred had grown beautiful, and she smiled at every one, and very softly sometimes to herself, and trimmed her spring hat gaily, and rode beside the milkman down Main Street on her way out to carry picture-books to his sick child—an Atwood riding with the milkman!

Then summer came, and the hotel opened, and the motors raced through the town again, and the green links were once more gay with players. Miss Winifred Atwood spent her spare hours, which were fewer than of old, on the rear veranda, or tending a tiny bed of flowers around the bird-bath. As we came up the course to the seventh green, remembering Leo's disastrous slice, we would instinctively bellow "Fore!" and she would lift her head and glance at us. But always she stooped again and went on with her weeding. One day my approach—a fearfully bad one—lay near her, and as I went over to play the ball, I fancied I saw tears in her eyes.

Had I known then what now I know, I should have gone quite close and whispered, "He's coming a week from Saturday," and then slipped quickly away.

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The FARMER of TO-MORROW

Jeremiah opens a new Set of Accounts and discovers a strange Balance Sheet

BY FREDERICK IRVING ANDERSON

FARMERS may be roughly put into three classes: Those who farm, those who operate farms, and those who read farm literature. The real farmer is the most important and the most numerous. He works with his hands on his own farm.

The second is one of a small but growing class. He spends a few pleasant months on the farm. He is usually an absentee landlord who, having made money in the city, "retires" to farming. He may often be seen among his landscape gardens in white flannels.

The third lives fretfully in the ceaseless city, the while building castles "back home on the farm"—though he is often city-born or city-bred. Usually he gets no nearer Nature than reading the "Farms for Sale"

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advertisements in the Sunday papers and alluring articles on "How to Clean up $10,000 a Year in Fruit or Chickens."

Once in a while one does break away and start for the open country. Such a one is Jeremiah, the hero of this story.

What follows is part fiction and part fact. Fiction, because Jeremiah isn't anybody in particular, but in general. Fact, because Jeremiah's problems are those of a considerable number of city-tired people who are blithely taking up the fun of farming, only to find that it has become a business. Through Jeremiah's tribulations and successes, to be traced in two articles besides this, we hope to reach an understanding of certain important aspects of the "back to the farm" movement.

Jeremiah Hastings was thirty-five and lived in a flat. He worked eight hours, slept nine, and divided seven between carpet slippers and street-cars.

Light, air, fuel, and water were fed to him through tubes; vacuum and gravity were harnessed for his light housekeeping. The municipality of which he was a member in good standing disposed of his waste-paper and potato peelings; regulated noise and smell; inspected his food; guaranteed him so many cubic feet of atmosphere to sleep in, a minimum bacterial count of fifty thousand to the cubic centimeter in his morning's milk, and a ladder in case of fire; assumed the supervision of the eyes, teeth, and intellect of his children; policed him; swept his streets; tabulated him at birth, marriage, death, and at the polls; fumigated him; and made music for him in the parks. He bought his bread by the pound, potatoes by the quart, eggs by the ounce, and milk signed, sealed, and delivered in glass.

All that was left for Jeremiah was to work eight hours a day and keep on good terms with the janitor.

And a paternal automatism extracted its tithes by a process at once so complex and so lulling that it bordered on the mystic. Every time he expended one dollar for food, thirty-five cents of it was edible and sixty-five cents went for wrapping-paper and string, interstate commerce, and demurrage.

Jeremiah was a consumer.

But Jeremiah dreamed of the days of his youth: of the wood-pile, the evening chores, the frozen pump, apples that had never known a feather duster, and the great shadowy barn, with its fragrant haymow and its row of soft-eyed, placid cows. Jeremiah and Mary—they met and married in a boarding-house—took the subway to Van Cortlandt Park or the ferry to Staten Island every Sunday to walk on the grass. The lure of the land was in their souls.

A few years after they married, an extraordinary event occurred in their everyday life. A remote, an almost hypothetical, aunt named them in her will. This opened a door. Jeremiah resigned his high stool, his high-power spectacles, and his green shade; and a through Pullman set him and Mary down on a willow-bank in Iowa—where Jeremiah had been born and raised.

But somehow things didn't look the same. There was an extra wing on the house, and a second story had been added; it was freshly painted and shingled, and wore green blinds. There was a red barn with white battens, housing a glistening binder and a gang-plow; and a pair of ton horses was browsing in the feed lot. There were a windmill and a telephone, and hot and cold water, and woven-wire fences; and a suspicious odor of gasoline.

"Here is the loose screw!" thought Jeremiah. "The farmer is making too much money. There are too many consumers. The farmer has got hold of the gate receipts. I am glad I came."

"Well, well!" laughed the willow-bank farmer as he looked Jerry over. "I remember you as a little shaver. I bought this farm from your father at ten dollars an acre. I tried to worm out of the deal, but he held me to it."

"I was born here," said Jeremiah, gazing sentimentally at the willow-bank—it did look rather like home, after all. "I should like to buy the farm back if it is for sale."

WHEN HOGS HAD LONG LEGS

Yes, this was the very quarter-section that Jeremiah's grandfather drew out of the grab-bag, back in the 'forties, when the West was a magic carpet with a rainbow at one end when one had to hunt over five square miles in this neighborhood to find a whole person, excluding Indians. Yes, this was the very spot where the old gentleman cultivated hogs with long legs as beasts of burden to carry hams and bacon to market. (Later, when the railways came, they bred

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the legs down to nubbins, for delicatessen.) Yes, this was the very spot where less than thirty years ago Jeremiah's father had fed his corn to the stove because there was too much corn and too many hogs, and not enough people in the whole world to eat the hogs; when there was nobody so poor as the farmer.

And standing before him now was the very man who had gone down in the traditions of the family as having been hooked and landed by the second generation of Jeremiahs at *ten dollars an acre.* The memory of that ten dollars an acre had bathed the declining days of the second generation in sunshine. Now here was the third generation looking wistfully at the fat fields crowding the fence-posts, wondering what had become of the swamp, the wood lot, the hog-wallow, and the mud road.

"Ten dollars an acre!" Jeremiah was musing to himself. He was dreaming of a magic carpet with a——

And the willow-bank farmer. . . . What was he dreaming about? He was dreaming about Saskatchewan. He was anxious to scamper across the map with his three sons, to the last tee. He liked the looks of this sentimental young couple. He would do his best to arrange matters for them.

Not on the basis of corn as fuel, however.

He was dreaming of dollar wheat, sixty-cent corn, ten-cent hogs.

THE MAGIC CARPET MYTH

He was pondering over the 1910 census—correlating a few of the facts that have caused the boundaries of the public domain to bulge since Jeremiah was a boy:

The Magic Carpet is a myth.

There isn't a rainbow at one end. It is a desert instead.

Six and a half million farmers, employing as labor all that can toddle of fifty-four per cent. of the ninety-two million population, have taken the carpet's measure. Seven hundred thousand who arrived too late have gone to Canada.

There are eight hundred and seventy-five million acres in the carpet—the plant of the American farmer.

It isn't all wool. Sixty-five per cent. of it is shoddy.

Population—hunger—has increased twenty-one per cent. in ten years.

Cultivated land—the food factory—has increased only four per cent. Hence the strong odor of gasoline in the Corn Belt.

The individual farm—hit and miss among the six and a half millions—was worth $5,470 in April, 1910; it was worth only $2,895 in 1900.

The individual acre—eight hundred and seventy-five millions of them—was worth $39.69, as against $19.81 in 1900.

That means good, bad, and indifferent, wet and extra-dry; the thirty-five per cent. that is actually producing food, and the sixty-five per cent. that has been filed away on the back shelf for future reference.

In Iowa, the hit-and-miss acre was assayed at $97 on the tax records two years ago. In Illinois ditto, $108.16.

In Iowa, the hit-and-miss farm—the kind the elder Jeremiah picked out of the grab-bag — was assayed at $15,007.444. Just the real estate—no extras.

(And that was two years ago—two very rapid years.)

Yes, the willow-bank farmer would sell out. Not on the basis of tax records, of course. That would be stretching a point too far. He didn't have any waste land. All of his land nominally in farm was real farm. It was mellow prairie loam, the mold of centuries, from fifteen to one hundred feet deep. It was rich, and ripe for skinning—one hundred acres of it.

The average farmer ought to consider his plant above the average. But the willow-bank farmer would figure himself below. He would even throw off seven dollars and forty-four cents and four mills—and call it an even fifteen thousand dollars.

One hundred and fifty dollars an acre!

Jeremiah untied his livery horse and assisted Mary to her seat, and they drove slowly back to town, leaving the willow-bank farmer tinkering over a new gasoline thrashing outfit. They remembered having read somewhere that Dean Liberty H. Bailey of the lamented Country Life Commission had said that the back-to-the land movement was an economic fallacy. But they remembered this only for the moment. Economic fallacies have to do with masses, not individuals. If the willow-bank farmer could buy automobiles and wear green shutters on his house, Jeremiah and Mary could do likewise with the same tools. So they drove back to the farm the next day.

The willow-bank farmer was inclined to be generous. He accepted a payment of

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JEREMIAH DREAMED OF THE DAYS OF HIS YOUTH: OF THE WOOD-PILE, THE EVENING CHORES, THE GREAT SHADOWY BARN, WITH ITS FRAGRANT HAYMOW, AND ITS ROW OF SOFT-EYED, PLACID COWS.

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two thousand dollars cash (which had been earning six per cent. in an industrial investment); and he accepted a mortgage of thirteen thousand dollars at six per cent.

In other words, Jeremiah and Mary were to pay nine dollars an acre rent. Land is capital! That was reasonable, and businesslike. Jeremiah and Mary were going into the *business* of manufacturing food.

And the farmer, rather than put the sentimental young couple to the expense of buying machinery, rented them his. He did not know much about such transactions; but Jeremiah, having been a bookkeeper in his rôle of consumer, knew all about it. He suggested ten per cent. for depreciation, and six per cent. interest. A farmer, or a manufacturer, replaces his machinery every ten years, on the average; and this seemed equitable. No industrial concern could pay a dividend, and keep out of the hands of the postal authorities, without debiting a like charge to equipment.

WAGES FOR MARY

So much for his plant and equipment. Now for the item of labor.

Jeremiah didn't have any sons of his own. He couldn't pay his labor in board and clothing and salt. He had to hire labor. Twenty cents an hour for human labor; and ten cents an hour for horses—including care and keep.

And he concluded that if hired labor was worth twenty cents an hour, his own labor was worth twenty cents an hour.

And he concluded that if a scrubwoman was worth five cents an hour, Mary was worth five cents an hour. Mary cooked and washed and ironed and sewed and darned and swept and dusted and made the beds and looked after the chickens and nursed the garden and churned butter and set the milk. She was labor.

He concluded, furthermore, that there were profits—or recompense, at least—due to himself as the superintendent who managed and risked so much capital.

In addition, there were the taxes and insurance—say three per cent. on a three-fifths valuation.

Jeremiah, you see, was entering the *business* of farming. He was a bookkeeper and he knew all about costs of production.

Jeremiah is the new pioneer. Cheap land, free land, is gone. When there is no more land to give away, land becomes capital, exacts rent. No matter whether the price is too high or too low, it is fixed by culture and sentiment and speculation; by three generations of homesteading, and by a population that has increased fourfold in seventy years.

Are Jeremiah's fixed charges, his cost of production, too high? Ask yourself, Mr. Farmer, you of the Middle West, of the Rain Belt, you who are producing the surplus for hungry mouths. You say that your land—which may happen to be in the door-yard of the Grain Pit and the Stock Yards—is worth more than one hundred and fifty dollars an acre. You say that your neighbor's land, land in the next county, in the next state, is worth less than one hundred and fifty dollars. Raw land three hundred miles west of Kansas City has been selling for one hundred dollars during the past two years. If your acre does not exact the same rent as Jeremiah's, then the process of distribution makes up the difference.

What does your labor cost you? How much does it cost you to grow an acre of corn? You don't know! Hired labor, paid for by the hour, day, week, or month, was beyond the experience of fifty-two per cent. of the Iowa farmers canvassed by the 1910 census. Forty-eight per cent. of them reported expenditures for labor at one time or another. They knew how much hired labor cost them. But how much their own labor cost, how much it was worth, they did not know. And the Census Bureau did not think it worth while to inquire.

Three years ago experts of the Department of Agriculture picked out five thousand wide-awake farmers all over the country, and asked them to cooperate with the department in running down the question of labor. How much did it cost them, in time or wages, to grow an acre of corn, labor to be charged at prevailing rates?

In New England an acre of corn cost $16.82, not counting "rent;" in the South Atlantic states, $11.29; in the Middle West, from $9.10 to $6.82.

The willow-bank farmer kindly advised Jeremiah as to crops. Had he not been farming these acres for more than a score of years? Jeremiah took his advice. Thus custom and habit determine crops.

He sowed his seed and prayed for rain. The rest was up to the Weather Man.

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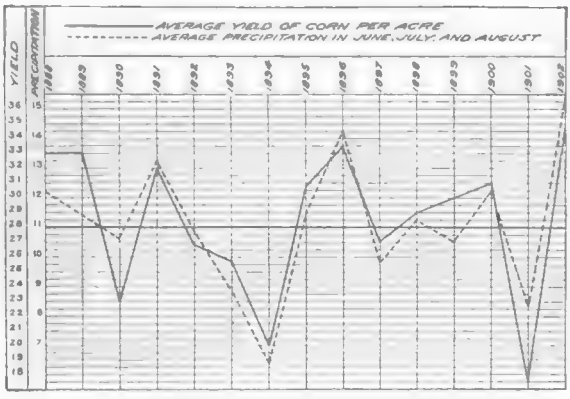
Jupiter Pluvius, the arch-manufacturer of aridity and humidity, is the court of last resort. If the heavens are propitious, fat crops; if the heavens turn a cold, sour face to the land, lean crops. Sunshine and rain, fair and foul weather, text-books to the contrary notwithstanding, have been the sole factor affecting the yield of our acres since the American farmer was in his swaddling-clothes. Weather is the pressure gauge; it determines the revolutions per minute, so to speak, of this big machine. If our acres are not producing enough food, put more acres under cultivation.



We are producing three times as much corn to-day as we did fifty years ago, not because we have increased the efficiency of our plant, but merely because we are plowing three times as many acres.

Several years ago two weather-wise experts (J. Warren Smith, Section Director of the Weather Bureau at Washington, and Professor W. D. Gibbs, of the New Hampshire State College) constructed two charts to show the relation between crops and weather. One chart was to illustrate the rainfall in inches; the other to illustrate the yield per acre, bushels of corn, in the corn-growing states. They fitted the two charts together. Even the two experts were not prepared for the striking result shown in the cut on this page. The two charts fitted each other like a dovetail joint! Every variation in rainfall was accompanied by a corresponding variation in bushels of corn.

In as recent a period of enlightenment as 1901 there was a famine in corn. Solely for the reason that Jupiter Pluvius loafed on his job. He had been expected to produce eleven inches of rain that summer, and he actually furnished only a scant six inches. Don't blame the farmer. Blame the Weather Man.

Take another instance: During the decade 1867-1876, the best yield of corn in Nebraska was 42.2 bushels to the acre—in 1869; and the poorest yield was 10 bushels to the acre—in 1874. The ten-year average was 32.5. Somewhere between high and low a whole season's product was lost. Was it the farmer's fault that he received one bushel of corn one year for the same amount of labor that paid him four bushels another year?

Human ingenuity has constructed intricate machinery to crop ten acres with the ease of one. Machinery expands acreage. It does not increase productivity. The only additional labor and skill Jeremiah expends to-day over what his grandfather expended, is in fighting weeds, insects, and fungous diseases. These three scourges of elementary agriculture were driven from their happy hunting-grounds by the plow; and they have turned on their despoiler, subdivided their species into highly specialized organizations, and are thriving on civilized fare.

So Jeremiah is farming at the same rate to-day that he was fifty years ago—one hundred years ago. In fact, he is farming at the same rate as the sixteenth-century yokel who plowed with a crooked stick instead of a gasoline tractor. This is amply proved by many records. The burghers of Schmatzfeld, Germany, produced an average of 12.5 bushels of wheat to the acre in the period from 1552 to 1557. Minnesota, a state which grows more wheat than the entire country east of the Alleghanies and south of the Ohio River, has averaged 12.4 bushels for fifty years.

The Weather Man has been dodging jokes patiently for more than forty years, amassing enough evidence to take the responsibility. He has found that sunshine and rain vary not only from year to year, but from decade to decade; that weather travels in great cycles. Apparently we have passed through one complete cycle.

A few years after the Civil War, the yield of our acres began to decline. The land

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wasn't "exhausted." Most of it was new land that had never known the plow. And the slump was characteristic of all sections, from seaboard to seaboard. Then, in the middle 'eighties, the line began to recover itself. (It is worth while noting in passing that it was during the decade of lowest yields that the country passed through its most critical economic period, a period of vast overproduction of foodstuffs. That was the period of *too much land* for the given rate of speed, the sunshine-and-rain rate of speed.) The line ascends slowly for another ten years. In another twenty it has recovered itself, and Jeremiah is getting as much out of an acre in bushels as his Civil War competitor did. It is still on the upward wave.

JEREMIAH, BANKRUPT!

And so Jeremiah plants his corn and prays for rain. If he follows the methods of his neighbors, he will plant five acres out of every fourteen in corn, and two in oats, and two in hay to feed the horses that cultivate the corn. Thus nine out of fourteen acres go for corn, directly or indirectly.

Jeremiah has a good year, an average year. Sunshine and rain are kind to him. Bugs and blight are kept at a respectful distance. His corn is worth fourteen dollars an acre.

The average, in his neighborhood, has been $11.54 since the time when the first cultivated hog was dressed for market. Five staple crops in his neighborhood average less than fourteen dollars. The ten staple crops of the United States that account for ninety-five per cent. of the three hundred and ten million acres which the farmer actually plows (wheat, corn, oats, barley, rye, buckwheat, potatoes, tobacco, hay, and cotton) have varied from $16.42 in 1909 (when the cost of living became academic) to $7.94 in 1896. The average acreage return has been $12.04 since the dawn of statistics, forty-five years ago. That means the cultivated acre, not the scrub one.

So you see Jeremiah is rather successful, in spite of his years as a consumer.

Jeremiah opens his books and strikes a balance—in red ink!

He looks once, he looks twice, he dashes across the pasture lot to Neighbor Jones, who is polishing off a new automobile in the sunshine. Jeremiah explodes with the direful tidings.

He is bankrupt! Farmer Jones is bankrupt! Everybody is bankrupt! They ought to be in the hands of a conservator, or at least a receiver. And Farmer Jones—who has been there a long time—looks at Jeremiah, once, twice, and then says *honk! honk!* with his new horn.

But there it is in black and white. Look back a few paragraphs and figure it out for yourself, in rent, labor, and taxes. Never mind the salary for the superintendent who was to risk and manage so much capital. Cut out the five cents an hour that was to go to Mary. In bare time it has cost Jeremiah from seven to nine dollars an acre to sow, cultivate, harvest, and haul his corn. Add the item of interest. Then bring on the tax bills. Jeremiah sells his corn at the market, the price of hunger, the price with which his neighbors buy automobiles. And for every acre of food he has manufactured, he stands an actual loss.

If he doesn't pay rent—that is, interest on capital—the sheriff will get him. If he doesn't pay his labor, his men will garnishee him. If he doesn't pay his taxes, he will be advertised. The only privilege land has given him is to expend his labor. The only privilege labor has given him is to tap his bank account.

"And you are in the same boat that I am!" cried Jeremiah to Farmer Jones.

"Wait a minute," says Neighbor Jones. "Why should I pay interest—or rent, as you call it—on my land? It didn't cost me one hundred and fifty dollars an acre. I inherited it from my father. The Government caught him when he wasn't looking and made him a present of it. And what have wages got to do with me?" asks Farmer Jones. "I have two sons and a daughter and wife. I pay them their salt. And we have just bought a new six-cylinder sixty."

"Isn't your own time worth anything?" asked Jeremiah.

"It's my own time, isn't it?" demanded Farmer Jones. "I can do what I please with it."

"If you sold your land and invested the cash in a factory to make biscuits or buttons or gunpowder, instead of keeping it invested in land to grow corn, would you expect it to return you anything? Or would you consider that it merely provided you with a job that you could pass around among all the members of your family?"

"I would expect it to return me some-

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thing, of course," admitted Farmer Jones.

"Say you invested it in industrial stock," suggested Jeremiah. "You would not have to turn a hand for that six per cent., would you? You and your family could ride around in your six-cylinder sixty all day, and you wouldn't have to bother about getting up at four o'clock in the morning to feed the horses and start for the field. Your capital would work for you. And, Mr. Jones," went on the bankrupt, "if you had inherited a soap factory instead of a farm from your father, that soap factory would have to earn interest on its capital, and pay fixed charges, to stay in business, wouldn't it? Or would you run it as a charitable institution and forget to figure on cost of production? How long do you think your laborers would work for you if you paid them salt and garden truck and a fresh chicken on Sunday? And how did you happen to sell your corn at forty cents a bushel, Mr. Jones?"

"That's the market price," explained Mr. Jones.

"Exactly! That's what *they* offered you. If you were making soap instead of corn, do you think you would sell your soap for what *they* offered you? Or do you think you would sell it for what it cost to manufacture, plus a fair interest on the capital involved?"

DEBTS THAT LIVE AT HOME

But Farmer Jones isn't bothering about abstruse problems. He isn't bothering about the cost of production. He is interested only in the credit side of the ledger. The debits don't affect him. If it really is true that he has to pay rent and wages, then his liabilities are in the hands of preferred creditors, himself and his wife, and their sons and daughters. What is a small matter of insolvency, if one can keep it in the family circle? If Farmer Jones is broke because he owes himself money, you will have to show him.

"But how about me!" cried Jeremiah. "I think I see the sheriff coming down the road now."

It wasn't the sheriff. It was only the willow-bank farmer coming back from Canada and anxious to do business at the old stand. He was willing to wipe the slate clean, in consideration of the fact that there is no place like home, after all. When he heard Jeremiah's story, the willow-bank farmer had the same notions as Farmer Jones; but he assumed a little more sympathy for Jeremiah.

"Why don't you go on farther west, where you can get land for fifty or one hundred dollars an acre?" he asked.

"What good would that do me?" asked Jeremiah. "What I would save in interest on capital, I would lose in freight getting my corn to market. It would be all the same in the long run."

SHALL JEREMIAH SPEED UP?

And he was right. Corn in Kansas is worth about three dollars an acre less than corn in Iowa.

Something is wrong.

You will probably rise to remark at this point that the remedy is obvious. Let Jeremiah put on more steam. He is running his plant at one-third pressure, you say. The American farmer is a disgrace to the community! The dull oaf is growing only twenty-seven bushels of corn to the acre. Last year—swat the Weather Man!—he grew only twenty-four bushels. Why, in 1910, a school-boy, Jerry Moore, harvested two hundred and twenty-seven and two-thirds bushels of corn on a measured acre! That shows what could be done if the American farmer would increase his speed.

Let us apply this remedy to Jeremiah as an individual. In the first place, it cost little Jerry Moore something like one hundred and forty dollars in capital and labor to win his medal in the Boys' Corn Growing Contest. That contest was a brilliant example of how to farm with capital. Jeremiah doesn't want to be told how to farm *with capital*. He wants to know how to farm *without capital*. He hasn't one hundred and forty dollars, nor half of it, nor yet a quarter of it, to expend on a single acre. The world isn't hungry enough yet to finance him. Little Belgium is, with its six hundred and fifty souls to the square mile; but not the United States, with only thirty-one souls to the square mile.

Now apply the remedy to Jeremiah as a mass, to the great American farmer. How would it work out? Take Iowa as an example. She is a good example because she grows thirty times as much corn as the entire western half of the country.

In her bumper year (1910) she grew three

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hundred and forty million bushels. The price fell to thirty-eight cents.

The next year she grew two hundred and seventy million. The price rose to fifty-five cents.

If she grew five hundred million—and she could without half trying—the price would go to twenty cents, on the same basis of calculating.

A college professor explained this to a New York audience recently, as a simple means of reducing the cost of living. The audience applauded twenty-cent corn to the echo. See how it works out for Iowa—the Jeremiahs:

Fifty-five-cent corn paid the farmers $148,000,000.

Thirty-eight-cent corn paid them $129,000,000.

Twenty-cent corn would pay them $100,000,000!

And, besides, the freight on twenty-cent corn is the same as the freight on dollar corn. No, the so-called *intelligent culture* is no more use to Jeremiah than his boot-straps would be to pull him out of the mire. You might as well double the lines of railroads and cut the rates in two, says H. W. Collingwood, the farm editor and publicist, in commenting on these intensive propagandists. Until the world is hungry enough to finance Jeremiah; or until the middlemen give him more than thirty-five cents of the consumer's dollar, text-book farming will remain a dogma and nothing more.

TOO MANY POTATOES

A thousand, or a hundred thousand, farmers may dabble in it, providing they have enough capital to begin on—because this efficiency engineering costs money; but they must be very careful or they will upset the balance. The margin is slight. Two years ago potato growers in Maine became so efficient, so intelligent, that they were forced to sell out at eleven cents a bushel.

"If the farmers of the United States were to produce as much, acre for acre, to-day, as the farmers of Belgium," said Professor Milton Whitney of the Bureau of Soils, recently, "the world would face the greatest panic in its history."

Then what is wrong with Jeremiah?

Is the price of land too high?

Is the price of food too low?

The trouble with Jeremiah is that he is ahead of his times. He came too late for the old order of things. He is too early for the new order.

Jeremiah tried to compete free-handed, on improved acres, with a subsidized industry—with an industry that has grown up to a capitalization of *fifty billion dollars*, and hasn't found its feet yet.

Seventy per cent. of his six and a half million competitors can afford to ignore land as representing capital. They got it for nothing, or for a song. Till to-day—or let us say yesterday—a charitable old gentleman in chin whiskers and a red-white-and-blue waistcoat, has been lying awake nights devising new schemes for giving away quarter-sections. Now farm land is all gone, except for the small matter of, say, two hundred and sixty million acres of scenery that nobody would take as a gift. It was all gone ten years ago, except for a core, a scant four per cent. The late-comers lined up and drew lots for this four per cent. Our farm land has been employed till to-day—or yesterday—not as capital, but as a means of labor. And as labor it has paid big wages. It didn't have to pay interest on capital until there was no more of it to be had for the asking.

Meantime, "unearned increment" has suddenly appeared on the horizon. Railroads, cities, the increasing hunger of the world, and the demands of those who drew blanks in the lottery, have increased the appraised price of land as capital 117 per cent. in the past ten years.

With capital comes interest, rent. Jeremiah is the pioneer of the *business* of farming, the establishment of agriculture on its permanent basis. He can't compete with the old order yet.

Then the price of land is too high!

Possibly. But if you speak softly, no one will suspect it—except the Jeremiahs—because seventy per cent. of the farms are still being worked as a means of labor, according to the moon. You can't persuade this seventy per cent. that cost of production means anything to them, when they happen to be both delinquent debtor and amiable creditor rolled into one.

But wait another decade. They are beginning to file past fast.

In the September number Mr. Anderson will discuss Jeremiah's opportunities on Reclaimed Land.

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Our House in Order

by M·F·ABBOTT

PERIODICALLY, in this republic, we have a dramatic political upheaval—an upheaval accompanied by charges and counter-charges, resulting in the disclosure of graft. The people for whose enlightenment these disclosures are made look at them, gasp, and look away. "We are not really as bad as all that," they say.

This habit of blinking the truth might almost be described as a national habit.

There is another habit—almost another national habit—the habit of knowing the truth, and of doing nothing about it; the habit of believing that somehow, sometime, by some means unknown, we shall become a nation purged of graft; in short, that some fine morning we shall wake up and see that our house is really in order.

Why, as a nation, are we so much more interested in *housecleaning* than we are in *housekeeping?* Why would we so much rather investigate graft than prevent graft? What do we, as a nation, do about graft? Let us see!

We first develop the cast of mind which believes that mismanagement of public utilities is inevitable because desirable. We honor those who find it desirable by making them our "first citizens." We then give to this mismanagement a local habitation and a name. After a time we grow uneasy about this thing which is both inevitable and desirable. So we begin the habit of investigating it.

We appoint congressional and other committees for the purpose of inquiring into the results of graft. We punish some one of the bad, wicked "grafters."

We have never as a nation systematically, conscientiously, intelligently sought the cause of the graft itself. For that is too simple. We might find it.

We enjoy investigating the Beef Trust. We enjoy investigating Standard Oil. The tariff is a never-ending source of delight for our Congresses. And how we have investigated Alaska! It was in 1867 that we purchased the territory from Russia for $7,250,000. The same year we appointed a congressional committee to "investigate" what became of the $2,250,000 which Russia did not get.

In 1868, 1869, 1870, 1875, 1880, 1882, 1884, 1885, 1886, 1888, 1889, 1890, 1891, 1892, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, and 1911, we appointed congressional committees to "investigate" Alaska.

We have "investigated" the purchase money, the health of the Alaskan Indians, the education of the youth, railways, customs, fishing grounds, land claims, the seal herd, the foliage, and the climate; and then we have begun right over again and "investigated" the resources, physical, mineral, animal, commercial, vegetable, and industrial. And there the matter has rested.

It was in 1885 that, for purposes of summer vacation, the congressman discovered Alaska. (The same congressman is fond of investigating Panama in the winter.) With the unfailing regularity of a flock of wild swans, has the flying wedge of the congressional committee gone north in the summer, headed by its chairman.

It is rumored that "Alaska for Alaskans" and not for congressmen is being agitated, and that the Alaskans are wearying of our strong soap and furniture polish. They are even suggesting that we begin to *keep* house as far as they are concerned.

For they seem to have found out that we do our national housecleaning whimsically and that we often leave the furniture in the yard.

We like, dramatically speaking, the process of getting clean. We do not seem to like to take the trouble of keeping clean.

Therefore is this nation like unto the house of a slattern. The dust collects. With spasmodic frequency the housewife goads herself into action. She seizes broom and feather duster. She sweeps with vigor. A small portion of the dust she takes up in her pan; the rest, she whisks from furniture to floor, from floor to ceiling. And the dust settles down again. And the housewife sinks into a chair and, as she crosses her hands on her apron, she rocks and murmurs with content: "It is well. To-day my house is clean. And next week I shall have another sweeping day."

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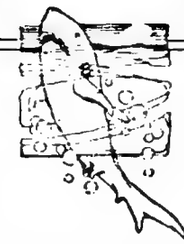
The WRECKER

by

LEAVITT ASHLEY KNIGHT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER



ONE voluptuous winter dawn, before the railway crawled out to Key West over concrete arches and coral reefs, a sodden tramp steamer dropped me in Capricorn Channel, which is one of the ten thousand leaks along the Tea-Kettle's rim. Through it the Gulf Stream squirts its molten sapphire endlessly between Pelican Reef and Forever Island, two of the Florida Keys. "The keys to the back door of hell," we marine insurance men call the pair; for we have seen many a haughty freighter sweep to her screeching destruction on Pelican Reef, and we have paid the bill with good Yankee gold.

Two days before, a big Brazilian coaster, packed to her hatches with crude rubber—all insured—had joined the dolorous company of riven hulks on the western fang of Pelican Reef. I was rushing up from Havana, on the whip end of the hurricane, to be on hand before the sea calmed and the wreckers broke into the forlorn hull.

A surly ground-swell was writhing across the counter-currents of Capricorn Channel, when the tramp lay to, to drop me into a fat yawl alongside, which had put out, on signal, from the Forever Island lighthouse. On top of this profounder commotion scudded the last, short, kicking waves of the storm. They concealed the long swing of the giant rollers and baffled my reckoning, as I clambered over the side and down the swaying rope ladder to the yawl. My foot was seeking the bottom rung, when a sea leaped up, as from nowhere, and flung me senseless against the steel plates of the steamer's hull.

When my wits returned, I found myself hung like a wisp of drying kelp across an oar that lay on the gunwales of the yawl. The boatman was pumping my soggy arms, while he whistled a weird voodoo chant. I strove to rise; but my waterlogged lungs burned like an opened wound, and the back of my head ached insufferably.

"Slow!" my rescuer warned. "There's still a little water in your breathing bags. And you're losing blood through that scalp wound."

He lifted me skilfully to a seat beside him at the tiller, sang out to the steamer that I was all right, and trimmed sail with one hand while steadying me and steering with the other. His bare feet gripped the wet cleats of the yawl's false bottom, as he scanned the hills of water ahead. The wind drove his thin cotton trousers taut against the skin, and through the fabric stood out thighs and calves of steel. A gaudy green vest, resplendent with small brass buttons, flared at the top and laid bare a neck of steel. But the head this carried was of frailer stuff. The youth's lips

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"'SO THAT'S WHY NOBODY HAS GIVEN ME WORK!'" HE GLARED AT LUCILLE, WHO WAS SHAKI FROM HEAD TO FOOT.

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were too full and too lax, his eyes were steeped in dreams, and in the smile he bestowed upon me, now and then, I sensed the weakness of an undisciplined, care-free, overhealthy child of the tropics.

"You must put in for repairs!" He fingered my wound. "We'll land over there, and I'll bind it up—" He pointed beyond the starboard bow, and I saw the snowy lighthouse of Forever Island beset with titanic breakers.

"No, no!" I cried. "Take me straight to Pelican Reef! To the wreck! I must be there ahead of the wreckers——"

"Oh! You are the insurance man from Havana." The boatman drew a long, thin whistle. "And I thought you were only a new lighthouse inspector."

The awe in his voice made me laugh wonderingly. The people of the Keys do not love salvage adjusters; for we cut down their supply of flotsam and jetsam, and sometimes hale the bolder looters to court at Key West for piracy.

"Are you the lighthouse-keeper?" I asked.

"No," he replied, still gazing upon me wide-eyed. "I live with him—he saved me off a wreck—I was only a baby then—and where I came from, I don't know—but——"

The speech died away, and a strange wistfulness crept over his face. He looked vacantly toward the tramp steamer, which was fast slipping over the streaked horizon. Then slowly all life ebbed from his great arms, his fingers lost their grip on sheet and tiller, and suddenly our vessel yawed frightfully into the deep trough of the sea.

"Hey! Mind your eye!" I shrieked, in a cold sweat.

He jumped, flushed, and trued our course in a trice. "I—I was thinking, sir," he explained humbly. "I—have many things to think about." With that he turned on me, wheedling. "Don't you want a good man to work for you in Havana? See!" He balled up his magnificent biceps, holding fast all the while to the sailing gear. "I am very strong. I can do all things. And I am afraid of nothing. I'm a pig-sticker!"

Now a "pig-sticker" is not a pig-sticker at all, but a daredevil who picks up a purseful of dollars, now and then, from Northern visitors in the West Indies by diving after a shark and slicing the monster's hide with a razor-like knife or even killing him with an explosive bullet. There are not twenty real pig-stickers on the whole rim of the Tea-Kettle. Most of those who so style themselves attack only baby sharks or else steal up on a big, sleeping, over-fed veteran, scratch him, and flee.

But the real pig-sticker! Ah! To see him slip coolly over the stern, a knife in his grasp and another in his belt! To see, from underneath him, a great, gray blotch rise!— Few men have witnessed that. But those few have seen things that make the bull-fights over at Caracas look like meetings of the Ladies' Aid Society. Once, in the harbor of Nassau, I saw a pig-sticker miss his stroke and . . .

I eyed my boatman with freshening admiration and quite forgot his inquiry. A little impatiently he repeated it.

"Oh! You want a job?" I shook my head. "My office is full."

"Maybe you know somebody who would give me work?" he persisted.

Again I shook my head, and at that he burst into a rage.

"Why will nobody have me?" he cried hotly. "I've asked a dozen men, and every one turns me off! Is there something wrong with me?" He pointed all ten fingers at himself.

"Why do you want a job in Havana?" I asked. "A good pig-sticker can pick up more in one bout than he can earn in a year at a city job——"

"But the bout is over in twenty minutes. And there are not five bouts a year. The rich tourists don't come around here often." He gestured toward the invisible Florida mainland. "All the rest of the time I sit here, while the big world——"

"I shouldn't worry about the big world, sonny." I shrugged my shoulders. "Here you've got a pretty island, all to yourself. There's a pretty cottage, I see, and a good garden patch. And—" I winked adroitly—"the Keys are full of pretty girls. What more does anybody want?"

"What more?" The youth lifted his head sharply. "Why, to live! To see bull-fights and horse-races and baseball games! I have never seen a horse or a baseball! To go to the theatre! To dress like a gentleman! To talk with people, to play cards, to dance—Bah! When I think of all that I have been missing, I—I—" Words failed him, and he laughed; but underneath the false mirth of the noise there ran a wicked

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snarl. "All that I know of the real world is what I read in the papers the ships toss over to us in passing. I'm a flea on a grain of sand."

"Come over to Pelican Reef with me," I proposed. "I'm so weak that I'll need a husky to help me around the wreck. When I'm through, you can get one of the wreckers to take you down to Havana."

"They won't take me!" The young man scowled. "They tell me all sorts of lies—no room on board—passports needed—Havana a bad place for me— They're playing with me——"

Just then I fainted, under the aftershock of my scalp wound and the half-drowning.

When I opened my eyes I found my head bandaged and my aching body prone on a warm shelf of sand, at the edge of wild shrubbery, under the tattered shadow of a storm-racked palm. Some twenty paces before me an interminable procession of tired rollers were flinging themselves down upon the battered strand with heavy grunts, and frothing at their mouths. Tame gulls eddied, screaming, around me, so close that their wings fanned my cheeks at times.

A long time I lay limp, moving only my eyes, and wondering, in a fine, far-off philosophical mood, why insurance companies insured, and ships went on the reefs, and men toiled in stuffy offices for the price of a stuffy suite in a boarding-house, while Paradise lies about them, free for the asking—almost. What a fool the boatman was!

Something rustled sharply behind me. I looked around, and saw a spirit such as men dream about and poets fancy in their happiest moods. As she glided toward me, her smooth limbs bare to her round, small knees, and her slender fingers loosely clasped over the flawless curves of her firm breast, she seemed the immaterial soul of womanhood. But in the next instant the body shone through the spirit, and the two blended as completely as the color and the form of a flower.

There was no one beauty in her that stood out supreme. Her brown eyes were tender and proud; but so are those of many a maid. The exquisite mold of her blushing face and her trim shoulders, naked but for two slender red ribbons that held up a queer, white apron-like dress, were only a shade more seductive than others I had seen along the Tea-Kettle's rim. But the indescribable perfect blend of perfect soul and perfect flesh set my hardened old heart to pounding, as she dropped on her knees beside me and touched my wrist.

"Listen, City Man!" she said, almost vehemently. "You will not take Armont to Havana!"

"Armont?" I echoed, stupid in the presence of her loveliness.

"The boy who brought you here and bandaged your head," she explained. "He has asked you for work. He asks everybody. But he must not go away. He is mine! He must stay with me!"

"Good Lord! Are you that pig-sticker's wife?" I choked with envious anger.

"I shall be," she went on, calm and joyful. "Perhaps this summer, father says—father's the lighthouse-keeper. And then—" an ecstasy sang in her whisper—"we shall be happy forever—as happy as we used to be!"

The innocent certainty of that forecast and the sadness of her reminiscence touched me and puzzled me. I asked questions. And out poured her whole story.

On Forever Island the children had grown up together, reading the old lightkeeper's books, and well taught by him. Year in, year out, they had played, content with each other and with their pineapples and with the morning's catch of fish. Year in, year out, they slept innocently on the sand, side by side; swam together into the depths, after coral; and, later, the girl handled the old yawl while the boy plunged at the wicked, waiting shark. Oh, but it was a bright existence! And lively! And packed with clean, strengthening joys, until one morning—a morning that has come to many other people—a morning when Armont burst into a volcanic lamentation over the monotony of his life.

Lucille, the girl, clasped him to her, weeping and dazed. But the lad thrust her aside and flung himself down on the south beach, where he sat all that day, staring hungrily at distant sails and the trailing smoke of slinking steamers.

"Each day after that he grew worse," Lucille trembled. "And at last he ran away—to Pelican Reef. A wrecker was sailing for Havana——"

"Why didn't the fellow take the boy along?" I asked.

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"I asked him not to." The girl's eyes dropped, and she toyed with a tortoise-shell scabbard that dangled from a canvas belt.

"And he minded?" I exclaimed. "Well, no pirate could resist you!"

"Am I so strong?" She pinched her arm muscles skeptically.

"Good heavens, girl!" I shouted, and sat up. "Don't you know you're the most beautiful thing between New Orleans and Port of Spain? You could lead around all the buccaneers of the Tea-Kettle by their rum-noses——"

"Is that true?" She scanned me gravely. "Would Armont meet no prettier girls in Havana?"

"The queen of them is a hag in your presence, my dear." I brought out the words slowly. "As the wrecker knew, too."

"I don't think it was my looks that made him mind," she mused absently. "But—" A clear, fine red suffused her dark cheeks. "Would they make you obey me?"

"My dear young lady!" I bowed, to hide my amusement over that delicious *naïveté*. "Though I'm fifty-five years old, I fear I should obey you, even if you ordered me to jump into a shark's maw."

"Oh, I am so glad! So glad! You will not take him away, then! You will tell the poor boy that the city will kill him! You will say that there is no work for him there, that the people are cruel, that all the fine stories in the papers are lies! You——"

I was laughing at her, but with a lump in my throat, when she leaped back, and fixed her eyes upon a shadow in the shrubbery behind me. I turned in a flash. There, beneath a thick bush, blazed the malevolent features of Armont.

The fellow crawled out, rose, and braced his huge hands on the rims of his flaring hip-bones. "So that's why nobody has given me work!" His lips fell away from his teeth as he spoke, glaring at Lucille, who was shaking from head to foot. "I guessed there was a trick in it, when you sneaked off here after saying you were going to get yams! Well! We shall have a word in private after I have taken this gentleman to the wreck." He bowed to me, suddenly gracious. "The yawl's ready, sir."

"Sonny!" I staggered stiffly to my feet and laid a hand on his shoulder. "Don't be a fool! Stay here peaceably and thank the Lord for your sweetheart and——"

"I want a good time," Armont growled, like a scolded dog. "And the comforts of life——"

"You have them all on this half-mile of pleasant land."

"Here?" he shot back wrathfully. "Here I have sand and fish and dead men's clothes!" He laid a finger on his green vest, which he had found in the cabin of some wreck.

"Sand is cleaner than street dust," I observed cheerily. "And a fish on your hook is worth five on any town platter. And as for the clothes of dead men, they are better than the soul of many a live one."

The youth swung his head slowly to and fro, and danced his upturned palm under my nose contemptuously. "You can not fool me, sir. I have read too many newspapers. Beyond there—" he gesticulated largely around the horizon—"there are cities full of people. There the real world is. And would you have me sit here all my life on this wart of the sea, like any silly gull? My life would be wrecked here. I should soon be like the rotting hulks on Pelican Reef. A wreck of a man, sir!"

There was a fever in his speech, and in his wandering eyes a wildness that made me regret my half-promise to Lucille. The boy was in the blinding heat of an ancient crisis. The breezes of adventure were singing through his brain, fanning to a blaze the little sparks of madness which glow in every young man some time. And I dreaded the future, for I saw that Nature had put all her strength into his muscles, but little into his mind. Many a youth like him have I met along the Tea-Kettle's rim. Handsome devils, with slightly weak mouths, but reared without restraints and training. Long years they play indolently on their native coral, fishing with their fathers, gathering salads for their mothers, kissing their sisters good night. And then the hurricane from within strikes them, and they are defenseless before it. They must "see life. . . . "

Long, long afterward, I stumble over their ragged forms under the arches by the Havana waterside, or under the freight sheds at Nassau, or in Kingston. The fellows grunt in their drunken stupor, roll over, half-open an eye at me, and snore again.

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"NOW DON'T MAKE A ROW," HE SAID.

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"Sit down here, Armont." I motioned sternly to a place beside Lucille. "And hear about some wrecks I've seen."

Then I told him what I have just been telling you, only more somberly. "And now!" I ended. "You've no schooling, no friends to push you along. So you can't hope to be more than a day-laborer in town. Suppose you become one. Well, you'll roll bales all day on the docks. You'll sleep in an oven of a room over some stinking shop. You'll eat scrapings from other people's tables——"

"I don't mind such small matters." Armond thrust out his thick under-lip.

Lucille clutched his arm, desperate and choking. "Stay here!" She forced the prayer out in such an anguish of spirit that my tough old heart rose to her defense.

"You're breaking the girl's heart, you brute!" I cried to Armont. "And all for a miserable city berth. Listen, youngster! If you could see yourself gaping and tugging after the husks of life, while you have in your grasp all its enduring treasures, you would laugh at yourself——"

"A man's eyes are not made to see himself!" The youth cocked his head slyly. "They are made to see the world. And I shall use mine as they should be used. If you don't like my plans—" He lifted his big shoulders contemptuously.

"Those are clever words, Armont." Lucille spoke quietly. "But they are lies! You and I have grown up together. You are pledged to me, and I—" she strangled a little sob — "I can not live without you."

"I'm my own master!" He shook his finger in her face. "I come and go as I please! And I'll not stay on Forever Island!"

I took warning at a hard vibration in his voice. "I must be going on to the wreck," I veered. "Go put some victuals aboard the yawl."

The pig-sticker ran off. Then I caught the unhappy girl's hands and promised that I would do my best to discourage him from his folly.

"But you must be brave, Lucille," I ended. "He's caught in a tempest that will not be conjured by love or honor or kindness. Look!" I pointed toward the sea. "When the waters stand on edge, and the Tea-Kettle boils over, can your pretty face or my cunning stop the storm? Poor little girl! We are only birds cheeping into the wind!"

"But he belongs to me," she moaned.

"Nothing belongs to you in hurricane time! When *that* passion breaks bounds, we are all of us wreckers. We possess only so much of ourselves or of a loved one as we can rescue from the devastation."

"Wreckers? Wreckers?" she whispered.

"Yes, wreckers, all of us!" I reiterated. "There's no controlling a lad who's seized with the blinding lust of adventure. The city boy rushes off to the wilderness. The back-country boy flies off to sea. And Armont aims for the town. If you could only go with him——"

"I can not leave father alone. He is old, and there is so much work to do."

"Then—you must be brave. If he runs away, it may not be for long. He will recall your face——"

"And I shall save what returns?" She flung up her arms. "Oh! You will make him come back! You will!"

Then Armont dashed up, beckoning, and we strolled down to the yawl. All the way the girl glided beside me, glancing into my face beseechingly. And the great, silly fellow, noting her, winked at me and laughed cruelly. But at the water's edge he sobered, turned awkwardly, and kissed her lips.

"Now don't make a row," he said. "And remember the package of papers that comes on the Panama boat next Friday!"

She watched us through the outer surf, her hands pressed rigidly against her breast, while we set our course and gathered speed. Half a mile out, I looked back and saw her queer white dress fluttering, still on the very spot where we had left her. And as we rounded Pelican Reef, and its sand-dune cut off Forever Island from our gaze, there still gleamed on the forsaken strand a point of light as motionless as the evening star.

On my fourth day at the wreck the sea grew calm. The lighthouse supply boat, on its rounds, edged into the perilous waters of Pelican Reef and signaled "Mail." It was a small box for Armont. In it lay a letter from Lucille and a quaint home-made compass, a remodeled darning-needle pivoted within a glass-covered cup of tortoise-shell. "This," said the brief, calm letter, "is to help you steer east, north-east by north."

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The course from Pelican Reef to the cove of Forever Island lay east, northeast by north.

When Armont sneered and tossed the gift into the yawl's bottom, a big boss wrecker (who, like everybody on the Reef, knew the whole story) swore, drew a .44 automatic, and made the ungrateful young man hang the compass on a cord around his neck.

"I ain't a sentimental man," observed the wrecker, screwing up his wrinkled black cheeks and shaking his head. "But I can't sit still and see a lady insulted. What's more, that pig-sticker don't ever sail from Pelican Reef for any port but his own island. Not while I'm around." He paused and looked about sheepishly. "Especially seeing that Lucille told us that her shark-knife would pry apart the ribs of any man who took her pig-sticker to town."

I suppose I should have laughed at the half-wild islanders quaking before a slip of a girl, obeying her, and adoring her through all their fear of her nasty weapon. But somehow I didn't. A most uncomfortable lump persisted in haunting my throat, and for the rest of the week I drove Armont like a dog and cursed him every time he paused for breath.

When the underwriters' launch chugged up for me, at the task's end, I offered then and there to take him and Lucille over to Key West, have them married, and give them a motor-boat by way of a wedding present.

"In the morning," Armont said. "We'll go there in the morning."

But in the morning he and his yawl were gone.

Many days afterward the vision of the abandoned girl of Forever Island haunted me. Always I saw her on the lonely strand, straining her great, tender, brown eyes after her heartless one-time lover. Always I saw her under a palm, carving the tortoise-shell case of the compass, wrapping up the pathetic present, and scrawling: "Dearest Armont, east, northeast by north." It made me yearn to thrash the scoundrel! There ensued a long, hard season of ninety-mile gales and spitting seas and foundering vessels. It shuttled me around the Tea-Kettle's rim, broke in upon my sleep, polluted my good nature, and swiftly dissipated from my mind the tragic wraith of Lucille. But, whenever the sky became an inkpot, and the horizon vanished, and the Tea-Kettle boiled over, I thought of that other storm which had torn a youth from his moorings. . . .

The lazy, slumbrous months of calm returned at last and sent me back to smoke and trade yarns in the pleasant places of the town. One glaring afternoon I was dawdling under an awning, when a hulking, tattered fellow shambled up and whined for work. It was Armont. Times were very dull. He had been on a repair gang of the railroad, but repairs were at an end —and so were his funds. He told the brief tale of woe dolefully, almost babyishly; and when I called him a worthless lout, he cringed and said: "Yes, sir! Yes, sir!"

Well, I let him sweep the office and run errands. He worked blithely until the Monday after his first pay-day. Then he appeared with sleepy, rum-soaked eyes, and borrowed three dollars from my bookkeeper. With that his good nature returned—until the Monday after his second pay-day. But now nobody would lend him a cent, for we all knew that he was a drunken gambler. Rebuffed, he flew into a rage, cuffed the bookkeeper over the head, and stamped out, never to return.

Not long afterward he became a "runner" for the Casino Mangazza. The Mangazza is not recorded by Baedeker. It is well known, though, to the adventurous tourist and to every bo's'n of the Spanish Main, as a secret place where one can lose as much as one will stake on the black or the red, or on the next cut at fan-tan, or on the "speckled pebbles," or even on Klondike—if one prefers a cool, exotic pastime. Thither Armont steered the stranger seeking excitement; and thence he hastened the stranger peevish over his losses and the rotten rock and rye.

Armont's reappearance had brought back all the old visions. And now, having nothing to resist them, they drove me into my launch, and my launch into the windings of Capricorn Channel. I was off to see Lucille—if she still lived! I trembled as I shot into the cove of Forever Island and saw only the lighthouse, white and still as a gravestone, and the listless palms and the forsaken beaches.

She was in her garden. As she lifted her face at the sound of my footsteps, I stop-

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ped as if stricken. The beauty of the Lucille I had known was all gone, but—oh, the miracle of it!—another, infinitely more wonderful, had come. It was the incommunicable beauty of noble despair, the somber glory of a pure, strong soul that has seen the last hope fail and has refused to fail with it.

"You—you—is there bad news? Has anything happened to him?" she gasped.

I lied. Armont was "getting along," I said jauntily.

"Is he rich yet?" she pursued me.

I told her that young men without money, friends, or training seldom become rich.

"Poor boy!" she breathed, looking away over the southern waters. "Then I shall send him my money——"

"Your money?" I asked curiously.

"I do not need it here," she smiled. "Oh, yes, I have been making much money. Whittling funny little compasses out of shells and stringing coral beads—I did it to fill in the days. They have been very, very long. It is very lonely here. . . . The rich ladies in the hotels and club-houses on the East Coast paid me for the trinkets. You will take the money to Armont for me, won't you?"

"I will not!" I shouted, quite forgetting my fine prevarications. "The scoundrel will drink it up and gamble it away in a week."

Then the truth all broke loose from me, and she took it, with her lips quivering and her fingers clenched white and bloodless.

"I shall go to him to-day—in your boat," she said, at the end. "He shall marry me, and we shall both be city people."

"No! No!" I protested sternly. "The storm has caught him, Lucille. He's on the rocks, half a wreck now and a rotting hulk to-morrow. Forget him. He isn't worth a single tear."

"A wreck? My Armont?" The girl drew her breath with a short, thin cry. "Then I—I shall be the wrecker!"

Up and down the garden she walked, very slowly, in the blindness of her grief. Though I spoke to her many times, she did not hear me. At last she seemed to see a great light; for her eyes brightened, and she ran up to me joyously.

"You will take a letter to him?" She caught my arms imperiously.

"Not if there is money in it."

"There will be none. You may read all that I write, too." She seized my wrist and led me toward the cottage.

This is the missive she entrusted to me:

DEAREST ARMONT: A long-lost relative of yours is at Forever Island, with some money for you. Please come and get it. LUCILLE.

"I must see him," she sobbed, as I shook my head at the message. "And maybe, if he comes—he will change. Maybe. I shall pray. . . ."

The rest of the story came to me from her father long afterward.

The steamer that carried Armont back to the Keys signaled the Forever Island lighthouse, and Lucille put out in a small cat-boat. As she caught sight of the returning wanderer the girl gave a little cry of joy. But Armont jumped aboard and sat down amidships on the windward gunwale, saying only: "Howdy, kid! Gee! That nightgown you're wearing! They'd arrest you if you went around in Havana like that."

There was only the creak of the tackle as the boat came around and skimmed toward the haven. Armont inspected the new sail; Lucille inspected him. Silently she counted the gambler's wrinkles that were beginning in his cheeks, noted his discolored eyes, his seedy, overtight, second-hand city clothes, and the cracked patent-leather shoes which the *croupier* at the Mangazza had given him.

"I am very glad to see you again," she said quietly.

No reply. Armont lighted a cigarette and looked at her out of the corner of his eye.

"You look as if you need money," Lucille observed dispassionately. "Money—and a good wife."

"The money will do, thanks," Armont countered gruffly. "Say! Who is the relative? What family do I belong to?"

"You belong to mine," Lucille answered in a very low tone.

"Drop that old quarrel!" the man snapped. "Tell me, who is the relative?"

"I am, Armont."

For a long, tense minute he regarded her, bewildered. Then he repeated his question, and she told about the shell compasses and the coral beads and her heart's hunger for him. At that he leaped against her, snarling, and crushed her wrist.

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"SO YOU THINK THAT FOR A FEW HUNDRED DOLLARS I'LL MARRY YOU AND LIVE ON THAT GRAIN OF SAND?"

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"I am your relative, dearest!" the girl cried pitifully. "Closer than blood, Armont! Closer than blood!" Her tears rushed down her upturned face now, and the tiller swung perilously in her heedless hand. "I could not let you be wrecked in the wicked city."

"So you think that for a few hundred dollars I'll marry you and live on that grain of sand?" Armont laughed scornfully. "Well, I won't. I'd like the cash, but I won't cheat or steal or give up my freedom for it——"

"I knew you were honorable, Armont!" Lucille broke in. "Honorable, but foolish!"

"I shall live my own life." He shrugged his shoulders. "And now head for Pelican Reef. I'm going to catch the first boat back to Havana."

"You can not live your life unless you live mine." Lucille stood up, trembling violently. "You are a part of me, as much as this hand is." She held her exquisite hand up before him. "If it will thrust itself into the fire, shall I not draw it out?"

"Go on! Steer for the Reef!" The pig-sticker's eyes shone dangerously. "I'm a free man and I'm going to stay one! I've seen enough of women to know what a fool a man is to tie up with one——"

At the word "women" Lucille stiffened like chilled steel, and she set her eyes on the dancing waters far ahead. "Has a man the right to leave a woman who loves him, when he will?"

"Not being wedded to her, yes."

"Then a woman has the same right to leave a man. And I shall now leave you!" she shrieked, and in an almost invisibly swift move close-hauled the sheet and jammed the tiller. Over shot the boat, flinging them both into the sea.

"It is only a mile to shore, City Man!" the girl called out in wicked glee, and, pillowing her back on a lazy billow, she blew a mouthful of warm brine skyward.

"That was a fool's trick!" Armont yelled, striking out through the sapphire.

"Father has no other sail-boat," the girl observed indifferently.

Then Armont thought he saw her trick; she would pen him up on Forever Island, without hope of escape for many weeks, perhaps.

Cursing, he swam on toward Forever Island. And, some fifty paces behind, Lucille lolled along. They had covered half a mile, when suddenly the girl lifted her lithe body erect, looked sharply at a streak of ruffled water ahead, and called out, in a little agitation: "City Man! Turn around! We must climb on to the boat's bottom!"

Armont looked too; and a hoarse, gurgling sob came from his throat as he saw a school of small fish leaping into the air madly, and close behind them the huge dorsal fin of a shark slashing through the sea. The man whirled with a great splash, slipped out of his coat, and plowed his retreat, hand over hand, in great, frantic spurts of speed. A quarter-mile or more he held the terrific pace, leaving the girl far in the rear; and then, as if a gearing had broken in his machinery, he rolled over and floated, chattering with fear. A year of whisky and riotous living had sucked the magnificent surplusage of power from his fiber; and the panic of the minute had squandered what was left.

"I'm played out," he giggled hysterically to Lucille as she overhauled him. "I am not what I used to be."

"No." The girl swam close. "You were a man once. Now you are a wreck. And I —I shall be the wrecker. Armont, dearest! What the wrecker saves from the sea is his own. Is it not so?" From her belt she drew her great shark-knife and swung it, all a-glitter, in the air.

He stared at her, hypnotized.

"Brother Pig is working this way!" She looked back at the distant shark. "Do you understand me?"

He made no answer, but slowly swam on a short distance, panting. From the crest of a wave he surveyed the ruffled water behind them. The great fin was less than a quarter-mile away and headed almost toward the swimmers.

"To the wrecker belongs what wreckage he saves," Lucille said again. "Is it true, Armont?"

Once more he ignored her and plowed onward. And so, by short advances and long breathing-spells, he fought his way to within a hundred yards of the capsized boat; then the schools of little fish dashed between the swimmers and their goal, and behind the finny prey raced now the great curved back of Brother Pig, and now his lightish belly, as he rolled to gulp a victim.

"Lucille! Lucille!" the man shrieked. "Can you stand between him and me? He will be on us in a minute, I know! See!

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He's coming for us! He's veering now!"

"Listen," Lucille whispered, as her body touched his. "You have thrown yourself away. No, not here. In the city, Armont! And you can not save yourself, there or here! You are a wreck! A wreck! Will you give the wrecker her share, give her what she saves? Armont? Quick!"

"Yes!" The word came, a mere blur of faint sound.

"Swear, Armont!"

"I—swear!" He lay on his back, his colorless face mooning vacantly at the sky. Lucille kissed his cold lips, sobbing; then slipped out of her queer, apron-like dress. The fin was headed toward her now.

The southern seas have never looked upon a stranger sight than that which followed. Around Armont's helpless body she circled and dived as the shark did. The monster, puzzled for a while, dared not charge. During his reconnoiter Armont swam a hundred feet, two yards at a time. At last the shark rushed. Lucille's long, razor-like knife flashed blue through the water, and the Pig plunged out of sight into the deeps, leaving a thin, cloudy trail of blood. Armont scored off twenty yards more.

Up from beneath them rose the dark Blotch, and the girl sank headlong to meet it. This time she drove the terrible knife in up to the hilt, and the assailant fled. She jerked hard to free the weapon, but some sinew had entangled it. The monster dropped, dropped, dropped into the sunless regions below the wash of the waves; dragging Lucille, who clung to her only defense, clung to it with the desperation of one who stands on the last frontier of life. She reached the heavy waters that drive through the ear-drums, burning the brain, and crushing the eyeballs against their sockets—then somehow the knife came loose; and up she shot, breaking through the surface close to the cat-boat.

Blind, deaf, and sick with the pain in her ears, the girl clutched the rudder. Armont had only forty more strokes to take. As he reached the boat she opened her eyes and smiled. He tried to haul himself up on to the slimy, lurching bottom, but there was no strength left in him. Just as he whimpered that he could not make it, the dark Blotch moved like a cloud shadow below them.

With an insane cry, the man flung the last ounce of power into his numbed biceps and crawled up to safety over the wobbling rudder. A moment he lay, face downward, digging his finger-nails spasmodically into the stinking weeds and barnacles that befouled his resting-place. Then he looked up weakly. The shark was gone. Lucille was gone.

Half aloud, he counted fifty, to make sure that he was not in a delirium. At the final count he knew that she could not be under water and alive. And he shrieked to the soul of Lucille to forgive him; and he cursed God for stealing his playmate and his beloved. At last, in intolerable agony of spirit, he flung himself back into the lifting, dipping sea, and fell into Lucille's arms as she crawled out from under the boat.

"I chased Pig again and came up hard against the boom," she whispered. "There was much air trapped in the boat. . . . I could not come out. . . . Until I heard you curse God . . . and the splash . . I am good wrecker, beloved. . . . "

The lighthouse keeper picked them up off the boat many hours afterward. They were entwined in each other's arms, calling each other playmate.

Only last week I saw Armont up at Palm Beach, selling shell compasses and coral. A handsome, prosperous wreck he was. His lips smiled, clean and firm; and he swung along lightly on legs of retempered steel. At his side the wrecker tripped, shy and clinging. While her husband was bickering with a millionaire over some trinkets, she and I chatted about old times and about the hurricanes of Youth.

"You barely caught a husband!" I teased her, just to watch her exquisite blushes come and go. "If that shark hadn't bobbed up after you ducked Armont, Armont would have swum ashore and gone off in a huff——"

"Oh!" she murmured, in a soft, dreamy voice, "but I saw the shark before I tipped the boat."

Long after she had left my side, I sat staring at the languorous, lapping sea. It was as calm and gentle as a woman. You would never have dreamed that it had roared, and stood on edge, and turned to ink. . . .

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The Ends of Injustice

MR. HARPER SMILED WITH SATISFACTION UNTIL MR. SILL'S DRONE HAD CEASED.

by MONTAGUE GLASS

AUTHOR OF "POTASH AND PERLMUTTER," "ABE AND MAWRUSS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

JUDGE GREENE wheeled around in his chair.

"Is the jury satisfactory, gentlemen?" he asked perfunctorily.

"Satisfactory to defendant," said Mr. Harper for the railroad company; and Mr. Sill assented principally because he knew of no good reason to challenge any more of the jurors, although he felt rather doubtful. His client was Mrs. Mary Flynn, plaintiff in the action of Flynn *vs.* the Interstate and Eastern Electric Railroad Company, and it had been much to the exhilaration of Mr. Harper and the corresponding depression of Mr. Sill that the panel of jurors contained more "heims" and "bergs" than "O's" and "Mc's."

"Swear the jury, Mr. McLoughran," said his Honor; and after this ceremony was concluded, Sill started on his opening address. Simultaneously, Mr. McLoughran, the clerk, commenced to write an extract from the minutes, showing a non-suit at the close of the plaintiff's case, for it was apparent after Sill had uttered his first sentence that there could be but one conclusion to the trial.

Mr. Harper tilted back in his chair, his hands thrust deep into his trousers pockets, and smiled with satisfaction until Mr. Sill's drone had ceased; while as for the jury, some of them frowned and the rest looked blank, but none of them had any definite idea as to what the whole thing was about.

Even after Mr. Sill had called the plaintiff to the stand, they gathered little idea of her case, for it was only when Mr. Harper let him that Sill drew from Mrs. Flynn, piecemeal, her story of the accident. Mr. Harper objected to every second question and was sustained each time.

It dawned on the jury by degrees, however, that Mrs. Flynn had either fallen off a car or been knocked down by it; at any

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rate, she had become mixed up with the wheels to such good purpose that, after she left the witness chair, four doctors testified to injuries with long Latin names, and the sixth juryman twice furtively punched his fifth brother into wakefulness.

Now it has a bad effect on a jury to bulldoze a tearful and pale little widow, and no one knew this better than Mr. Harper. He therefore reserved his fire for the doctors, and when the four of them retired from the stand there wasn't an unwilted collar among them, despite the fact that the weather was cold and the court-room not too comfortably heated.

Nor did the rest of the plaintiff's witnesses fare better at Mr. Harper's hands, and so the *battue* continued until ten minutes past four. Mr. Sill had just sat down, and Mr. Harper rose for a moment to say to a witness, jeeringly: "But she didn't say she was hurt, did she?" and then reseated himself without waiting for the answer.

"That's all, Mr. Walsh," Mr. Sill croaked to the witness.

If ever a man had his stomach full of Mr. Harper, it was Mr. Sill that day. Although a member of the church and a family man, murder was in his heart, and he yearned to lay violent hands on opposing counsel.

"Is that your case, Mr. Sill?" the Judge asked amiably.

"I should like to recall the plaintiff, and I have one more witness as to the conduct of the motorman after the accident," said the dismal Mr. Sill.

"In that event I think we had better take an adjournment until to-morrow morning." And his Honor rose, while the crier gabbled a notice of adjournment.

The Judge rustled through the corridor and rotunda to his chambers, his long silk robe almost tripping him up as he walked. Secretly he felt rather ashamed of it, for your true American citizen hates a uniform, and after eighteen years of sitting on the bench in a black frock coat, Judge Greene felt embarrassed in his recently adopted silk. He hastened to doff it, and Reilly, his officer, bundled him into his great coat as, with a brisk "Good-night," he walked down the long flight of stone steps to his brougham, which was in waiting to carry him to his home on Stuyvesant Square.

There he dwelt in an old brownstone mansion which was his father's before him, and in the ordering of which he and Mrs. Greene had preserved the excellent simplicity of thirty years ago. Accordingly, when he alighted from his carriage, the door was opened, not by a butler but by a neatly clad maid, who took the Judge's hat and helped him to discard his overcoat with all the deftness of long experience.

Margaret was her name, and her cheerful,

IT WAS APPARENT AFTER THE FIRST SENTENCE THAT THERE COULD BE BUT ONE CONCLUSION TO THE TRIAL.

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alert manner and unusual intelligence had so insinuated themselves into the childless couple's life that she had bred in them the habit of looking to her for all their domestic needs. Had Mrs. Greene a headache, it was Margaret who supplied the remedy and effected the cure; and she knew where to lay her hands on all the Judge's favorite canes, umbrellas, and hats, which he so often mislaid. It was she also who, single-handed, waited on table and dusted without breaking the thirty-year-old knick-knacks in the "front parlor;" for the Judge's house had such a chamber and not a drawing-room of the present day.

Mrs. Greene made Margaret the confidante of all her small troubles, and in return Margaret told her mistress all her own family woes. So when Margaret's sister met with the accident on the street-car, Mrs. Greene knew of it two days after it happened, and she was kept well informed of the various steps taken in the resulting lawsuit. Indeed, she had heard that very morning from Margaret's own lips how the case had been reached for trial before Judge Greene, and she felt sure of a verdict for the plaintiff.

Had she known the doctrine of contributory negligence as well as her husband did, however, she would not have been so sanguine, for he had quite made up his mind to non-suit Mrs. Flynn. That is to say, Mr. Sill had so bungled his client's case that, upon cross-examination of Sill's own witnesses, Harper had firmly established the plaintiff's accident to be the result of her own carelessness, and there was nothing left for Judge Greene but to dismiss her action.

At dinner that evening, Margaret was smiling and nimble to a degree, and she helped the Judge to the potatoes as if they were a votive offering. She was always so obliging, however, that he did not notice the difference, and it was only when Margaret had retired to the pantry that Mrs. Greene acquainted him with the true state of affairs.

"Of course," she said in concluding her narrative, "the jury will see the justice of Margaret's sister's case and give her a large sum."

The Judge looked doleful. "I am sorry, my dear," he stammered, "but I am very much afraid that Margaret's sister's case won't reach the jury at all."

"You mean, then, that they'll settle it out of court?" she inquired anxiously.

The Judge shook his head gravely. "Not at all. What I mean is that I shall be obliged to dismiss it."

"Dismiss Margaret's sister's case!" cried the poor lady in horrified dismay.

"I'm very much afraid so," he murmured.

"Why, the girl would leave us!" she exclaimed. She was on the verge of tears, and her lips trembled pitiably.

"Too bad, too bad," said the Judge. "Can't be helped. I have no discretion. Margaret's sister will lose her case beyond a doubt."

There was no more peace for either the Judge or his wife that night. She sat in the stoniness of

THE SIXTH JURYMAN TWICE PUNCHED HIS FIFTH BROTHER INTO WAKEFULNESS

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"IS YOUR HONOR TRYING THIS CASE FOR THE PLAINTIFF?" HE DEMANDED.

despair and said not a word. To lose Margaret after ten years! It was like cutting off an arm.

And then again it seemed almost a breach of faith. She had assured Margaret only that morning that her sister had an excellent case, and would no doubt receive several thousands by way of a salve to her injuries. It wouldn't be so hard if the jury were to decide against her; but for the Judge to take the case from the jury's hands and dismiss poor Margaret's sister's action himself! She felt as if she were the accessory to a crime, and through-

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"TOO BAD, TOO BAD," SAID THE JUDGE. "CAN'T BE HELPED. I HAVE NO DISCRETION."

out the evening every kind look and willing service of poor Margaret gave Mrs. Greene a fresh pang. Indeed, she aged perceptibly in three hours.

As for the Judge, he slept miserably that night, and Mrs. Greene's careworn appearance the next morning sent Margaret running for headache remedies. If only she could have wept on Margaret's breast and confessed all, it would have relieved her; but she lacked the courage. Hence she said nothing, and hoped against hope that the Judge would find a way to put poor Margaret's sister's case on a better footing.

Court convened at precisely half-past ten and, after waiting two minutes for the one invariably tardy juror, Mr. Sill proceeded to call his last witness, who in the ordinary course of events ought to have concluded his testimony in half an hour. The objections of Mr. Harper and his bickerings with Mr. Sill consumed so much time, however, that it lacked only fifteen minutes of recess when Mr. Sill recalled the plaintiff.

Never, Judge Greene reflected with a sinking heart, had a meritorious case been so poorly tried; and he sighed heavily as his eyes rested on the plaintiff, who bore a strong resemblance to Margaret. When she limped to the witness-chair he motioned to a court officer to help her, and then he settled back in his chair and gave careful attention to Mr. Sill's floundering examination until he could stand it no longer.

"I should like to question the witness," he said, "if counsel has no objection."

Mr. Harper grudgingly nodded his head, and Judge Greene turned to the plaintiff.

"Now, madam," he said gently, "remember I desire only to set you right. When you signaled the conductor to stop and he rang the bell, what did you do?"

"I walked to the door and started to get out," she answered in a whisper.

"Can you gentlemen hear this lady?" Judge Greene asked the jurymen; and they nodded in unison like the members of a well-trained comic-opera chorus.

"Now, madam, was the car at a standstill when you reached the door?" he continued.

"Yes, sir—your Honor, I mean."

"All right. Now what happened when you were on the step ready to get off?"

At this juncture, Mr. Harper, who had been suppressing his indignation until he verged on apoplexy, could restrain himself no longer.

"Is your Honor trying this case for the plaintiff?" he demanded.

Bang! went the gavel on the desk, and the force of the blow jarred his Honor's arm to the elbow, while Mrs. Flynn and the jury jumped in their seats. As for Mr. Harper, he grew scarlet to the roots of his very red hair, for he saw his case lost and himself committed for contempt.

"Mr. Harper," Judge Greene said gravely, "you are lacking in respect to the court. Never in all my years on the bench have I

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experienced such impertinence from a member of the bar, and I desire to see you at my chambers during recess."

He then warned the jury to pay no attention to the incident, which instruction, of course, they immediately made up their minds to disregard—two or three of them even going so far as to glare at Mr. Harper in marked disapproval of his behavior.

"Repeat my question, Mr. Wells," Judge Greene said at length to the stenographer, and Mr. Sill's face took on a brighter look.

"What happened when you were on the step ready to get off?" the stenographer read from his notes.

"I had one foot on the step an' the other foot almost on the ground, when the car started with a jerk and I fell on me head, an' remembered no more till I was in the hospital," she answered.

Mr. Sill took the initiative here. "How long were you in the hospital, Mrs. Flynn?" he asked.

"I was in the hospital three months, an' while I was there me husband died, an' me little boy Jimmie, he—an' oh, dear—" Here the sum of her troubles overpowered her and she wept bitterly.

The Judge involuntarily leaned forward and placed a hand on the plaintiff's shoulder.

"Strike all the last part of the answer out, Mr. Wells," he said. "We'll take a recess until two o'clock."

At ten minutes past one, Mr. Harper attended Judge Greene in his chambers, and how Judge Greene admonished Mr. Harper is not spread upon the minutes of the court; but when he emerged from the interview he had purged himself of his contempt in a manner that had reduced his linen to the consistency of a wash-rag.

At half-past one o'clock, the suit of Flynn against the Interstate and Eastern Electric Railroad Company was settled for five thousand dollars, taxable costs and disbursements.

As it happened, there was no other case on the calendar ready for trial, so Mr. Justice Greene permitted himself the highly injudicial and undignified act of hastening home to tell the good news to Mrs. Greene and Margaret.

On a day two months later, however, Margaret appeared before Mrs. Greene and twisted her apron between her fingers in an agony of embarrassment.

"If you please, Mrs. Greene," she said, "an' very sorry I am, ma'am, but my sister bein' sick an' havin' enough money for the both of us to live on comfortable, I give you notice that I shall be leavin' you this day month."

"I WAS IN THE HOSPITAL THREE MONTHS, AN' ME LITTLE BOY, JIMMIE, HE— AN' OH, DEAR—"

When the Judge heard it, he could not restrain a smile—though it was rather rueful.

"*Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum,*" he commented.

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"S is for Shiftless Susanna"

by

Kathleen Norris

AUTHOR OF "MOTHER," "THE RICH MRS. BURGOYNE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"YOU look glorious. What's the special program you've laid out for this morning, Sue?" said Susanna's husband, coming upon her in her rose-garden early on a certain perfect October morning.

"I *feel* glorious too," young Mrs. Fairfax said, returning his kiss and dropping basket and scissors to bestow all her attention upon his buttonhole rose. "There is no special occasion for all this extravagance," she added, giving a complacent downward glance at the filmy embroideries of her gown, and her small white-shod feet. "In fact, to-day breaks before me a long and delicious blank. I don't know when I have had such a Saturday. I shall write letters this morning—or perhaps wash my hair—I don't know. And then I'll take Mrs. Elliot for a drive this afternoon, or take some fruit to the Burkes, maybe, and stop for tea at the club. And if you decide to dine in town I'll have Emma set my dinner out on the porch and commence my new Locke. And if you can beat that program for sheer idle bliss," said Susanna, "let me hear you do it!"

She finished fastening his rose, stepped back to survey it, and raised to his eyes her own joyous, honest blue eyes, which still were as candid as a nice child's. Jim Fairfax, keenly alive to the delight of it, even after six months of marriage, kissed her again.

"You know, Jim," said Susanna, when they were presently sauntering with their load of roses toward the house and breakfast, "apropos of this new dress, I believe I put it on just *because* there was no real reason for it. It is so delightful sometimes to get into dainty petties, and silk stockings, and a darling new gown, just as a matter of course! All my life, you know, I've had just one good outfit at a time, and sometimes less than that, and all the things I wore every day were so awfully plain——!"

"I know, my darling," Jim said, a little gravely. For he was always sorry to remember that there had been long years of poverty and struggle in Susanna's life before the day when he had found her, an underpaid librarian in a dark old law library, in a dark old street. Susanna, buoyant, ambitious, and overworked, had never stopped in her hard daily round long enough to consider herself pitiful, but she could look back from her rose-garden now to the days before she knew Jim, and join him in a little shudder of reminiscence.

"I don't believe a long, idle day will ever seem anything but a joyous holiday to me," she said now. "It seems so curious still, not to be expected anywhere every morning!"

"Well, you may as well get used to it," Jim told her smilingly. But a few minutes

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later, when Susanna was busy with the coffee-pot, he looked up from a letter to say: "Here's a job for you, after all, to-day, Sue! This——" and he flattened the crackling sheets beside his plate, "this is from old Thayer."

"Thayer himself?" Susanna echoed appreciatively. For old Whitman Thayer, in whose hands lay the giving of contracts far larger than any that had as yet been handled by Jim or his senior partners in the young firm of Reid, Polk & Fairfax, Architects, was naturally an enormously important figure in his and Susanna's world. They spoke of Thayer nearly every night, Jim reporting to his interested wife that Thayer had "come in," or "hadn't come in," that Thayer had "seemed pleased," that Thayer had "jumped" on this, or had "been tickled to death" with that; and the Fairfax domestic barometer varied accordingly.

"Go *on*, Jim," said Susanna in suspense.

"Why, it seems that his wife—she's awfully sweet and nice," Jim proceeded, "is coming into town this afternoon, and she wonders if it would be too much trouble for Mrs. Fairfax to come in and lunch with her and help her with some shopping."

"Jim, it doesn't say that!" But Susanna's eyes were kindling with joy at the thought. "Oh, Jim, what a chance! Doesn't that look as if he really liked you!"

"Liked *you*, you mean," Jim said, giving her the letter. "Now I call that a very friendly, decent thing for them to do," young Mr. Fairfax went on musingly. "If you and she like each other, Sue——"

"Oh, don't worry, we will!" Mrs. Fairfax was always sure of her touch upon a feminine heart.

"Wonder why he didn't think of Mrs. Reid or Mrs. Polk?" said Jim.

"Oh, Jim, they are sort of—stiff, don't you know?" Susanna returned to her coffee, seasoning Jim's cup carefully before she added, with a look of naive pleasure that Jim thought very charming: "You know I rather *thought* that Mr. Thayer liked me just that one day I saw him!"

"Well, you'll like her," Jim prophesied. "She's very sweet and gentle, not very strong. They live right up the line here somewhere. She rarely comes into town. Old Thayer is devoted to her, and he always seems—" Jim hesitated. "I don't know," he went on, "I may be all wrong about this, Sue, but Thayer always seems to be protecting her, don't you know? I don't imagine he'd want to run her up against society women like Jane Reid and Mrs. Polk. You're younger and less affected; you're approachable. I don't know, but it seems to me that way. Anyway," he finished with supreme satisfaction, "I wouldn't take anything in the world for this chance! It shows the old man is really in earnest."

"He says she'll be at the office at eleven," said Susanna. "That means I must get the ten twenty-two."

"Sure. And take a taxi when you get to town. Got money? Got the right clothes?"

"Hydrangea hat," Susanna decided aloud. "New pongee, and pongee coat hung in careless elegance over my arm. As the last chime of eleven rings I will step into your office——"

"I hope to goodness you will!" said Jim with an anxious look. "You'll really get there, won't you, Sue? No slips?"

This might have seemed over-emphatic to an unprejudiced outsider. But no one who really knew Susanna would have blamed her young husband for an utter disbelief in the likelihood of her getting anywhere at any given time. Susanna's one glaring fault was a cheerful indifference to the fixed plans of others. Engagements she forgot, ignored, or canceled at the last minute; dinner guests, arriving at her lovely home, never dreamed how often the consternation of utter surprise was hidden under the hilarious greetings of hostess and host. Dressmakers and dentists charged Susanna mercilessly for forgotten appointments; but an adoring circle of friends had formed a sort of silent conspiracy to save her from herself, and socially she suffered much less than she deserved.

"But some day you'll get an awful jolt; you'll get the lesson of your life, Sue," Jim used to say, and Susanna always answered meekly:

"Oh, Jim, I know it!"

"My mother used to have a nursery rhyme about me," she told Jim on one occasion. "It was one of those 'A is for Amiable Annie' things, you know; 'K is for Kind little Katie, whose weight is one hundred and eighty'—you've heard them, of course? Well, 'S was for Shiftless Susanna.' I know the next line was, 'But such was the charm of her manner'—but I've forgotten the rest. Whether mother made that up for

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"YOU LOOK GLORIOUS. WHAT'S THE SPECIAL PROGRAM THIS MORNING, SUE?"

my especial benefit or not, I don't know."

"Well, you have the charm all right," Jim was obliged to confess, for Susanna had an undeniable genius for adjustment and placation. Nobody was angry long at Susanna, perhaps because so many other people were always ready to step in gladly and fill any gaps in her program. She was too popular to be snubbed. And her excuses were always so reasonable!

"You know I simply lose my mind at the telephone," she would plead. "I accept anything then—it never occurs to me that we may have engagements!" Or: "Well, the Jacksons said Thursday," she would brilliantly elucidate, "and Mrs. Oliver said the twentieth, and it never *occurred* to me that it was the same day!"

And she was always willing—this was the maddening part of Susanna!—to own herself entirely in the wrong, and always ended any conversation on the subject with a cheerful: "But anyway, I'm improving, you admit that, don't you, Jim? I'm not nearly as bad as I used to be!"

She said now very seriously: "Jim, darling, you may depend upon me. I realize what this means, and I am perfectly de-

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lighted to have the chance. At eleven to-day, 'one if by land, and two if by sea,' I'll be at your office. Trust me!"

"I do, dearest," Jim said. And he went down the drive a little later, under the blazing glory of the maples, with great content in his heart. Susanna, going about her pretty house briskly, felt so sure of herself that the day's good work seemed half accomplished already.

She had adjusted the skirt of the pongee suit, and pinned the hydrangea hat at a fascinating angle when the telephone rang.

Susanna slipped her bare arms into the stiff sleeves of a Mandarin coat and crossed the hall to the instrument.

"Hello, Susanna!" said the cheerful voice of young Mrs. Harrington, a neighbor and friend, at the other end of the telephone. "I just rang up to know if I could come over early and help you out with anything and whether——"

"Help me out with anything?" Mrs. Fairfax's voice ranged through delicate shades of surprise to dawning consternation. "Help me out with what?"

"Why, you told me yourself that this was the day of the bridge-club lunch at your house!" Mrs. Harrington said, almost indignantly. But immediately she became mirthful. "Oh, Susanna, Susanna! You haven't forgotten—oh, you *have!* Oh, you poor girl, what will you do! Listen, I could bring a——"

"Oh, my goodness, Ethel—and I've got to go to town!" Susanna's tone was hushed with a sort of horror. "And those seven women will be here at half-past twelve! And not *one* thing in the house——"

"Oh, you could get Ludovici as far as the lunch goes, Sue. But the girls will think it's odd, perhaps. Couldn't you wait and take the one o'clock?"

"Yes, I'll get Ludovici," Susanna decided hastily. "No, I couldn't do that. But I'll tell you what I *could* do. If you'll be an angel, Ethel, and do the honors until I get here, I could lunch early, get through my business in town, and get the one-fifty train for home——"

"Well, that'll be all right. I'll explain," said the amiable Mrs. Harrington.

A few minutes later Mrs. Fairfax left the telephone and went down to the kitchen to explain to Emma and Teresa, the maids, that there would be a luncheon for eight ladies served by a caterer, in her home, that day, and that they must simply assist him. She herself must be in town, unfortunately, but Mrs. Harrington had very kindly offered to come over and be hostess and play the eighth hand of bridge afterward. Emma and Teresa, perhaps more hardened to these emergencies than are ordinary maids, rose to the occasion, and Susanna hurried off to her train satisfied that as far as the actual luncheon was concerned, all would go well. But what the seven women would think was another story!

"I don't suppose Mrs. Thayer wants to do so very much shopping," said Susanna to herself, hurrying along. "If I meet her at eleven and we lunch at one, say, I don't see why I shouldn't get the one-fifty train home. I'd get here before the girls had fairly started playing bridge, and explain—somehow one can always explain things so much better in person——"

"Or suppose we lunched at half-past twelve," her uneasy thoughts ran on. "That gives us an hour and a half to shop—that ought to be plenty. But we mustn't lose a minute getting started! Mrs. Thayer will come up in her motor—that will save us time. We can start right off the instant I get to Jim's office."

She stopped at the caterer's for a brief but satisfactory interview. The caterer was an artist, but his enthusiasms this morning were wasted upon Susanna.

"Yes, yes—cucumber sandwiches by all means," she assented hastily, "and the ices—just as you like! Plain, I think—or did you say in cases? I don't care. Only don't fail me, Mr. Ludovici."

Fail her? Mr. Ludovici's lexicon did not know the word. Susanna breathed more freely as she crossed the sunny village street to the train.

The station platform was deserted and bare. Susanna, accustomed to a breathless late arrival, could saunter with delightful leisure to the ticket-seller's window.

"You've not forgotten the new time-table?" said the agent pleasantly, when they had exchanged greetings.

"Oh, does the change begin to-day?" Susanna looked blank.

"October sixteenth, winter schedule," he reminded her buoyantly. "Going to be lots of engagements missed to-day!"

"But mine is very important and I can not miss it," said Susanna, displeased at his

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levity. "I *must* be in Mr. Fairfax's office at eleven."

"You won't be more than ten or twelve minutes late," said young Mr. Green consolingly. "You tell Mr. Fairfax it's up to the Y. and E. W."

Susanna smiled perfunctorily, but took her place in the train with a sinking heart. She would be late, of course, and Jim would be angry, of course. Late to-day, when every minute counted and the program allowed for not an instant's delay! Her eyes on the flying countryside, she rehearsed her part, found herself eloquently explaining to a pacified Jim, capturing a gracious Mrs. Thayer, successfully reaching home again, and explaining to an entirely amiable bridge club.

It could be done, of course, but it meant a pretty full day! Susanna's mind reverted uneasily to the consideration that she had already bungled matters. Oh well, if she was late she was late, that was all; and if Jim was furious, why, Jim would simply have to be furious! And she began her explanations again——

After all, it was but fifteen minutes past eleven when she walked into her husband's office. But neither Jim nor Mrs. Thayer was there.

"Mr. Fairfax went out not three minutes ago," said the pretty stenographer in the outer office. Susanna, brought to a full stop, stared at her blankly.

"Went out!"

"Yes, with Mrs. Thayer to the dentist. He said to say he was afraid you had missed your train. There's a note."

The note was forthwith produced. Susanna read it frowningly. It was rather conspicuously headed "Eleven-twelve!"

Dearest girl: Can't wait any longer. Mrs. T. must see her dentist (Archibald). I'm taking her

THERE WOULD BE A LUNCHEON FOR EIGHT LADIES, SERVED BY A CATERER —SHE HERSELF MUST BE IN TOWN, UNFORTUNATELY.

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up. Thayers and we lunch at the Palace at one-thirty. Wait for me in my office. J. F.

"Oh, what is the matter with everything to-day!" Susanna burst out in exasperation. "He's wild, of course. When does he ever sign himself 'J. F.' to me! When did they go?" she asked Miss Perry briefly, with an unreasonable wish that she might somehow hold that irreproachable young woman responsible.

"Just about three minutes ago," said Miss Perry. "He said that if you had missed your train you wouldn't be here for more than an hour, and it was no use waiting."

"You see, it was a changed time-table, and he forgot it just as I did," explained Susanna, pleased to find him fallible, even to that extent.

"But *he* was on time," fenced Miss Perry innocently.

"They don't change the business trains," Susanna said coldly. And she decided that she disliked this girl. She opened a magazine and sat down by the open window.

The minutes ticked slowly by. The telephone rang, doors opened and shut, and men came and went through the office. Susanna, opposed in every fiber of her being to passive waiting, suddenly rose.

"Dr. Archibald is in the First National Bank Building, isn't he?" she inquired. "I think I'll join Mrs. Thayer up there. There's no use in my waiting here."

Miss Perry silently verified Dr. Archibald's address in the telephone book, and to the First National Bank Building Susanna immediately made her way. It was growing warmer now and the streets seemed noisy and crowded, but no matter—"If I can only get to them and *see* Jim!" thought Susanna.

In the pleasant shadiness of Dr. Archibald's office, rising from a delightful mahogany armchair, Susanna presently asked if Mrs. Thayer could be told that Mrs. Fairfax was there.

"I think Mrs. Thayer is gone," said the attendant pleasantly. "I'm not sure, but I'll see."

In a few minutes she returned to inform Mrs. Fairfax that Mrs. Thayer had just come in to have a bridge replaced, and was gone.

"You don't know where?" Susanna's voice was a trifle husky with repressed emotion. She realized that she was getting a headache.

No, the attendant didn't know where.

So there was nothing for it but to go back to Jim's office, and back Susanna accordingly went. She walked as fast as she could, conscious of every separate hot step, and was nervous and headachy when she entered Miss Perry's presence again.

Mr. Fairfax and Mrs. Thayer had not come in; no, but Miss Perry reported that Mr. Fairfax had telephoned not ten minutes ago, very anxious to get hold of his wife, and very much surprised to hear that she was not there.

"Oh, dear, dear!" lamented Susanna. "And where is he now?"

Miss Perry couldn't say. "I wrote his message down," she said, with sympathetic amusement at Susanna's crushed dismay. And, referring to her notes, she repeated it:

"Mr. Fairfax said that Mrs. Thayer had had an appointment to see a sick friend in a hospital this afternoon. But she has gone right out there now instead, so that you and she can go shopping after lunch. You are, please, to meet Mr. Fairfax and the Thayers at the Palace for luncheon at half-past one; there'll be a table reserved. Mr. Fairfax has a little business to attend to just now, but if you don't mind waiting in the office he thinks it's the coolest place you could be. He wanted to know if you had the whole afternoon free——"

"Oh, absolutely!" Susanna assented eagerly. This was not the time to speak or think of the bridge club.

"And that was all," finished Miss Perry, "except he said perhaps you would like to look at the plans of the orphanage. Mr. Fairfax got them out to show to Mr. Thayer this afternoon. I can get them for you."

"Oh, thank you! I do want to see them!" said Susanna gratefully. And she established herself comfortably by the open window, the orphanage plans, a stiff roll of blue paper, in her lap, her idle eyes following the noonday traffic in the street below.

What a shame to have to sit here doing nothing, to-day of all days, for nearly two hours!—Susanna thought. Why, she could have met her luncheon guests, seen that the meal was at least under way, apologized in person, and then started for town. As it was, they might be angry, and no wonder! And these were her neighbors and very good friends, after all, the women upon

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whose good feeling half the joy of her country home and garden depended. It was too bad!

She glanced at the blue-prints, but one of her sudden inspirations turned the page blank. What time was it? Ten minutes of twelve. She referred to her new time-table. Ten minutes of—why, she could just catch the noon train, rush home, meet her guests, explain, and come back easily on the one o'clock. But would it be wise? Why not?

Her thoughts in a jumble, Susanna hastily gathered her small possessions together, moved to a decision by the always imperative argument that in a few minutes it would be too late to decide.

"Heavens! I'm glad I thought of that!" she ejaculated, seating herself in the train as the noon whistles shrilled all over the city. A moment later she was a trifle disconcerted to find the orphanage plans still in her hand.

"Well, this is surely one of my *crazy* days!" Susanna strapped the stiff sheets firmly to her hand-bag. "I must not forget to take those back," she told herself. "Jim will ask for them the very first thing."

Her house, when she reached it, seemed quiet, seemed empty. Susanna crossed the porch, wondering, and encountered the maid.

"Emma! Nobody come?"

"Sure you had the wrong day of it," said Emma, beaming. "Mrs. Harrington fomed about an hour ago, and she says 'tis *next* Saturday thin!"

"What do you mean?" said Susanna sharply.

"'Tis not to-day they're comin', Mrs. Fairfax——"

"Nonsense!" Susanna said under her breath. She flew to her desk and snatched up the scribbled card of engagements. "Why, it's no such thing!" she said indignantly. "Of course it's to-day! October sixteenth, as plain as print." And with her eyes still on the card she reached for her desk telephone.

"Ethel," said Susanna, a moment later. "Listen, Ethel, this is Susanna. Ethel, what made you say the club luncheon wasn't to-day? This is my day to have the girls. . . . Certainly. . . . Why, I don't care what she said, I have it written down! . . . Why, Ethel, that's very funny. . . .

"YOU'VE NOT FORGOTTEN THE NEW TIME-TABLE?"

I have it written. . . . No, you can laugh all you want to, but I know I'm right. . . . No, that's nothing. Jim will eat it all up to-morrow; he says he never gets enough to eat on Sundays. . . . But I can't understand, and I don't believe *yet* that I . . . Yes, it's written right here; I've got my eyes on it now! It's the most extraordinary . . ."

A little vexed at Mrs. Harrington's unbounded amusement, Susanna terminated the conversation as soon as was decently possible, and went kitchenward. In her anxiety not to miss her train back to the city, she refused Teresa's offer of dainty sandwiches, pastries, and tea, and merely stopped long enough to brush up her hair and to ascertain by carefully enumerating them out loud that she had her purse, her gloves, the orphanage plans, and the new time-table.

"This will seem very funny," said poor Susanna gallantly to herself, as she took her seat in the train and tried to ignore a really sharp headache, "when once I see

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them! If I can only get hold of Jim, and if the afternoon goes smoothly, I sha'n't mind anything!"

Only ten minutes late for her luncheon engagement, Susanna entered the cool depths of the restaurant and, piloted by an impressed head waiter, looked confidently for her own party. It was very pleasant here, and the trays of salads and iced things that were borne continually past her, were very inviting.

But still there was no Mrs. Thayer and no Jim. Susanna waited a few nervous minutes, sat down, got up again, and finally, at two o'clock, went out into the blazing, unfriendly streets, and walked the five short squares that lay between the restaurant and her husband's office. A hot, dusty wind blew steadily against her; the streets were full of happy girls and men with suit-cases, bound for the country and a day or two of fresh air and idleness. Miss Perry was putting the cover on her typewriter as Susanna entered the office, her own suit-case waiting in a corner. She looked astonished as Susanna came in.

"My goodness, Mrs. Fairfax!" she ejaculated. "We've been trying and trying to get you by telephone! Mr. Fairfax was so anxious to get hold of those orphanage plans. Mr. Thayer wanted——"

"I've been following him about all day," said Susanna, with an undignified but uncontrollable gulp. She sat down limply. "*What* happened to the luncheon plan?" she asked forlornly. "Where is Mr. Fairfax?"

Miss Perry, perhaps softened by the sight of Susanna's filling eyes and tired face, became very sympathetic. "Isn't it *too* bad —I know you have! But you see Mrs. Thayer couldn't see her friend in the hospital this morning, so she came right down here and got here not ten minutes after you left. She said she couldn't wait for you, as she had to be back at the hospital at two, so she would do a little shopping herself and let the rest wait."

"Well," said Susanna, after a pause in which her very soul rebelled, "it can't be helped, I suppose! Did Mr. Fairfax go out with her?"

"He was to take her somewhere for a cup of tea and then he was going home."

"Going home! But I've just come from there!"

"He thought he'd probably catch you there, I think. He was anxious to get hold of those plans."

"Oh, I could *cry*——" Susanna began despairingly. But indeed Miss Perry needed no assurance of that. "I could cry!" said Susanna again. "To-day," she expanded, "has been simply one miserable accident after another! I hope it'll be a lesson to me! Well——" She broke off short, for Miss Perry, while kind, was human, and was visibly conscious that she had promised her brother and sister-in-law to be at their house long before it was time to put the baby to bed. "I suppose there's nothing for me to do but go home," finished Susanna discontentedly.

"Accidents will happen!" trilled Miss Perry blithely, hurrying for her car.

Susanna went thoughtfully home, reflecting soberly upon the events of the day. If she could but live this episode down, she told herself; but meet and win Mrs. Thayer somehow in the near future; but bring Jim to the point of entirely forgetting and forgiving the whole disgraceful day, she would really reform. She would "keep lists," she would "make notes," and she would "think twice." In short, she would do all the things that those who had her good at heart had been advising for the past ten years.

Of course, if the Thayers were resentful— refused to be placated— Susanna made a little wry mouth. But they wouldn't be!

Still deep in stimulating thoughts of a complete reformation, Susanna reached home again, crossed the deep-tiled porch with its potted olives and gay awnings, entered the big hall now dim with afternoon shadows. Now for Jim——!

But where was Jim?

"Mr. Fairfax is home, Emma?"

"Oh, there you are, Mrs. Fairfax! And us trying and trying to telefome you! No ma'am, he's not home. He left on the three-twenty. He'd only come out in a rush for some papers, and he had to get back to town to see some one at once. There's a note——"

Susanna sat down. Her head was splitting, she was hungry and exhausted, and, at the effort she made to keep the tears out of her eyes, a wave of acute pain swept across her forehead. She opened the note.

If you can find a reliable messenger [said the note, without preamble], I wish you would get those orphanage plans to me at Thornton's office before

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ONE OF HER SUDDEN INSPIRATIONS TURNED THE PAGE BLANK.

six. I have to meet him there at four. The matter is really important, or I would not trouble you. I'll dine with Thayer at the club. J. F.

The pretty hallway and the glaring strip of light beyond the open garden door swam suddenly before Susanna's eyes. The hand that held the note trembled.

"I could not be so mean to him!" said Susanna to herself. "But perhaps he was tired and hot—poor Jim!" And aloud she said with dignity: "I shall have to take this paper—these plans—in to Mr. Fairfax, Emma. I'll catch the four-twenty."

"You'll be dead!" said Emma sympathetically.

"My head aches," Mrs. Fairfax admitted briefly. But when she was up-stairs and alone she found herself suddenly giving way to the long deferred burst of tears.

After a while she bathed her eyes, brushed her hair, and substituted a more substantial gown for the pongee. Then she started out once more, refreshed and more cheerful in spite of herself, and seethed unconsciously by the quiet close of the lovely autumn afternoon.

Her own gateway was separated by a flight of shallow stone steps from the road, and Susanna paused there on her way to the train to gather her skirts safely for the dusty walk. And while she was standing there she found her gaze suddenly riveted upon a motor-car that, still a quarter of a mile away, was rapidly descending the slope of the hill, its two occupants fairly shaken by its violent and rapid approach. The road here was not wide, and curved on a sharp grade, and Susanna always found the descent of a large car, like this one, a matter of half-terrified fascination. But surely with this car there was more than the ordinary danger, she thought, with a sudden sick thumping at her heart. Surely here was something all wrong! Surely no sane driver——

"That man is drunk," she said, quite aloud. "He can not make it! He can't possily——ah-h-h!'

Her voice broke on a gasp, and she pressed one hand tight over her eyes. For with swift and terrible precision the accident had indeed come to pass. The car skidded, turned, hung for a sickening second on one wheel, struck the stone of the roadside fence with a horrible grinding jar, and toppled heavily over against the bank.

When Susanna uncovered her eyes again, and before she could move or cry out in the dumb horror that had taken possession of her, she saw a man in golfing wear run from the Porters' gate opposite; and another motor, in which Susanna recognized the figure of a friend and neighbor, Dr. Whitney, swept up beside the overturned one. When she ran, as she presently found herself running, to the spot, other men and women had gathered there, drawn from lawns and porches by this sudden projection of tragedy into the gaiety of their Saturday afternoon.

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"Hurt?" gasped Susanna, joining the group.

"The man is—dead, Billy says," said young Mrs. Porter, in lowered tones, with an agitated clutch of Susanna's arm. "And, poor thing! she doesn't realize it, and she keeps asking where her chauffeur is and why he doesn't come to her!"

"Wouldn't you think people would have better sense than to keep a man like that!" added another neighbor, Dexter Ellis, with a bitterness born entirely of nervousness. "He was drunk as a lord! Young and I were just coming out of my side gate——"

Every one talked at once—there was a confusion of excited comment. Somebody had flung a carriage robe over the silent form of the man as it lay tumbled in the dust and weeds; Susanna glanced toward it with a shudder. Somehow she found herself supporting the car's other occupant, the woman, who was half sitting and half lying on the bank where she had fallen. The woman had opened her eyes and was looking slowly about the group; she had pushed away the whisky the doctor held to her lips, but she looked sick and seemed in pain.

"I had just put the baby down when I heard Dex shout——" Susanna could hear Mrs. Ellis saying behind her in low tones. "Oh, it is, it's an outrage—they should have regraded it years ago," said another voice. "Merest chance in the world that we took the side gate," Dexter Ellis was saying, and some man's voice Susanna did not know reiterated over and over: "Well, I guess he's run his last car, poor fellow; I guess he's run *his* last car——"

"You feel better, don't you?" the doctor asked his patient encouragingly. "Just open your mouth and swallow this." And Susanna said gently: "Just try it; you'll feel so much stronger!"

The woman turned upon her a pair of eyes as heavy as a sick animal's, and moistened her lips. "Arm," she said with difficulty.

"Her arm's broken," said the doctor, in a low tone, "and I think her leg, too. Kane has gone to wire for the ambulance. We'll get her right into town."

THEY GATHERED THERE, DRAWN FROM LAWNS AND PORCHES BY THIS SUDDEN PROJECTION OF TRAGEDY INTO THE SOCIETY OF THEIR SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

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"You can't take her to town!" Susanna ejaculated, turning so that she might not be heard by the sufferer. "Take her in to my house."

"The hospital is really the most comfortable place for her, Mrs. Fairfax," the doctor said guardedly. "I am afraid there is internal injury. Her mind seems somewhat confused. You can't undertake the responsibility——"

"Ah, but you can't jolt the poor thing all the way into town—" Susanna began again. Mrs. Porter, at her shoulder, interrupted her in an earnest whisper:

"Sue, dear, it's always done. It won't take very long, and nobody expects you——"

"I know just how Susanna feels," interrupted Mrs. Ellis, "but after all, you never can tell——we don't know one thing about her——"

"She'll be taken good care of," finished the doctor soothingly.

"Please—don't let them frighten—my husband—" said the woman herself, slowly, her distressed eyes moving from one face to another. "If I could—be moved somewhere before he hears——"

"We won't frighten him," Susanna assured her tenderly, "But will you tell us your name so we may let him know?"

The injured woman frowned. "I did tell you—didn't I?" she asked painfully.

"No"—Susanna would use this tone in her nursery some day—"No, dear, not yet."

"Tell us again," said the doctor, with too obvious an intention to soothe.

The woman gave him a look full of dignified reproach.

"If I could rest on your porch a little while," she said to Susanna, ignoring the others rather purposely, "I should be quite myself again. That will be best. Then I can think—I can't think now. These people—and my head——"

And she tried to rise, supporting herself with a hand on Susanna's arm. But with the effort the last vestige of color left her face, and she slipped, unconscious, back to the grass.

"Dead?" asked Susanna, very white.

"No—no! Only fainted," Dr. Whitney said. "But I don't like it," he added, his finger at the limp wrist.

"Bring her in, won't you?" Susanna urged with sudden decision. "I simply can't let her be taken 'way up to town! This way——"

And, relieved to have it settled, she led them swiftly across the garden and into the house, flung down the snowy covers of the guest-room bed, and with Emma's sympathetic help established the stranger therein.

"Trouble," whispered the injured woman apologetically, when she opened her eyes upon walls and curtain rioting with pink roses, and felt the delicious softness and freshness of the linen and pillows about her.

"Oh, don't think of that—I love to do it!" Susanna said honestly, patting her hand. "A nurse is coming up from the village to look out for you, and she and the doctor are going to make you more comfortable."

The woman, fixing her with a dazed yet curiously intent look, formed with her lips the words "God bless you," and wearily shut her eyes. Susanna, slipping out of the room a few minutes later, said over and over again to herself, "I don't care—I'm glad I did it!"

Still, it was not very reassuring to hear the big hall clock strike six, and suddenly to notice the orphanage plans lying where they had been flung on the hall table.

"I wish it was the middle of next year," said Susanna thoughtfully, going out to sink wearily into a porch chair, "or even next week! I'd pretend to be asleep when Jim came home to-night," she went on gloomily, "if it wasn't my duty to sit up and explain that there are a perfect stranger and a trained nurse in the house. Of course, being there as I was, any humane person would have to do what I did, but it does seem strange, this day of all days, that I had to be there! And I wish I had thought to send those plans in by messenger—that would have been one thing the less to worry about, at least!—What is it, Emma?"

For Emma, mildly repeating some question, had come out to the porch. "Would you like tea, Mrs. Fairfax? I could bring it out here like you had it last week with your book."

Susanna brightened. After all, she had not eaten for a long while; tea would be very welcome. And the porch was delightful, and there was the new Locke.

"Well, that was my original idea, Emma," said she, "and although the day has not gone quite as I had planned, still there's no reason why the idea should be changed.

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"OH, DON'T THINK OF THAT—I LOVE TO DO IT!" SUSANNA SAID HONESTLY.

Bring a supper-tea, Emma, lots of sandwiches—I'm combining three meals in one, Miss Smith," she broke off to explain smilingly, as the nurse, trimly clad in white, came to the doorway. "I've not eaten since breakfast. You must have some tea with me. And how is she? Is her mind clearer?"

"Oh, dear me, yes! She's quite comfortable," Miss Smith said cheerfully. "Doctor thinks there's no question of internal trouble. Her arm is broken and her ankle badly wrenched, but that's all. And she's so grateful to you, Mrs. Fairfax. It seems she has a perfect horror of hospitals, and she feels that you've done such a remarkably kind thing taking her in. She asked to see you, and then we're going to try to make her sleep. Oh, and may I telephone her husband?"

"Oh, she could give you his name then!" cried Susanna in relief. "Oh, I am glad! Indeed, you may telephone. Who is she?"

Miss Smith repeated the name and address.

Susanna stared at her blankly. Then the most radiant of all her ready smiles lighted her face.

"Well, this is really the most extraordinary day!" she said softly after a pause. "I'll come right up, Miss Smith, but perhaps you might let me telephone for you first. I can get her husband easily. I know just where he is. He and my own husband are dining together this evening, as it happens

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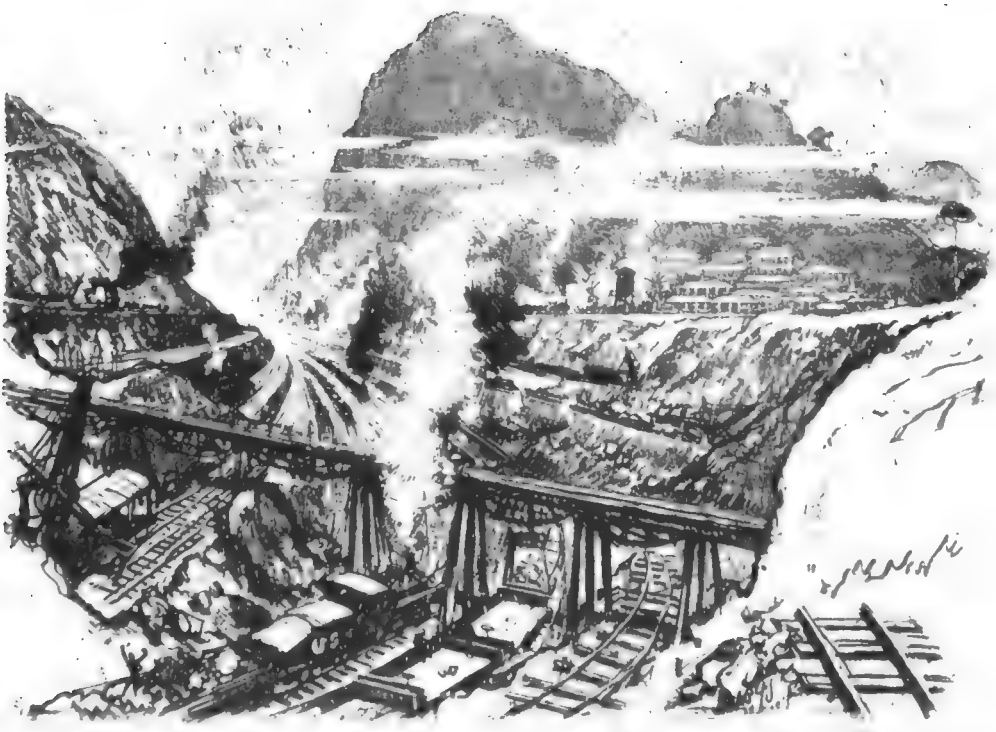

The abysmal, smoke-filled chasm of Culebra.

The BIG DITCH

THE MAN ON THE JOB

by PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

ILLUSTRATED WITH LITHOGRAPHS BY JOSEPH PENNELL, AND PHOTOGRAPHS

I MAKE a bold assertion: The most interesting thing on the Isthmus of Panama to-day is not the canal—not the cut at Culebra, where for nine miles they have gashed the Continental Divide to the bone; nor the fill at Gatun, where they have stopped the missing link in a miniature mountain chain, thereby damming the dirty Chagres to make an inland sea across which liners will plow for twenty-four miles at ocean speed. Neither is it the locks in that same wonderful dam at Gatun. No, the most interesting thing on the Isthmus is Colonel

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George W. Goethals, chairman of the Isthmian Canal Commission, chief engineer of the same, president of the Panama Railroad Company, and governor of the Canal Zone.

The *Olympic* is cyclopean among ships to-day, but an *Olympic* may berth herself in the first of the locks at Gatun with seventeen and one-half feet to spare upon her beam, and one hundred and eleven and one-half feet fore and aft between her and the gates. Gently as the tropical zephyrs buoy up the feathery fronds of the royal palm, that lock will lift the leviathan. The gates of the lock are of hollow steel. They look like battleships on end; but the lid of your watch does not turn more lightly upon its hinges than they upon their mighty fulcrums. These will open another thousand-foot vista to our *Olympic*, and again will she be lifted as I lift the small green paroquet which at this moment has poised upon my wrist.

There is a third lift of the locks, making eighty-five feet in all, and then the *Olympic*, under her own steam, will plow the waters of that inland sea with her passengers scarcely canal-conscious until the narrowing walls of Culebra, palm crowned, open their green and lotus-lined banks, while nodding, gorgeous, tropical foliage, in myriad forms and colors, comes crowding to the banks to see the leviathan and wave her on her way nine miles to Pedro Miguel. Here the locks again take the *Olympic* in their arms and lower her thirty-five feet, floating her away on the gentle, gurgling flood that pours out through the opening gates, on to Miraflores. Then twice in cradling arms of concrete she is lifted gently down to where, nine miles from the sea, the Pacific tides have come up to get her. Those towering locks, that strong, low-crouching dam, and that growing inland sea serve somewhat to whet the mind and kindle interest.

The famous cut at Culebra, out of which at least a shovelful of earth has been taken every day since the French began away back in 1880, also makes an appeal to the imagination. A fearful slash across the bosom of our Mother is this chasm at Culebra. I have stood on the rim of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado and looked across its purling depths of swimming air for seven miles to the other side. I have forced my eye downward past all those chromolithic wonders to the black wall at the bottom which frowns above a patch of gleaming silver and gray, knowing that patch to be the roaring flood of the river, one mile below its original channel. Gazing thus, I marveled. The soul of me was filled with awe—for this was the work of God. But since, I have stood on the top of Contractor's Hill and looked across to Gold Hill and downward to the abysmal, smoke-filled chasm of Culebra and listened to the roar of the unseen battle with the rock coming up from below, and again I have marveled, and again my soul has been filled with awe—for this is the work of man.

There, then, before your senses is Culebra Cut—the flocks of giraffe-like drills, the rattle of dynamite, the crunch and bite of the shoveling behemoths, the bluster of locomotives, the clatter of cars, the singing of rails, the jets of steam, the puffs of smoke—these and the swarming human ants, crawling over this scene of Brobdingnagian activity.

Interesting, all of this! Yes, a staggering challenge to the action of the mind. Still, the discovery of a puny human being named Goethals was more to me than the viewing of the canal. Goethals is the man who is doing it all.

But, you say, no one man did the thing. They all did it, from Saavedra, that old Spanish engineer, a follower of Balboa, who began in 1517 to advocate an Isthmian canal, down to Roosevelt, who, with his Panamanian Republic coup, opened the throttle and let the canal project out on to the speedway for the final dash to the goal.

Besides, De Lesseps must not be underestimated. For though the French Canal was a record of failure, it was not a failure of French energy and zeal and vision. The failure was mechanical, scientific, financial. The canal could not be until men came who knew how to cope with the mosquito. De Lesseps, plus Gorgas, plus those physicians and nurses in Havana some of whom gave their lives for the knowledge the mosquito had been hiding from us all these years, plus the treasury of the United States—don't forget that—would have built the canal.

But the task was handed down to us.

Wallace was our first chief engineer. He worked hard, but, they say, with a cold fear at his heart all the time, the fear that the canal would finish him before he could finish the canal. However, he sensed the big-

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ness of the task. It was he who ordered the first of the great ninety-five-ton shovels, and made a beginning in the application to the titanic task of those huge mechanical devices which have not only made the swift completion of the enterprise possible, but which to-day are almost as interesting and compelling a tribute to the genius of man as is the canal itself.

After Wallace came Stevens. He attacked effectively the labor problem then looming large. To such an extent was his personality felt that when his resignation was announced, the Zone employees forwarded a protest to Washington. Stevens was a self-made engineer—strong on practise—on the things he had done and seen done; but there were so many things on the canal that he had never done before—that nobody else had ever done anywhere. The situation wanted a man trained to the minute in the theory of engineering, a man soaked to the neck in the methods of organization—an engineering Grant, a Shakespeare in things concrete.

But still another quality was needed in the man who was to build the canal, and the retiring Stevens seems at the moment to have sensed this better than any one else. He expressed it in a speech which he made before a club in Panama just as he was going away.

"You don't need me any longer," he said. "All you have to do now is to dig a ditch. What you want is a statesman."

There was such a man, but the Zone had never heard of him. Neither had the U. S. A. Only Secretary of War Taft had. The man was a Major of Engineers on the General Staff at Washington, and his name was George W. Goethals. The Secretary had occasion once to take an opinion from the Major of Engineers. He found that opinion sound. Also the Major revealed himself as a man with a wide grasp of affairs, with a mind that saw to the end of the road before he allowed himself to take the trail. All this commended itself to the Secretary of War. In his heart he said: "Here is a big man for some big work."

No doubt he talked to President Roosevelt about it. Perhaps they discussed the particular big work. Anyway, the President, too, kept a seeing eye on Goethals.

Then came the resignation of Stevens. Shortly thereafter President Roosevelt made a speech—something like this:

"Look here!" he declared. "I've tried two civilians on the canal and they've both quit. We can't build the canal with a new chief engineer every year. Now I'm going to give it to the army and to somebody who can't quit."

Thereafter he named the Major of Engineers, George W. Goethals, to succeed Stevens.

It was at Culebra that I had my first meeting with Colonel Goethals. I was standing in the anteroom leading to his office in the administration building, while an extremely intelligent young man was demonstrating from bas-reliefs and models the features of the Gatun Dam and the working of the spillway and locks. A man came out of the inner room and asked for me. He was tall and army straight, with white hair closely cropped and a fresh complexion heavily overlaid with tropical tan. The face was frankly Dutch as to nose and mouth and the set of his eyes, while his full forehead, with a perceptible overhang at the brows, was smooth and amply rounded, suggesting that it might be packed full with finely convoluted brains. His eyes were the remarkable feature of his face. They are blue almost to violet, with an iris so large that one sees scarcely any white, but a socket that appears brimful of eye. And such eyes! They throw the hooks into your soul.

"I am Colonel Goethals," he said to me in a voice that was low, but clear and pleasantly modulated. He pronounced it gó-th'ls. Put the accent on the first syllable and pronounce it *go*, and you have the man accurately characterized. In his life he puts the accent on *go*. He is going all the time. He spends his days out on the works —*going*. Then night comes and he is at his desk going over the office work. Then Sunday morning comes and there he is at his desk again from seven-thirty to ten-thirty, sitting in judgment like Solomon and listening to complaints. Any man upon the works from sea to sea who thinks he has a grievance may come on Sunday morning, when he is not at work, to the administration building at Culebra, knowing that he can tell his story privately to the chairman of the Commission himself.

The Colonel is absolute, but not a tyrant. His is the absolutism of a father. He loves his men and he loves his canal, his organi-

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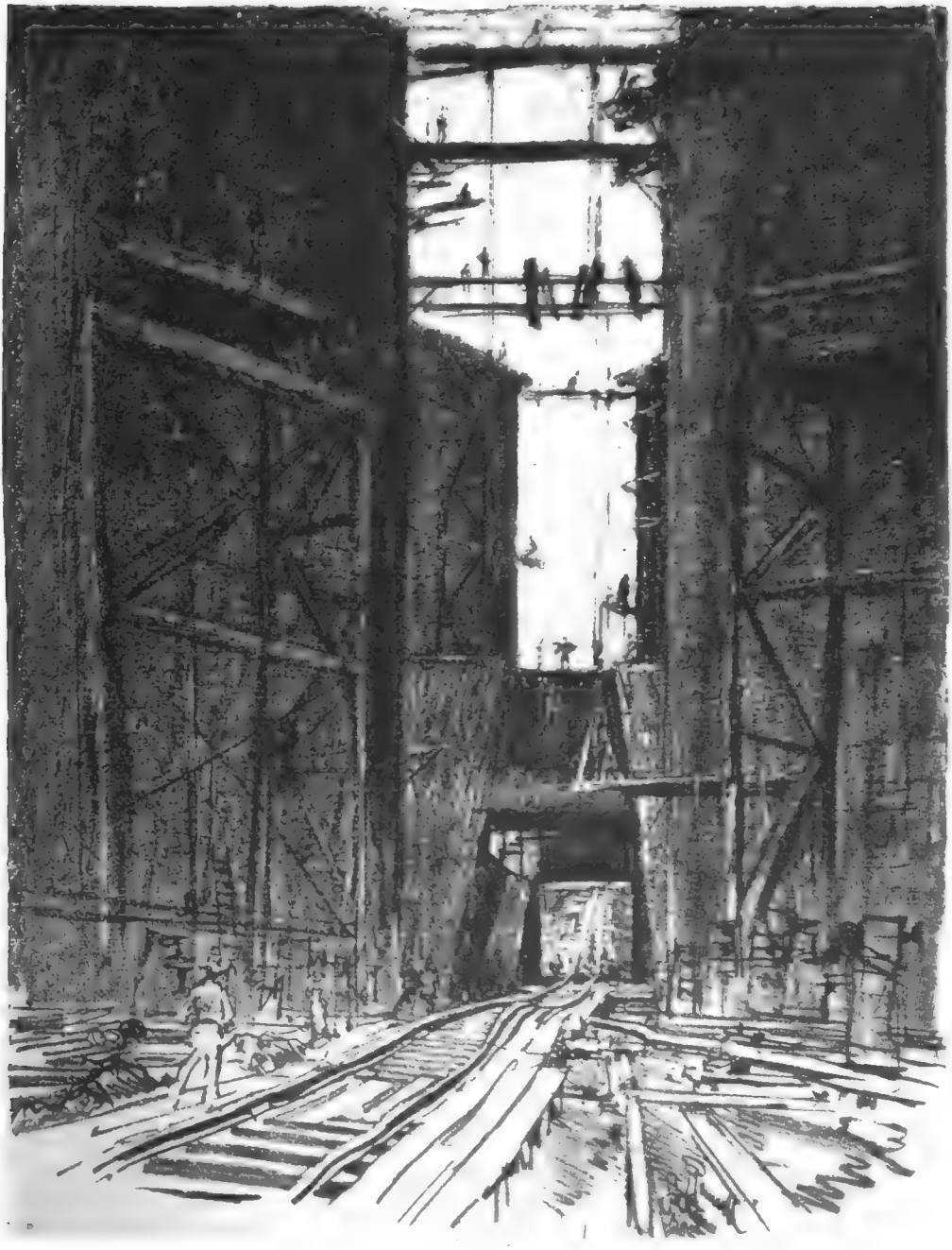

THE GATES OF THE LOCK LOOK LIKE BATTLESHIPS ON END; BUT THE TIP OF YOUR WATCH DOES NOT TURN MORE LIGHTLY UPON ITS HINGES THAN THEY UPON THEIR MIGHTY FULCRUMS.

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zation and his work. Of these he will talk by the hour; but about himself, when I reached that subject, he grew reticent. Whenever a personal question was pressed home, he waved his hands in the air and said, "Ask Bishop."

"Bishop" is Joseph Bucklin Bishop, secretary of the Isthmian Canal Commission, and a scholarly gentleman, well known throughout the country because of his long editorial service on the New York *Evening Post*. Mr. Bishop talked about the great builder freely and with unfeigned admiration, so far as he is seen through his outward acts, but farther than this he would not go.

But the day after, I discovered a *manta*. Now a *manta* in its Spanish mining significance is a deposit of very rich ore, perhaps where it has been washed out of an open vein and accumulated for centuries. Well, I struck a Goethals *manta*, and so am able to tell some things which perhaps have never been told before.

Young Goethals came to manhood with an insatiable desire to command men. However, at West Point he made choice of the engineering branch, and so instead of being out on the plains, fighting Indians, we find him, along in '93 or '94, down in Alabama as assistant to the engineer in charge, where some locks were going in on the Tennessee River. The work was dragging. The department was impatient. Changes came about, and the work was put in the ambitious hands of young Goethals. He threw all of his enthusiasm into that first assignment. He worked night and day, and then, when the foundations were barely in sight, they took him off the lock to bury him in a pigeonhole in Washington.

I made bold to ask Colonel Goethals about this one day in his office at Culebra —that plain barn of a room with a desk about as big and as good as two dry-goods boxes, from which he is administering the affairs of our great enterprise.

"No, sir," he murmured, with a suspicious huskiness in his throat, "they wouldn't let me finish it; and, honestly, much as I hope to see this canal completed under my hand, I would rather have been permitted to finish that first work of mine over there at Florence, Alabama."

After his Alabama experience, it was not possible that a man of such dynamic energy should remain long immured in a department at Washington. He escaped and was pleasantly engaged in building fortifications on the New England coast, when in 1903 came the formation of the general staff. Colonel Goethals was caught in the net and went once more to Washington. When he bade good-by to his unfinished twelve-inch fortifications at Newport he confesses that he felt "darned disgusted."

It was in April, 1907, that Colonel George W. Goethals, all in one stroke of the President's pen, became those four important functionaries of the Canal Zone recounted at the beginning of this narrative. The cry of each engineer in succession had been "More power!" Colonel Goethals would seem to have begun with more power than the United States had ever placed in the hands of one individual before. Still, things did not speedily right themselves. The trouble appears to have been mostly in the organization of the Isthmian Canal Commission itself. There was too much and too rigid suborganization.

Nevertheless, the work went on for a year with constantly increasing momentum. Goethals had genius enough and enthusiasm enough to break past all sorts of barriers, to overcome all sorts of frictions and send the excavation figures leaping upward bound after bound. But the work was being delayed, and at that time to endanger progress was to endanger the canal.

It was former Senator, then Commissioner, Blackburn who, seeing how things were going and what was needed, went up to Washington and told the President about it. He didn't appear to need much telling. As a very immediate result came the executive order of January 6, 1908.

Splendid backing indeed this executive order proved. True, it started out to be a perfectly bland document, but along in the second page was a paragraph like this:

> For the proper prosecution of the work, the organization shall be divided *by the chairman* (italics ours), with the approval of the secretary of war or the president, into such departments as seem advisable.

Perhaps the executive order did not increase the chairman's power, but it defined some of his particular powers sharply, and showed that the President expected him to exercise them. After eight months of service he had found many changes advisable,

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Photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

COLONEL GEORGE W. GOETHALS.

CHAIRMAN AND CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE ISTHMIAN CANAL COMMISSION, AND GOVERNOR OF THE CANAL ZONE.

The true Goethals: Intelligence, optimism, great strength, and great self-control.

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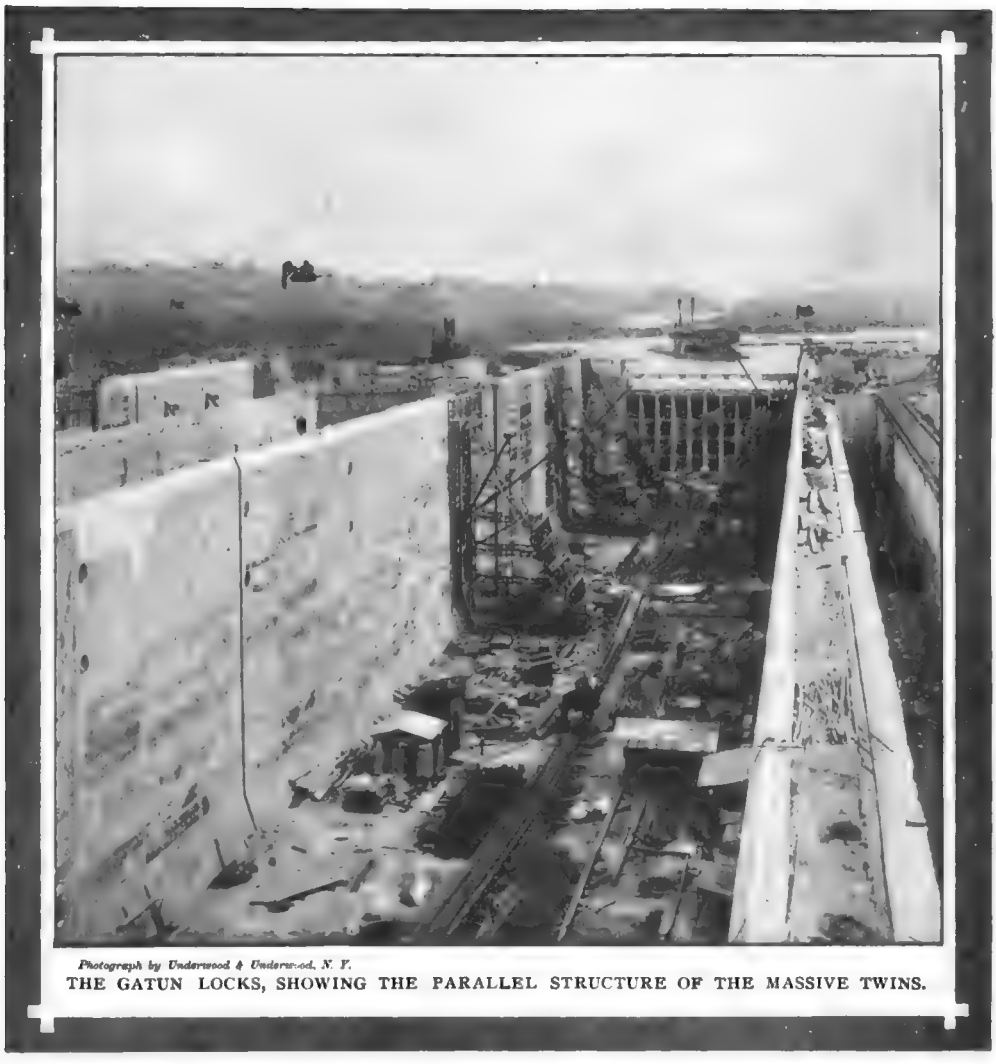

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

THE GATUN LOCKS, SHOWING THE PARALLEL STRUCTURE OF THE MASSIVE TWINS.

and here was the *magna charta* of change thrust into his hand.

But it was May before even an intimation came that things were going to happen. The Colonel was moving slowly. The *Canal Record* was an eight-page weekly, devoted to a résumé of canal progress. Its second issue, dated September 11, 1907, had carried upon the last page the canal directory, showing all the old, complicated organization, carefully elaborated to the last degree. This appeared in every issue thereafter, to and including the issue of May 13, 1908. With this issue it disappeared. Week after week passed without it —fair warning that changes were coming.

On June twenty-fourth, the *Record* announced that the department of lock and dam construction would be abolished on July first. The *Record* of July eighth reported that the department of excavation and dredging had gone to pot on the same day as that of locks and dams. It also announced that henceforth the canal construction work was to be divided into three parts: the Atlantic Division, with Major, now Lieutenant-Colonel, Sibert, late of Locks and Dams, at its head; the Central Division, with Major, now Lieutenant-Colonel, Gaillard, late of Excavation and Dredging, as its titular chief; and the Pacific Division, with S. B. Williamson, a

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A FEARFUL SLASH ACROSS THE BOSOM OF MOTHER EARTH IS THIS CHASM AT CULEBRA.

civilian, in charge. Other minor adjustments and simplifications were announced.

On July twenty-second, still of 1908, the *Record* reported that the departments of labor, quarters, and subsistence, and of municipal engineering, motive power and machinery, and building construction, had been scrapped. On August fourteenth, by an order of the chairman, the division of material and supplies was nominated for the junk heap. Colonel Goethals was finding that the quartermaster's department was the shortest way across to everything that could be grouped legitimately under it. That quartermaster's department to-day, under Major C. A. Devol, is the alimentary system for the whole canal force.

The rank and file, as well as the most stubborn of chiefs and sub-chiefs, grasped quickly the fact that none of these changes was instituted as the result of any man's whims, or to gratify his ambitions or vanities, but that they were conceived solely with the idea of securing greater efficiency. This, if doubted before, was photographed on the clouds when the totals of work done for 1908 were in, as they showed a volume of excavation that increased month by month, and rolled up for the year the magnificent aggregate of thirty-seven million cubic yards, as against fifteen million yards in 1907.

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And while the work goes on, Colonel Goethals is the absolute Czar of the Zone. His hand, his voice, his restless energy, his resistless will, his prevailing good humor, his quick-flashing hatred of sham and incompetency, his never-failing fairness, his infinite patience, his everlasting persistence; the spirit that will not be beaten, the finely dominant intelligence of the great builder; the man who will finish his task—this man's personality is everywhere. He has almost unlimited power; he has never abused it, never made a personal use of it, never done a favor with it that did not look to the forwarding of the great enterprise. He is the most approachable man on the work. More people know him personally and more of the workmen are in touch with him than with any one else.

We at home are likely to think of the canal as a huge ditch through a swamp,with tens of thousands of blacks sweating in the sun, while a few thousand whites, gasping out some wretched self-condemned years in the tropics, lend a sultry and dispirited superintendence. The reality is quite different.

HURRYING IN FORTY-FIVE LANGUAGES

I looked one day at the terraced towns where the workers live, with their great, cool, summer hotels and cottages, having screen barricades and inviting verandas. There was absolutely nothing of the ugly order and sordid plainness of the houses that some great corporations build for their employees in the States. There was order, but with it heavenly variety. There were graded roads and landscaped hillsides with gorgeous shrubbery and blooming flowers in luxuriant plenty. It was Sunday, and forty thousand men were idle, but there was no brawling to mar the quiet beauty of natural surroundings, and the words of melody that floated through the windows of a negro church near one of the railroad stations seemed but a hymning of the Sabbath peace and quiet that everywhere prevailed.

I thought of the forest jungle of seven years ago, and of the administrative tangle of five years ago, and asked, Who did it? Who got the whole thing under way and who keeps it going from busy Monday morning to this quiet Lord's Day calm? And they told me, Colonel Goethals.

As I pondered, there flitted through my mind pictures of things the memory had absorbed during the past few days.

Over at Gatun I had seen a huge skip, filled with concrete, spinning so high above the locks and so far from supporting cableways that it appeared to be aviating like a vagrant pelican. Abruptly it paused for an uncertain moment, then fluttered down to the mouth of a caisson and emptied itself.

On the other side of the continent, at Balboa, I had seen a dredge at work with its nozzle far down in the black mud and slime at the bottom of the channel.

Up in a corner of the draughting-room at Gatun a Jap, with infinite, Oriental painstaking care, was making minute detailed drawings of a section of culvert.

At the south end of Culebra Cut a switch engine came hurrying out. A little knot of men was crouching about a shapeless thing on the top of the tender. Willing hands thrust up a stretcher, on to which was lifted a confused jumble of arms and legs all twisted and misshapen, while in the center of the mass a black face appeared, knotted and anxious, with the beads of suffering upon the forehead. Within a few hours the black would lie between white sheets at Colon. The touch of a skilled surgeon, the low voice of a trained nurse, and the healthful breeze of the Atlantic would all be working together to make that black man well.

And these—the sailing skip-load of concrete, the nozzle amid the lily roots, the plodding Jap, the body-broken black, the hurrying engines, the swinging cranes, the crunching shovels, the cars and the whistles, and the white flags at every switchboard, waving onward the hurrying trains, with the forty thousand human ants—all these were part of a single organization that was welded, unified, coherent. No act of Congress could do that. The personality of some industrial Napoleon alone could have accomplished it. A recent census showed forty-five languages spoken on the Zone. Who could make those forty-five nationalities strike hands as one race? Who could open their veins at the finger-tips and send a common pulse-throb through the mass? No man but a social genius, a Nebuchadnezzar of builders, and an engineer who has taken into account the tensile strength of heart chords could imbue these men with a zest for their tropical task and a feeling that they are necessary to it.

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For let me tell you something. These men are in a hurry. The cut, the dam, the locks, whether at Gatun or Pedro Miguel or Miraflores, are one vast scene of motion. A divine urge broods over the work. There is one word which Colonel Goethals has translated into all those forty-four foreign languages. It is that pronouncedly American word—*hurry!*

In a way the canal has been built on the nerves of Colonel Goethals, to such an extent has he put himself into it. Everything is running smoothly now. The end is in sight, and yet there are times when the whole everlasting canal gets on his mind, times when trains go crashing through his brain, when dynamite charges are continually exploding in his ears, when the whole side of a mountain slips down upon him as he lies in bed.

"How are you feeling this morning, Colonel?" I asked one day.

"Not very well," he replied, and then added lightly as he fumbled with his cigarette box, "I took my canal to bed with me last night."

He laughed as he said it, but all that day his face was drawn and his manner abstracted and nervous—an outward hint of the inward cost the man is paying for his privilege of priceless toil.

Being human, Colonel Goethals must have weaknesses. I asked a man very close to him what he considered the Chief Engineer's greatest weakness to be. The gentleman, who is a member of the Commission, was doubtful at first if the Colonel had a weakness. He held in his hand an unlighted cigar, perfect in shape and workmanship. He turned it over in his fingers, examining it critically while he weighed my question, and I knew that in the same way he was turning over Goethals in his mind. At length he answered:

"Well, if he has a weakness it is that when he has made up his mind that a certain way is right, you might as well talk to a stone. Goethals won't hear you. He'll set his teeth in like a snapping-turtle and never let go till it thunders."

There now, you have his greatest weakness as set forth by one of his friends when trying to judge him critically. Thumbing back in your mind through the pages of history, you will recollect that this so-called weakness has been the strength of every great, aggressive personality. Undoubtedly there is in the Colonel's face a clear hint of this terrible tenacity—terrible yet open-eyed and intelligent. He is a finisher.

Here, then, is one of the greatest men of modern times—a great engineer, builder, diplomat, organizer,—and sounder of the souls of men. He is big enough to fill any position in the nation requiring administrative ability. He is a great commander of men.

And he will be only fifty-five years old when he finishes the canal.

THE TOLL AT THE SEA-GATE

by JOHN L. MATHEWS *and* GERTRUDE S. MATHEWS

THE blood of the world is trade, flowing through numberless veins and arteries. For centuries it was driven by the winds and the currents of the seas; and then the Suez Canal, like a single ventricle, took up the task, and slowly, sluggishly at first, and then more vigorously, began to drive this circulation. Soon, as time goes, this single valve was far outgrown, and the world's blood was forced more and more into the roundabout channels of its older days. Now a new ventricle is working; the world's heart is balanced and complete; and we shall see the blood pulsing steadily and with increasing abundance into the artery channels of the Pacific.

For a long time Commerce has oozed through this new route as a river seeps through sand, finding a short course to its lower level. There has been a railway across the Isthmus of Panama ever since the days of the California gold rush; and the first passengers were storm-driven gold-

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EAST CHAMBER OF THE GATUN LOWER LOCKS, LOOKING SOUTH FROM COFFERDAM. AN *OLYMPIC* MAY BERTH HERSELF IN THE FIRST OF THE LOCKS AT GATUN WITH SEVENTEEN AND A HALF FEET TO SPARE UPON HER BEAM.

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LOCK CONSTRUCTION AT MIRAFLORES. THE DARK SPOTS IN THE CORE OF THE SIDE WALLS ARE CONDUITS WHICH CARRY THE WATER SUPPLY TO THE LOCKS. EACH IS SO LARGE THAT A LOCOMOTIVE MIGHT ENTER THE OPENING.

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seekers whose ships came in for shelter. A New York corporation built this road. De Lesseps bought control in order to get possession of the Isthmus and build the canal; and then our Government acquired sixty-nine seventieths of its stock among the assets of the reorganized French Canal Company.

Came a period when traffic assailed this continental barrier. Competition was keen. Steamships landed on both sides, freight piled up on the docks, and the little railway struggled ceaselessly to keep it moving.

But when our own freight began to go this way from New York to San Francisco, the transcontinental railways took alarm. They could not afford to have a cheap water rate in effective competition. The Pacific Mail Steamship Company, which belonged to the Southern Pacific Railway then and does now, was paid a subsidy of a million dollars a year by the railroads to carry not more than one thousand two hundred tons a month; and at rates named by the transcontinental railway pool. The Panama Railroad received a similar amount to fix prohibitory rates on American business; and, to simplify matters, a monopoly contract was made with the Pacific Mail by which the railway would give freight for our west coast to no other line.

Not only northward but to South America, monopoly was established. Practically no coastwise trade was permitted to cross. For many years the transcontinental railroads published annually the traffic figures to show that water could not compete with rail on this long haul. Broken and remade, these contracts were in force when our Government bought the road.

MILLIONS OF TONS FOR THE CANAL

Mr. Taft was then Secretary of War. With a stroke of his pen he sundered the chains which bound the Isthmus, canceling every monopolistic contract. He started a flood of traffic which by its rapid growth in the past two years promises a big coastwise trade for the canal.

We have not room for the whole story of the development of this trade. It is enough to say that two young men forming the firm of Bates and Chesebrough, of San Francisco, took advantage of the new route, chartered ships, and at the end of their first year were carrying more every month than the Pacific Mail had ever carried in a year; and the old line, with its antique and inefficient ships, is straining every sinew at last to increase its business. The Government rushed the building of new docks, the railway was driven to its capacity, and to-day, a year before the opening of the canal, freight between our coasts is passing over the Isthmus at the full power of the transfer system. Nearly half a million tons a year, moving at about sixty per cent. of the transcontinental railway rates, go all the way by water, except at Panama, between all our ports on the Pacific and St. Louis, New Orleans, Charleston, Philadelphia, and New York.

In the same time the American-Hawaiian line has built up traffic by way of Tehuantepec across Mexico, all coastwise, all borne in new American ships, now amounting to more than seven hundred thousand tons. This, with the Panama traffic, makes a total of one million two hundred thousand tons taken from the transcontinental railways.

All of this pays transfer charges of from two dollars and fifty cents a weighed ton on our coastwise trade to eight dollars and sixty cents on the nearer South American and Central American cargoes: equivalent to five dollars up to seventeen dollars a net ton on the ship. Yet, in spite of these heavy tolls, commerce has grown by leaps and bounds, and is handicapped to-day by lack of ships, by inefficient docks, and by the congestion of canal business on the railway. With the canal open, this coastwise traffic will easily increase, as ships are secured, to at least three million tons. There will also be a rapid increase in the South American traffic coming this way, and a diversion of a large amount from Magellan, amounting to two million weighed tons.

But before planning for service, the great lines which will use the canal must know the tolls that will be charged, and the advantages of fueling and provisioning on this route. The rules and methods of operation of the canal should be determined without delay.

Quick and just decisions of the great questions involved require the appointment of a commission of men who understand the traffic of the world from the point of view of those who are engaged in it, from the point of view of the student of economics and trade, and from that of the administration of the canal.

This commission must determine what in-

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ducements we shall have to offer to secure a fair share of the world's tonnage, before they can so gauge the basis and amount of tolls as to overcome all adverse conditions. To decide this they will need to make a thorough study of certain well-established problems which will strongly affect the trend of trade. Among these are the relation of sea rates to longer and shorter routes, the competition offered by Suez, and the amount that can be deducted from a ship's earnings before she is driven to the open sea.

Glance first at the rate conditions to-day. Where competition still prevails and the shipping rings have not obtained control, sea rates are very cheap, and can stand a uniform raise without becoming too high. But where competition has given way to consolidation, rates are often so oppressive as to suggest the need of imposing penalizing tolls upon them. Thus, in our Oriental trade, over a distance of about five thousand miles from China to San Francisco, the independent steamships of Robert Dollar, of San Francisco, *competing with the recently organized ring of his competitors*, bring matting, rice, and other Chinese commodities at two dollars and a half a ton; whereas over a less distance, from Guayaquil to New York, *where the lines are in agreement*, hides pay thirty dollars a ton and

WEST CHAMBER OF THE LOCKS AT PEDRO MIGUEL, WHERE BOATS WILL BE LOWERED THIRTY-FIVE FEET.

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returning merchandise on the same route pays fifteen dollars.

The China rate may be too low; the other is certainly too high.

The question of fuel is one that governs on every sea. At Suez all coal must be brought from a distance, chiefly from Cardiff and Newcastle; the oil from the Black Sea, Bayonne, and Java. Fuel is comparatively high. Panama, on the other hand, will have oil fields on the shore of Colombia, eighteen hours' easy sailing from the mouth of the canal; and good coal from the deposits along the navigable Sinu in the same country, equally close. Our own mines, by way of the Ohio and the Mississippi, will have a water route all the way. Texas and Louisiana, as well as California, have abundant oil; and a pipe line now crosses the Isthmus and supplies ships at both ends.

So we may count on a cheap fuel supply. But every safeguard must be established by the commission against high prices if we are to make use of this advantage over Suez.

PANAMA *vs.* SUEZ

We have at Panama several other advantages which Suez does not possess: a channel sufficiently broad and deep to accommodate the largest ships for decades to come; less than half the length of the Suez Canal, with an equable and salubrious climate as opposed to the intense heat of her bordering deserts. On the Pacific lies an area of calm, stretching out windless and quiet for five hundred miles—once the bane of sailing ships, but a great advantage for steamers. We have deep water and safe and commodious harbors at both entrances.

And, what is perhaps best of all, we take extensive mileage off the routes that pass not only around the Capes but through Suez itself. From our own east coast to the Orient we shall have a big advantage over Liverpool and Hamburg on all routes that go this way, as well as the advantage in mileage over Suez for our own trade as far as Manila and Hong-Kong; and we shall take three thousand miles off the round trip from London to New Zealand.

Forty years ago, when Suez was opened to traffic, the channel was even shallower and narrower than it is now. Navigation was difficult and for a long time could be carried on only by day. The tolls at first were three dollars and fifty cents a gross ton; but when the English took charge, in 1876, they immediately reduced them to two dollars and fifty cents on a net ton, and widened and deepened the canal.

As the steamship developed, the trade of Suez grew, and as the years passed and its dividends increased, its tolls were lowered. By the terms of its concession from the Khedive of Egypt, when the dividends pass twenty-five per cent. the tolls must be decreased. The last paid was about thirty per cent., and the tolls are now down to one dollar and thirty-five cents a net ton on loaded ships and eighty cents on light ships. This is still a high toll, and is increased by the method of measuring Suez tonnage, which gives a vessel larger net tonnage than ours.

Nevertheless, in spite of its twenty-six-foot channel, its heavy tolls, and its other handicaps, the traffic of Suez increased every year; in 1910 it was more than fifteen million net tons, on which the canal collected twenty-four million dollars.

But there will be trade enough for both canals. Ships are growing larger. The world has seen the passenger carriers of the Atlantic rapidly pass from seven hundred feet on to nine hundred without a break. The thousand-foot vessel is imminent. The freight ship is advancing as fast, and a cargo of twelve thousand tons is no longer uncommon even in our coastwise trade. The day is not distant when a cargo of twenty thousand or even thirty thousand tons can be safely loaded and dispatched on a busy route; and we may anticipate the employment of such ships in the direct service between the great ports of Europe and the Panama Canal.

If a station were developed to which barges from the Colombian rivers and small steamers trading along the neighboring coasts might come, the big ships would be set free for uninterrupted journeys, after taking on the collected cargoes at the canal docks. So far, no such provision has been made: the docks are not equipped with proper freight-handling machinery, and storage room on the dock and in the warehouses near by is not provided for. But a canal commission could easily work out these details and further the establishment in the Canal Zone of a magnificent entrepôt—another Singapore, where cargoes might be

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cargoes might be interchanged and ships fueled and provisioned.

Provisioning and icing are important factors toward this end. Colonel Goethals earnestly advocates the carrying out of this work by the operating commission of the canal through such a complete commissary system as now exists there. Ice to-day is sold to ships at Cristobal by the commissary for six dollars a ton; but at the Zone docks at Balboa the Panama Ice Monoply is permitted to charge twenty-five dollars a ton for inferior ice. It is an indication of the need of government control.

We have a canal which has cost four hundred million dollars. We must look forward to earning the whole cost of operation and maintenance and, as soon as it can be done without hindering the traffic, at least four per cent. on the investment.

As to the cost of operation, we can accept without question the verdict of Colonel Goethals. If we make a political job of it, he says, with big salaries and a lot of superfluous men, changing them from administration to administration, we shall have our usual experience in governmental operation repeated—high expenditures and an inefficient management. He will make no estimate of the cost under such circumstances. But if we select from the magnificent corps we have now on the Isthmus a staff to operate the canal, with which they are familiar and to which they have become acclimated; if we reduce the present high wages to normal; if we establish civil service for the administration so they can make the Canal Zone their permanent home; if we use the men whose lives and loyalty are bound up with the project, then, says the chief, we shall have efficient operation and maintenance at a cost of three million dollars a year.

YES—THERE WILL BE LIGHTHOUSES ON THE CANAL.

How are we to assess the tolls? By what measurement are we to gauge them? A frequent suggestion is that all ships should pay one dollar a net ton. The net, or register, tonnage by which vessels are taxed is a measurement by legal formula of the cargo space, one hundred cubic feet to

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the ton. This method has the drawback of putting as heavy a burden on an empty ship as on a loaded one; and this is not done even at Suez.

Another system of measurement is by dead weight tons, or the weighed tons of freight which the ship is actually carrying. The objection to using this exclusively as the basis of toll is obviously the opposite to that against net tonnage; it lets the light boat go through free. The cargo earns the money and must pay the bill; but there must be a charge also upon the ship, light or loaded, which will pay her way through.

There is much, therefore, in favor of a combination of measurements as a basis for tolls; and if we assess the ship twenty-five cents on a net ton, and the cargo fifty cents on every weighed ton, we shall have a fair tax which will be small enough to attract commerce, will be considerably less than the tolls at Suez, and will be profitable for the canal.

With this toll established, we may sum up the tonnage which we expect to get within five years, leaving out of account the tramps and the small lines, and taking only three-fifths of the big fleet this side of Singapore; the Australian and New Zealand fleets practically as they stand; our own coastwise trade; a good proportion of the trade from the west coast through Magellan added to the present South American trade over the Isthmus, and the new trade the United States is going after down there.

	Net Tonnage	Weighed Cargo	
East of Singapore	3,000,000	6,000,000	(tons)
Australia and New Zealand	5,000,000	8,000,000	"
South America	1,000,000	2,000,000	"
Our Coastwise Trade	1,500,000	3,000,000	"
	10,500,000	19,000,000	"

This tonnage, if assessed at the rates mentioned above, would yield the following:

	25 Cents Net Tonnage	50 Cents Weighed Cargo	Total
East of Singapore	$ 750,000	$3,000,000	$3,750,000
Australia & New Zealand	1,250,000	4,000,000	5,250,000
South America	250,000	1,000,000	1,250,000
Our Coastwise Trade	375,000	1,500,000	1,875,000
	$2,625,000	$9,500,000	$12,125,000

Congress has recently taken action by means of the Adamson bill—which has not, however, yet passed the Senate.

In the bill's present form the government of the Canal Zone is put entirely under the President. The Isthmian Canal Commission remains in charge of the work until, in the estimation of the President, the canal is completed.

The President is authorized to prescribe and alter the tolls, which may be on any basis; but if on net tonnage, they shall not exceed $1.25 a net ton, and if on any other basis, they shall figure out relatively no higher. The tolls, however, on foreign ships must not be less than the proportional share of the cost of maintenance and operation.

Coastwise traffic of the United States is set entirely free. As we do not need this income, this is a good step; and if the bill passes the Senate, the figures on coastwise trade in the tables above should be canceled. The advantage of it will be a further reduction in rates to the ports, and an absorption of a larger proportion of the back-haul rate into the interior. With no tolls, freight should go from San Francisco to New Orleans for not more than five dollars a short ton, or twenty-five cents per hundred on case goods and ordinary freights.

The best measures in the Adamson bill are two amendments to the Interstate Commerce law: one forbids any railway company or other common carrier to own, operate, or control in any manner any ship which may compete for traffic. The other amendment provides that every railroad in a port must, under certain conditions, connect its tracks with any dock (for freight transfer) from which ships are to sail, and that whatever proportion of a through rail-and-water rate it allows to the best favored line, it must allow to every other steamer over the same route.

These two items will entirely eliminate the Pacific Mail, the Morgan Line, and similar lines from the Canal, leaving it free to independents; at the same time it applies on the Great Lakes, and the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, to all railroad-owned steamships. This should entirely destroy the monopoly of New England navigation by the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railway.

As in every fine sport, we need rulings which will make the play fair in every part of the trade. One of the present violations of honesty is the deferred rebate system, which gives its users, the shipping rings, power to say where the trade shall go. There is now no International Umpire to whom we can go for the correction of such an abuse. Since this is so, we must play the game as it is, with all the force we can command.

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THE LAST CAMP

by

Gouverneur Morris

I

OUR trumpets caught the Pictish wind to sound the Roman call;
Our Sappers dressed the Pictish stone to build the Roman wall;
We dug our ditch, we smiled our smile—we camped at Fortingall.
The Pictish men poured from each glen: we dammed the murderous tide,
And luckiest of all who fell were those of them that died;
For those we kept to question, when they mocked at us, and lied,
Our General said were Heroes—but he had them crucified.
We taught the Roman lesson thus beside the Roman wall;
And aimed against the hills beyond a road from Fortingall.
And many a mountain Helen captured passed from tent to tent,
And oats and goats and Heather Ale—these kept us men content.

II

Then came that messenger from Rome. The Emperor was dead.
A drunken, hairy Visigoth reigned in the Emperor's stead:
Barbarian hordes were drinking life beside the fountain head.

III

He drained a horn of Heather Ale, half fire and half foam:
"The Roman day is over," said the messenger from Rome,
"And only camps like Fortingall remind a man of home.
"I passed thro' four in Britain, and I passed thro' five in Gaul,
"I saw the Eagles watching still o'er Roman ditch and wall:
"I drank each country's wine, and—wept, as here at Fortingall."

IV

All in unordered groups we stood considering what it meant,
Until the trumpets blew "Review"—when from his soldier's tent
Our General strode, the grizzled eagle, old, and wise, and bent.
And as a Pictish shepherd dog among the Pictish sheep,
So went he in and out of us, where we stood breathing deep,
Half frightened, and half loving. He could make us laugh or weep,
Whose lives and deaths were his to him, whose vigil and whose sleep.

V

He passed his soldier's eye upon us in review, but found
No tarnish on our Roman arms, nor any arm unsound.
He laughed, and flung the letters he had written, on the ground.
"So much for Politics," he said. "The Military art
"Is best when under Roman Bronze there beats the Roman heart.
"Shall we go back to Rome," he said, "to pass beneath the Yoke?
"Or shall we go as we are wont against the Pictish folk?
"And build the bridges, camps, and roads that civilize afar? . . .
"Let's hitch the Roman wagon," said the General, "to a star!"

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VI

We thundered on our shields. Our feet made thunder on the ground.
One beat his breast and tore apart the lips of an old wound.
All thundered thus, and shouted thus, and splendid was the sound.
And Pictish heroes hid themselves for many a mile around.

VII

"Lead us," we cried, "into the hills beyond the ditch and wall!
"We're sick of this rat-riddled ancient camp of Fortingall;
"Let it no more be glorious as the outmost post of all:
"Tho' Rome be dead, her hands," we said, "have toil before them still.
"Altho' the river that turned us once is now a trickling rill,
"While there is grain to grind, we are the millstones of the mill.
"Rome has not died untestified; we'll execute Her Will!"

VIII

One man of us—no Roman, sure—slipped from the ranks, and cried:
"I've friends back there in Britain, boys—friends, and a promised bride.
"I'll back to them, then—by your leaves." He flung his arms aside.
"Why fight?—Rome's dead." Our General said: "Let *him* be crucified!"

IX

Then gave command: "My traveling cloak, my stallion, and my staff—
"And broach a butt of Heather Ale so that we men may quaff."
Then turned he toward the Pictish Hills, and laughed the Roman laugh.
"Advance the Eagles. They shall be our witnesses," he said;
"We'll camp a little farther on, albeit Rome is dead;
"And I shall sleep my final sleep on Rome's remotest bed!"

X

The Eagles saw us as we marched at noon from Fortingall;
They saw us building farther on another ditch and wall
To be Rome's outpost for a time—her outmost post of all.
They saw the Roman Road advance into the Pictish wild;
They saw the Roman nose crop out on many a Pictish child.
And day by day, and year by year, they saw the Roman cart,
Hitched to its star, advance, for Rome, Rome's Military art.
And when one died, as many died, they watched his soul go forth,
And shone more brightly for each death that bore them farther north.

Envoy

Go take your motor car and drive along the road they made;
See for yourself its noble curves and scientific grade;
Have lunch within some Eagle's nest, where once the Eagles stayed.
Ay, drive unto the Northern Sea—there stands a Roman Wall,
Surrounded by a Roman ditch like those at Fortingall.
Only that this last, boldest camp, the smallest is of all.
And there they lie, the chosen dead,
Asleep, in Rome's remotest bed.

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"AND I SHALL SLEEP MY FINAL SLEEP ON ROME'S REMOTEST BED!"

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"SEND HIM BACK? NOT A BIT OF IT! WE'RE GOING TO HANG HIM HIGHER THAN HAMAN."

"Sally Cashion, Southerner," Page 257.

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SALLY CASTLETON, *Southerner*

by CRITTENDEN MARRIOTT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH

PRECEDING CHAPTERS: — Toward the close of the Civil War two young Southern girls, Sally and 'Genie Castleton, daughters of a Confederate general, are left alone, with one old negro servant, in their home in the Shenandoah. The war is pressing close, and a letter is brought from General Castleton, bidding the girls start for Richmond at once. But before they can get off, Philip Byrd, 'Genie's boy lover, gallops up with important despatches for Lee, and falls unconscious from his horse. First forwarding the despatches, the sisters and the old negro care for Philip until, suddenly, Yankee horsemen sweep up the valley and surround the house. In frantic fear for Philip, they rouse him to consciousness and hide him in a huge box-stove. Immediately the Federal officers take possession. Presently Philip's horse is found dead in the stable, and when all of the Yankee general's questions are persistently evaded, he orders the girls to their room. Toward evening, Captain Frank Radcliffe, bound for Richmond on secret-service duty, arrives with orders from Grant: the general is to make an attack on the Confederate lines in order to slip Radcliffe through. The Yankee forces leave at once to execute the order; and immediately afterward the Castleton sisters and Philip, who has overheard all the enemy's plans from his hiding-place in the stove, set out to give warning. Not long after they reach the Confederate camp at Tye, Radcliffe, posing as a Northern trader, arrives at Rockfish, is taken in charge by a Confederate officer, and hears a telegraphic message which reports his arrest as a spy. He is sent on to Tye, where Philip Byrd fails to identify him with certainty, and Radcliffe is temporarily released, with the promise of a pass to Richmond. Meantime, Sally, who had seen Radcliffe as well as heard his voice, recognizes him when he appears at the boarding-house where she is stopping, and realizes, in horror, that it is her duty to send him to his death.

CHAPTER X — CONTINUED

"I AM a guest here," Sally faltered. "I am stopping for a few hours on my way to Richmond."

"Oh! You are going to Richmond!" Pleased surprise spoke in Radcliffe's tones. "So am I."

Deliberately he mounted the three steps of the porch. "I suppose Mrs. Frances will put in an appearance soon," he observed. "If you will permit, I will sit down and wait for her. I have been in the saddle all night." Laughing, as if he did not have a care in the world, he dropped into the seat. He did not add that he had been dropping with fatigue and desperately anxious for rest a moment before.

Amazedly, Sally stared at him from beneath puckered eyebrows. What manner of man was this, she wondered, who could laugh under circumstances such as those in which he found himself!

"May I ask how and when you start?" Radcliffe asked.

"I don't know. My father is in Richmond, convalescing from a wound, and wants me to join him. I drove in from my home only this morning. As soon as I can I will see Colonel Page and ask his advice."

"Colonel Page? Yes! I have just been talking to him. He tells me that the railway is very uncertain, and advises me to ride across country. He seemed to prefer it, so I agreed. You know"—laughing—"it's ill arguing with a commanding officer in the field. He is going to give me a pass and I start this afternoon. Perhaps I may be able to be of some assistance to you. If so, pray command me!"

Radcliffe spoke composedly and with calm assurance, and the girl marveled again. He was chatting as light-heartedly as if he were with his own friends instead of being within the lines of his enemies, in disguise, his life forfeit if he were detected. . . And it was *her* duty to say the word that would send him to his death.

Her brown eyes widened as realization deepened. She would do her duty. She could not fail to do it. Her ancestors had been soldiers for generations; she had been bred in their ideals, taught from infancy to put duty before everything. She

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would do it now. She knew it. But oh, it was hard! Her heart echoed the protest, beating with unsteady hammerings that shook her. Emotion must have showed in her face, for Radcliffe, after a glance at her white cheeks, said quickly: "You're not well! Can I do anything for you?"

"Oh, no! Nothing! nothing! I am only tired. Very tired."

Radcliffe jumped up. "And I'm keeping you from your rest!" he exclaimed remorsefully. "Please forgive me. I'll hunt for Mrs. Frances at once." He turned toward the house. "I'm nearly dead, myself, for want of sleep," he added. A moment later he had vanished through the open door.

Sally sat still and let him go. His last words rang in her brain. "Dead for want of sleep!" Dead! And she must bring him to his death.

She tried to rise, but her muscles would not lift her nor her trembling limbs bear her weight. Lawn, trees, dusty road, marching men, snapping guidons, the broad yard, and the strip of red-brick walk swam before her. Finally she heard some one speaking to her from the foot of the steps—a soldier in a faded gray uniform with the yellow stripes of a cavalryman on his trousers legs.

"Colonel Page's compliments, ma'am," he was saying. "He would be glad to see you at once on a matter of great importance."

CHAPTER XI

Colonel Page was waiting impatiently in his tent when Sally Castleton arrived. But, anxious as he was to get the girl's testimony and to dispatch the business in hand, he delayed long enough to greet her cordially and to inquire as to her rest.

"I took the liberty of sending foh you, Miss Castleton," he went on, "because I hoped you might help us. Lieutenant Byrd says you can identify the spy Radcliffe."

The blood, which had fled from Sally's cheeks, flooded back. All the way to Colonel Page's tent she had been trying to frame the words in which she might denounce Radcliffe. The colonel's question cleared the way of preliminaries, and left her face to face with the main issue.

"Yes," she said, painfully, "I can identify him. I saw him yesterday from the window as he rode up to the door of my home. A moment later I heard him force his way past the orderly. Moreover—" Sally's voice grew harsh with pain—"moreover, he is here—in this camp—at Mrs. Frances's. I saw him there only a few moments ago."

"Good!" An expression of relief spread over the colonel's face and he drew a long breath. "Good! He puzzled me for a while. He played the scoundrel so well that I almost thought he really was an infernal thief instead of an honest spy. The Confederate Government is under deep obligations to you, Lieutenant Byrd, and to you, Miss Castleton. If it hadn't been for the information you brought, the man would unquestionably have got to Richmond successfully, and God knows what damage he might have done to the South."

Sally's face showed her bewilderment. "You knew he was a spy?" she gasped.

"Certainly. That is, I was practically certain that it was he. But Lieutenant Byrd was weak in his identification, and so I sent for you. Now we've got him."

"But—" Sally's puzzlement grew, but with it was blended a dawning hope—"but I don't understand. Are you going to send him back to the Yankee lines?"

"Send him back? Not a bit of it! We're going to hang him higher than Haman."

Hope died in Sally's heart. "But you have let him go," she whispered. "He is free?"

The colonel laughed. "Only for a moment," he answered grimly.

"You are not going to give him a pass, then?"

"A pass?" Colonel Page stared. "Oh, yes, I'll give him a pass mighty gladly and help him on his way—if I can make the necessary arrangements—and I think I can. I think so now more than ever. He is very welcome to go to Richmond; coming away is another matter."

"But—but— I can't understand. You've got him now. Why do you torture him? Why do you let him go on the chance of catching him again?"

"Because I want to catch the man he is going to meet. Now do you see?"

Philip Byrd had been listening to the talk with even more bewilderment than the girl. But at the colonel's last words his mouth dropped open in a comical expression of chagrin. "Oh!" he exclaimed. "Of

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course! Of course! I see it all now."

"It's about time you did, both of you!" Colonel Page chuckled. "This man is mighty dangerous and ought to be hanged out of hand. But he isn't half as dangerous as the man in Richmond whom he is going to meet. If we throttle this fellow, there'll be another to take his place, and another, and another. Perhaps there are half a dozen others on the way now. Sooner or later some of them will get through. It's only a question of time. We can't hope to catch them all. But if we can get the spy in Richmond, we can blot out half the object of their coming. We have known that there was a spy somewhere—a devilish dangerous spy. We've suspected—well, I'd hate to say what high officials we've suspected. The fellow must be a high official or he couldn't get the information we know he has got. The service is getting demoralized by his work, and we simply must catch him. Therefore I pretended to take this fellow at his face value. Therefore I'll help him get to Richmond. And when he has led us to his friend we'll catch them both."

Sally, however, did not seem entirely satisfied. "But will he go to Richmond?" she questioned. "What's to prevent his running for Yankee-land once he gets his horse and your pass?"

"Run? Why should he run? He's a daredevil fellow. He must be, or he would never have come on such a service as this. He must have expected to be stopped and questioned. He had his story too pat for anything else to be possible. Run? Not he! Not till he's seen the man he came to see. He doesn't know he's known. He thinks everything is lovely. No! His running away isn't the trouble."

The colonel's tone seemed to invite a question, and Miss Castleton put it. "Then what is the trouble, Colonel?" she asked.

"Well, Miss Castleton, it's just this. We're not sure where he's going to meet his man. Of course, Lieutenant Byrd heard him say it was in Richmond. Well, maybe it is actually in Richmond and maybe it is merely near it. Maybe he told General Haverhill everything and maybe he didn't. Maybe his man will meet him outside the city somewhere; and if he does, this Radcliffe might possibly get away with the information. We can't take any chances on that. We've got to keep the fellow under constant surveillance. You see that, don't you, Miss Castleton?"

Sally nodded. "Oh, yes, I see that, of course."

"The trouble is how to do it," went on the colonel meditatively, watching Sally from beneath his bushy brows. "If he could go by train it would be easier. But the Lord knows where or when anybody will get anywhere by train nowadays. He'd have a hundred chances to give us the slip and see his man. I've got to let him go on horseback. But I can't send an orderly with him, and I can't ring him around with cavalry. And I can't send any one to trail him. He's too clever by half for any such crude plan as that. We have to watch him without showing our suspicions, and I can't think how to do it. I wonder whether your woman's wit can't suggest a way, Miss Castleton."

Sally sat down slowly. Outwardly she was calm, but every nerve was tingling. "I'm afraid I can't, Colonel," she faltered, sensing something sinister in the officer's voice.

"I can't send a man with him," resumed the colonel meditatively. "I have thought of sending a woman. I could ask him to see her safely to Richmond. He's probably a gentleman, though he tried very hard to make me think otherwise, and she would be perfectly safe with him. What do you think of the idea, Miss Castleton?"

Sally hesitated. Young Byrd had seen at last whither Colonel Page was tending, but on the girl no faintest suspicion had as yet dawned. "I suppose it would do," she answered slowly. "If you had the right sort of a woman and if he didn't suspect."

"Oh, he'd suspect, of course. But he wouldn't be sure, and I don't think he would be much alarmed—certainly not enough to make him abandon his plan and try to escape north. If the woman is clever, I reckon she'll be able to turn him inside out before they get to Richmond."

"But have you such a woman?"

"I have one in mind." Colonel Page looked the girl squarely in the face. "Will you undertake the task, Miss Castleton?" he asked bluntly.

"I!" Sally was on her feet, her face scarlet.

"Yes, you! Not alone, of course. Your sister would go with you. You have already met the man; he would not be quite

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TROOPS OF THE HUNDRED-MILE PACING CATTLE-HARDENED,

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LEAN, EFFICIENT TROOPS, WHOSE REAL GATE WAS EAGERNESS ITSELF.

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so suspicious of you as of another, perhaps. Lieutenant Byrd would follow—at a distance."

Sally did not seem to hear him. "You want me to do this thing?" she demanded. "You want me to worm my way into this man's confidence; to—to ask his protection; to travel with him; and then to betray him to his death! You want me to do this?"

Steadily Colonel Page regarded her. "Yes, I want you to do it," he answered. "The South asks it of you."

Sally hesitated. "The South!" she repeated. "The South may have my life and welcome. But to ask me to lie and cheat and dishonor myself—it is too much!"

"The South has nothing else to ask you," Colonel Page said gravely. "From all her children she asks something—from each according to his strength—from one his property, from another his children, from a third his life. From you she asks this, nothing else. No man can render this service. No woman within reach but you is capable of rendering it. The South calls you. Will you fail her?"

The last vestige of color faded from Sally's cheeks, leaving her white as a flower. "It's too shameful!" she gasped.

Colonel Page shook his head. "It's war!" he said quietly.

Sally was silent. She knew that she was in the grip of forces too great to be resisted.

Colonel Page looked at her pityingly. "Miss Castleton," he said, "I have known your father all my life. I have respected and honored him for years. Believe me when I tell you that I would not ask his daughter to render a service that was unworthy of her. I know it will be hard for you. I know that you would rather risk your life. But it is a thing beyond mere choice."— He smiled faintly—"I would command you," he added, "but I know there will be no need."

Sally stood motionless. The figures of Philip and Colonel Page seemed shadowy, unreal. The only real things were the picture of Frank Radcliffe and the heavy certainty of the part she must play in his fate. She realized only too well that this sordid, crawling thing which had become her duty was the sacrifice to her country of which she had so often dreamed. In an instant the whole business of war was stripped of its glamour of romance and laid bare before her.

She raised her eyes and looked into Colonel Page's wrinkled, kindly face. The officer was smiling at her in an attempt at comfort. Philip had turned his back and was playing with the cord of the tent-flap.

"No," she said tonelessly, "there is no need of commands. I shall do what you wish."

CHAPTER XII

'Genie Castleton slept much later than her sister had done. When she finally opened her eyes, still heavy with sleep, the marching troops had nearly all passed and the countryside had returned to its customary quiet.

Once awake, the strangeness of her surroundings and the absence of her sister brought her speedily out of bed, and took her first to the window, and next to the bureau, where she made a hasty toilet, twisting up her bright hair and fastening it in place as well as she could with her depleted store of hairpins. Then she ran down the stairs to seek information. She did not find Sally, but she did find Mrs. Frances, who supplied her with a mouthful of midday dinner and assured her that her sister would soon return.

Later she went out on the broad, shady porch, reaching it just in time to see Sally and Philip coming across the lawn. Two spots of red burned in Sally's cheeks, in vivid contrast with the general pallor of her face. Seldom had 'Genie seen her self-contained elder sister in the stress of strong emotion; but she knew the signs and started up in dismay.

Sally, however, did not heed her. Leaving Philip at the foot of the steps, she hurried across the porch and vanished into the house. 'Genie turned to follow, but Philip called her back.

"Let her go, 'Genie," he advised. "Let her go. She's had something of a shock, and she'll get over it better alone."

"What sort of a shock?" The young girl's anxious eyes questioned him.

Philip mounted the porch slowly. His leg gave him little pain, though the loss of blood had weakened him. "I can't tell you," he said, sinking into a chair. "It's nothing either you or I can help. She's got to fight it through by herself. If you want

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to help her, you won't ask her any questions, and will let her take her own time to speak about it."

'Genie nodded doubtfully. "I don't understand!" she murmured. "Can't you tell me?"

"No, I can't. It's an army matter, you know. I can tell you something else, though. Unless present plans fail, you and she leave for Richmond on horseback in an hour or two in charge of a Mr. Radcliffe, who is now stopping in this house and who has kindly offered to see you safely there."

"Mr. Radcliffe! Who is he?"

"He's a traveler, going to Richmond on official business. A very pleasant-spoken fellow, I believe. He is in a hurry, and you are too, so the sooner you get off the better. Probably you will reach Richmond by day after to-morrow."

Philip spoke hastiiy, being anxious to guide the conversation away from the personality of Radcliffe. Both he and Colonel Page had thought it better to explain nothing of Sally's real mission to the younger girl, fearing that she might not be able to conceal her knowledge and might alarm Radcliffe by some slip. "It's only about a hundred miles," he went on. "You'll have good horses, and you ought to make it in two days."

"Yes, but—but——"

"Now, 'Genie, don't worry your head about it. Besides, I want to talk about something else—something very important, something about—about you and—and me."

The boy's tone changed. From the full, round authoritative note of a moment before, his voice had become hesitant.

'Genie looked at him, cocking her small head in astonishment. "Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "What is it?"

"Well, maybe you think it isn't much, but we've always been good friends—and all that—and—and— Well, you know I was in the stove——"

"Yes, of course! Well?"

"Just before you gave me that—that chicken—that brute of a Yankee general broke into your desk and——"

The girl's cheeks flamed like scarlet geraniums. "It was mean of you to listen," she cried. "It was mean, mean!"

"I couldn't help it," pleaded the boy truthfully. "I couldn't get away. But"—miserably—"I'll never tell anybody, of course. I—I hope you'll be very happy, 'Genie. I—I only wanted to be sure. It—it doesn't matter what becomes of me now."

'Genie stared at him perplexedly. "What on earth are you talking about, Philip Byrd?" she cried in exasperation.

Her indignation struck an answering spark in the boy. "You know what I mean, 'Genie Castleton," he flared hotly. "I heard that Yankee general say that some blamed idiot had been writing you a lot of love letters and—and—I felt so bad I came mighty near coming out of the stove and giving myself up."

As he went on, comprehension dawned in 'Genie's eyes, quickly followed by a rush of tenderness. Almost she broke in with denials and explanations; almost—not quite; the eternal feminine curbed her tongue in time. It was dear of him to be troubled. It showed that he was fond of her and she—yes, she loved him for it. She would tell him the truth, some day, of course, but—Quite naturally—as naturally as a cat starts to play with an unfortunate mouse—she began to torment him. Her eyes danced roguishly.

"Well, I reckon I can get letters from friends if I want to," she exclaimed. "I don't need to ask your permission, Philip Byrd! Besides, they weren't love letters. They were just from—from a dear friend of mine."

Unconsciously the boy ground his teeth and balled his fist. Then he remembered himself and relaxed. "Do—do I know him?" he asked humbly.

"Maybe! I shouldn't wonder."

"What—what's his name, 'Genie? I ask because—because I might meet him and get a chance to save his life and send him back to you. I—I want you to be happy, 'Genie."

Her eyes moistened, and she was on the point of relenting. "Oh, Philip!" she cried. "You're so splendid! But you don't need to worry, I— Good gracious!"

Absorbed in their conversation, the two had not heard the clatter of horse's hoofs nor the tramp of booted feet on the gravel walk—had heard nothing till 'Genie chanced to raise her eyes and saw an orderly, hand at yellow-corded hat, standing uncomfortably at attention not three feet away.

The orderly delivered his message with

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an air of relief. "Horses for the young ladies and for Mr. Radcliffe, sir," he reported.

Philip rose quickly, returning the salute as he did so. The self-conscious lad became suddenly the officer. "Very well," he answered. "Hitch the young ladies' horses to the rack and hold Mr. Radcliffe's till he comes. I'll send for him."

He turned to 'Genie. "Will you find Mrs. Frances and have her notify Radcliffe?" he requested. "And then will you tell your sister that it is almost time to start?"

"Of course. But——"

"Good-by." He held out his hand.

"'Good-by'?" Indignantly the girl echoed the words. "Aren't you going to see me off? I've got something to tell you and——"

"Some other time. I must go now. Radcliffe mustn't see me, and you mustn't speak of me to him. Remember this. It is very important. Don't say anything of me or of the stove or anything."

"I won't. But——"

"I'll see you again as soon as you get to Richmond. I am starting for there at once with young George Crawford as an orderly. We are coming on horseback a few miles behind you. But don't speak of us; and if you see us don't recognize us or mention us to anybody—not even to Sally. Do you understand?"

"Ye-e-s. I suppose so."

"Then, good-by."

"Good-by."

Philip limped down the steps, waved his hand, and walked slowly away, and 'Genie, after watching him out of sight, went slowly into the house.

CHAPTER XIII

Radcliffe's heart was singing as he left Sally Castleton and went to his room. For the moment he forgot his perilous plight, forgot even the mystery of his reprieve. Everything was swallowed up in the realization that at last he had found her—had found the girl for whom, consciously or unconsciously, he had been searching. He had been sure that the one woman for him lived somewhere and that some day he would find her. Now he knew! This was the woman! Not for a moment did he doubt it; and not for an instant did he doubt that some day she would be his. He was so sure of it that for the moment he forgot everything else.

But when he had reached his room, recollection returned and he could meditate on the amazing fact that he was free!

When he entered Colonel Page's tent, he had thought himself going to his death. Not a chance could he see for escape. He had braced himself to meet his fate with fortitude. Every nerve had been tensed. And then, in an instant, the situation had changed and he found himself free—free, with a safe-conduct to Richmond!

He sat by the window of his room, watching the busy scene outside and thinking hard. Troops by the hundred were passing, moving to the south and west. Tattered, war-hardened, lean, efficient troops, whose road-pace was eagerness itself—the wiry men of the full corps Lee was flinging to the relief of Lynchburg. Dimly Radcliffe wondered that Lee could spare so many men, then his mind shifted to the more intimate problem of his own fate.

In the midst of this sudden feeling of safety—this knowledge that he was to be placed on an open road to his goal, he had to face the cold fact of the telegraphic message he had overheard. "*The spy Radcliffe you directed me to arrest.*" The words leaped to his mind and chilled the sudden rush of confidence.

He began pacing back and forth across his room, a pipe between his lips, hunting for the key to the situation. He was known for a spy, and yet he was left free. Why? For a time his brain refused to grip the problem clearly, but the instant it did, he knew!

They were giving him a chance to meet the spy in Richmond, that they might capture both at one stroke!

For an instant Radcliffe felt physically weak from the shock of his discovery. A moment later he was tramping the floor again, thrashing out a second problem no easier than the first. What was his duty now, to go on or to try to escape? One instant he decided to escape, the next to go on. The thought of his own danger did not count; that was something he had taken for granted from the outset.

"There's a chance that they don't suspect as much as that message would indicate," he muttered finally. "It may have been a trick. And there's a chance that

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I may throw them off and get through even now. I wasn't sent here to turn and run. I've got to get through—that's all!"

Having reached this decision, he dismissed the matter from his mind, lay down, and went to sleep.

He was waked by a rapping at his door and an announcement that Colonel Page's orderly was waiting for him. He tumbled out of bed and made a hasty toilet.

As he came out on the porch of the house, the beauty of the day suddenly gripped him. At the Castleton farm and even at Rockfish the roads had been dry, but in this broad valley a drizzle had washed clean the grass and the bushes. Dust would soon again befoul them, but for the moment the unsullied green of the spring glimmered softly in the sunlight. Roses bloomed on a trellis that spanned the walk. Wistaria rioted through the yard.

At the foot of the lawn he found the orderly, holding Prince by the bridle.

"I am Mr. Radcliffe," he said, taking possession of the horse. "You have also a paper for me?"

"From Major Kent, the provost, sir." The orderly saluted and handed over a folded paper.

Radcliffe took it. "Tell Major Kent and Colonel Page that I thank them," he said. "Say that I shall leave for Richmond immediately."

"Very good, sir!"

The orderly mounted and trotted away into the dust that was still hanging golden above the line of the Confederate departure; and Radcliffe, hitching his horse beside two others that were standing at a rack just before the door, turned back into the house.

He had not the least intention of departing until he had learned something about the girl with whom he had been talking a few hours before. In spite of the exigencies of the service, he did not mean to lose her, if he could help it.

He had not long to wait. Sally was standing at the doorway, openly waiting for him. Her manner, however, was cold and formal.

"Mr. Radcliffe?" she questioned.

Radcliffe bowed. "At your service, madam!"

"I thank you. I am Miss Castleton."

"Miss Castleton!" Radcliffe was merely acknowledging the introduction. But before he finished the word, recollection rose in his mind and for an instant it was on the tip of his tongue to speak of the Castleton farm. But he thrust the impulse back. This girl might or might not be related to the Castletons there—Virginia kinships were very extensive, he knew; but even if she were she could not possibly know of the events that had happened at Castleton Cove the afternoon before.

"Do you still intend to leave for Richmond this afternoon?" she asked.

Radcliffe nodded. "At the first possible moment," he declared. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes. Since this morning I have talked with Colonel Page. He informed me that all railway travel is interrupted and is sure to be slow and perhaps dangerous. He advised me to go to Richmond on horseback. He also informed me that you are going and advised me to put myself and my sister under your protection for the trip. If it will not burden you—" Sally's voice faltered, and a flush crept across the pallor of her cheeks.

"Not the least bit in the world." Radcliffe's pleasure was too marked to be assumed. "I'll be delighted. It isn't a very long ride to Richmond, but it's dull all by one's self, nevertheless, and I'll be very happy to have company. Besides, as I told you some hours ago, I shall be particularly delighted to serve you in any possible way."

"Thank you," Sally murmured. "My sister and I will be ready as soon as you are." She turned and went hastily into the house.

CHAPTER XIV

Two days later the three travelers were nearing the Confederate capital. And those two days had brought Sally Castleton and Radcliffe closer to each other than years of ordinary friendship could have done.

Sally was happy. Resolutely she forced herself to forget, for the moment at least, the inevitable destiny toward which their horses were steadily taking them. She would do her duty when the time came; meanwhile she would snatch the passing moments.

'Genie, however, was frankly disgusted with the journey. First, she had been whisked away from Philip Byrd with the briefest of farewells and had been denied all explanation; and she had been sent

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off in charge of a very likable stranger, who immediately neglected her pointedly for her sister. 'Genie was not used to neglect, and it enraged her. The other two gave her practically no consideration at all. Now and then they tossed her a word or two, but so obviously out of mere politeness that it was almost insulting. 'Genie spent most of the trip riding either well ahead or well behind.

On this second day of the journey the others, absorbed in each other, scarcely noticed that she had drawn ahead. The pace, a scant eight miles an hour, was just enough to keep the blood bounding in their veins and not so fast as to make conversation difficult. As they rode through the fair, rolling fields of Virginia, they talked, talked, without ceasing.

"Do you think you can ride late to-day?" Radcliffe asked suddenly.

Smilingly Sally glanced at him, and found him smiling back as if he had not a care in the world; as if peace, not war, encircled them; as if he were not deliberately fronting a shameful death. Her heart throbbed as she looked at him.

"All day!" she echoed. "I could ride a month! I feel so full of life that—" She broke off with a sigh. "Shall we reach Richmond to-night?" she questioned.

"Yes. If you can stand it! It is twenty-five miles farther and it will be hard on you and on the horses, too, but I'm sure they can do it, especially in each other's company.

Sally nodded. "They seem to go together mighty well."

"They do; or, rather, we do. It's good to travel together again after all these years, isn't it?" he asked.

Sally's eyes flashed in a startled smile. "Again? All these years?" she echoed. "Have we ever traveled together before? Have we ever met before?"

"Met? Oh, yes. Many times. First in Babylon—or before; later again and again, through the climbing ages. I recognized you the moment I saw you." Radcliffe laughed, but a subtone of belief rang in his voice.

"What nonsense!"

"No! It's not nonsense! How else account for my feeling that I have known you always? We've never met—in this life. Therefore we must have met in some former existence."

Sally moved uneasily. She was startled; not, of course, at Radcliffe's laughing claim to acquaintance in an earlier existence, but at the echo it waked in her own breast. She, too, had felt the same unaccountable impression of long acquaintance. What did it portend? Could it mean that she—Sally Castleton—daughter of the South, was coming really to care for this Yankee spy? The idea dismayed her.

Hurriedly she spoke the first words that rose to her tongue. "Heavens! How old would that make me? You're not very gallant, Mr. Radcliffe."

Radcliffe laughed. He was feeling very happy that morning, very sure of himself. "We won't push the point too far," he said. "But I wish that you did remember, for it would make what I want to say to you seem less mad!"

Trembling, amazed, Sally raised her eyes to his. There was no mistaking his meaning, wildly and incredibly impossible as that meaning was. Strangest of all, she felt in herself an answering thrill—a longing to hear him ask for that which she knew she could never give. Suddenly she realized how sweet it would be if she could listen. She realized the impossibility of stopping him—and that she did not want to stop him. And yet, below the sudden thrilling joy of the moment lay the cold certainty that she would remain true to her trust, that she would send this man to his death.

"To-night we shall reach Richmond," he said, "and God knows what will happen after that. This is my only chance to tell you what must be told. And it is this: You are mine! I loved you in Babylon! I love you to-day! You are mine, and neither life nor death shall take you from me."

The girl's heart seemed to stop beating. The horses plodded through the leafy aisles, glorious with colors of the summer woods, but she saw none of them.

"Fate has brought us together at a difficult time," Radcliffe went on. "This war separates us. You are of the South, I—I am a Northern trader. But the war will not last always. When it has passed, much else will pass with it. There will be nothing then to keep us apart—I am yours and you are mine; I know it—and you know it!"

He turned to her eagerly, expectantly, masterfully.

Slowly she straightened in her saddle.

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THE GIRL'S HEART SEEMED TO STOP BEATING. THE HORSES PLODDED THROUGH THE LEAFY AISLES, GLORIOUS WITH COLORS OF THE AUTUMN WOODS, BUT SHE SAW NONE OF THEM.

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Slowly she stretched out her hand to him.

Gently he took it in his. In the sifted sunlight of the woods, under the murmuring leaves, he drew her close.

At the touch of his lips, a last mad spasm of revolt swept her. Her eyes blazed and she thrust him away with all the power of her slender wrists. Then abruptly the ringing in her ears died away. Her hands relaxed; a convulsive tremor shook her. Suddenly her arms were round his neck; fiercely her lips pressed his, giving back kiss for kiss; her tear-wet cheeks brushed against his; speechless, senseless, she lay in his arms, feeling but not heeding the pacing of her horse beneath her. On her eyes, on her hair, on her trembling lips, she felt his kisses. In her ears she heard his voice, murmuring brokenly of what had been and what should be.

"Oh!" she faltered, at last. "Oh, it can't be wrong. *Is* it wrong? Is it wrong?"

He looked at her steadily. "No!" he said. "No! It is not wrong. We will do our duty as we are commanded. Neither would do less; neither would have the other do less. But afterward—afterward——"

"Afterward! Will there be an afterward?"

He looked at her, his eyes alight with his great love. Under their steady gaze her own dropped. "Can you doubt?" he asked.

Sally laughed—a strange little laugh. "I don't care whether it's wrong or right. Not now! Not with your dear arms around me. Later, perhaps, I shall be sorry—but not now. All my life I will thank God for this moment—See!"—she pointed to where, through the broad arch of the trees, the meadows lay white before their horses' heads. "See! Yonder is the open country—the country of life—not the enchanted forest of romance. Real life is closing in upon us. Every step of our horses is bringing it closer and closer. Kiss me once more—for 'Genie is waiting for us yonder in the broad light of day—'Genie with her bag full of love-letters from a foolish boy. Oh, we are all alike, we women! Once more! The last! And then—good-by!"

CHAPTER XV

The sun was sinking when the travelers crossed to the north bank of the James and again turned their faces eastward, following the famous Plank Road that led straight into the heart of the rebel capital. An hour's ride brought them to the outer of the two great lines of circumvallation that swept around the city.

Grimly the breastworks rose before them, dark and menacing, barring the road. No gap was visible—no place apparent where a wagon or even a horse might pass—only one straight earthwork, above which stared the open muzzles of heavy guns.

Swiftly the dusk came on, spreading a haze along the river. The radiance of the sunset chilled to silver and then dulled to ashy gray. The warm air grew chill; the river blackened; the woods grew suddenly silent.

As they reached the barrier, the sun dropped beneath the horizon. The flags that had flaunted all day in the southern breeze were being hauled down for the night, and the bugles were softly calling to each other, some near, some farther away, some so distant that their notes were but a silver murmur.

Eagerly the three scanned the fortifications, all curious to see the famous defenses, and Radcliffe anxious to know just what he might have to contend with in case he should later try to escape across them.

Soon the apparently single breastwork had resolved itself into two ramparts with overlapping ends. The road, jerking abruptly to the right, went round the end of one line and disappeared. Following it, the travelers found that it turned to the left and ran in between the overlapping ends for a hundred feet or more. Then it turned again, this time to the right, obviously to get back on the Plank Road once more.

Radcliffe, noting everything with the eye of a soldier, saw that report had not exaggerated the strength of the fortifications. Lines of logs, laid horizontally and loopholed, held in place by spikes driven deep into the ground, were piled with bags of sand or covered with beaten earth to a height of four or five feet; above this dozens of guns frowned. Radcliffe glanced at the ammunition piled behind them. "Shrapnel!" he muttered. "God help the men who try to rush this entry."

More he had no time to see, for a sentry challenged him and an officer came forward to examine his papers. With a muttered apology for "red tape" necessity, the officer requested him to come into the guardhouse to sign his name in an "entrance" book, and, once inside, detained him with appar-

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ently careless inquiries as to the route by which the party had come.

Meanwhile Sally, obedient to a gesture, had fallen back a step or two and was listening to instructions from another officer.

"We have been watching for you," he explained swiftly. "Everything is going well. Be very careful. Now is the critical time. See that the man doesn't give you the slip and communicate with any one without your knowledge. Do nothing to alarm him. He's inside the barriers now and can't get away, but we want the other fellow. You understand all that, of course."

Sally nodded. "Yes," she agreed, tonelessly. "I understand."

"Very good. Good night." The officer raised his hat, and the girl shook her horse's reins and moved ahead just as Radcliffe came to speak to her.

"Come!" he said gently. "We're nearly there."

Obediently Sally moved forward; the sentry presented arms; and side by side the three passed within the ramparts.

They rode silently. All three were tired. Except for an hour's stop at midday to feed and rest the horses, they had been in the saddle for ten hours, and the girls, at least, were too weary to talk.

Sally's heart was a battle-ground wherein contending emotions struggled for the mastery. One moment she felt that she could not let Radcliffe die; that she must save him at whatever cost. What was the South to her, she asked herself fiercely, in comparison with his life? She was his for life and for eternity; his kisses had sealed her loyalty. Then another gust of feeling shook her, and she saw herself, recreant to her trust, false to her home, her kindred, her country.

Shuddering, she crouched down upon her saddle, letting her horse go as he would. She could not be a traitor to those who had trusted her. After all, Radcliffe's arrest would not be the instant end. There would be a period of imprisonment when she might try to save his life. If the more dangerous spy in Richmond were detected by her service, that would give her a right to beg for mercy for her lover.

Radcliffe, too, rode silently. He was not thinking of danger. He had planned his actions to the last detail, but he knew that at any instant he might have to throw his entire plan overboard and form another on the spur of the moment.

'Genie alone showed any spark of energy, but it was aroused chiefly by the near ending of the journey. During the afternoon the others had made an effort to include her in the conversation, and the hours had passed a little less drearily than in the morning. But she was tired and she wanted Philip. He had talked of following her secretly, but she had seen nothing of him. So, though she rode briskly, she made no attempt to rouse the others to speech.

Ever since they had crossed the James evidences of closer-knit settlements had appeared. Inside the ramparts the size of the farms steadily shrank; houses became more and more numerous; broad fields and pastures gave place to truck-gardens. At close intervals villages or groups of houses appeared, each larger than the one preceding. At last, just beyond a redoubt set upon a small hill, came a sign-post: "Richmond, 3 miles."

Radcliffe roused himself. He had been watching for that sign-post. The hour for dreaming was past and the time for action was at hand. Warily he looked from side to side, watching for other landmarks. One by one he picked them out.

The three were riding abreast, Radcliffe to the right and Sally in the middle. Cautiously Radcliffe thrust his right foot forward, inserting it between the upper part of his horse's foreleg and his body.

Instantly the horse stumbled and would have fallen had not Radcliffe dragged him up. "Careful, boy!" he exclaimed.

Prince took a step or two forward, but Radcliffe's foot was again in his side, obstructing the play of his foreleg. He limped painfully, then stopped, trembling.

Instantly Radcliffe was off, examining the horse's leg and hoof with well-acted anxiety and wonder. The girls, attracted by his exclamation, had reined in, looking around just in time to see the limping of the horse. They asked no questions; only sat watching in the fast-fading light.

After a moment Radcliffe took Prince's bridle in his hand. "Come on! Come on, boy!" he chirruped, urging the horse forward. "Come on!"

Prince took a few halting steps; then stopped. Plainly as a horse could, he explained his shoulder hurt!

Radcliffe knew that it hurt. But he knew, too, that an hour's rest would set it to rights. He hated to inflict even temporary

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pain on a faithful servant, but the necessity admitted no denial.

Again he urged the horse, and this time Prince obeyed, moving slowly, with limps so deep that both girls uttered cries of pity.

Radcliffe looked up and shook his head. "He's dead lame," he explained. "Seems to have hurt his shoulder somehow. What on earth are we to do?"

Both girls looked blank, 'Genie in particular. The prospect of supper and friends and bed had become suddenly distant.

Again Radcliffe tried to lead Prince and again the horse limped.

"We're only three miles from Richmond," he said hesitatingly. "Perhaps I'd better take Prince to the nearest house and put him up for the night. Then I'll walk on with you to the inner fortifications. Some officer who knows your father is sure to be there and will see you safely to your friends."

Sally's heart leaped in her breast. Instantly she guessed that Prince's lameness had been somehow made to order; and the suspicion gave the needed spur to her flagging patriotism. Not for a moment did she intend to let Radcliffe leave her. If he stayed outside of Richmond that night, so would she.

"And what will you do afterward?" Sally's tones were chill.

"I? Oh, I'll stay with Prince and come in to-morrow." He broke off; then: "I see a light ahead yonder," he declared. "Let's go and find out what it is." Without waiting for a reply, he stepped forward, leading the halting horse.

The girls followed, 'Genie frankly disappointed and Sally horribly anxious. The younger girl leaned over. "Let's go on into the city, Sally," she begged. "We don't need to wait."

Sally gazed at her as at a stranger. "What did you say?" she asked vaguely.

"I said let's go on and let Mr. Radcliffe follow when he likes."

"Follow? Follow?" She leaned forward. "Oh! you don't understand. *What* sort of a place is this we are coming to?"

Apparently it was a very comfortable sort of a place—a combination of farmhouse and family mansion.

Radcliffe was already tapping at the door. At his summons it opened and light streamed out. Question and answer only half audible to the girls followed. Soon, however, Radcliffe turned. "I was right," he said amiably. "Mr. Jefferson here says that we are less than three miles from Richmond. The inner line of fortifications is close at hand. Beyond it the roads are perfectly safe for any one. Besides, as I said, we are sure to find some one who knows your father."

For answer Sally deliberately dismounted. "I don't think I'm up to all that changing," she said indifferently. "And I'm certainly not going to let you walk any after a hard day's ride like this. We'll all stay here—if this gentleman can accommodate us." Her heart was beating wildly, but she faced the old man with a smile that apparently went straight to his heart.

"I'll be mighty glad to, ma'am," he declared effusively. "Mighty glad to! And Mrs. Jefferson'll be mighty glad to! Come right in." He stood aside, waving the girls in at the open door. "Mary!" he called. "Here's some guests for to-night."

Sally bowed and stepped in. Radcliffe swung 'Genie to the ground, and the two turned to face a rotund lady who was welcoming Sally warmly.

Jefferson turned to Radcliffe. "Come along, mister," he said. "Let's put them horses of yourn in the stable." He took the bridles of the girls' horses and started around the house.

"What's the matter with your horse?" he asked.

Radcliffe was following, leading Prince. "Lame!" he answered. "Hurt himself somehow. He's come a good way—a good way, Mr. Jefferson."

The old man turned his head and stared at Radcliffe through the darkness. "A good way," he echoed. "How fur?"

"From Washington to Richmond—and back again."

"Gosh! Are you sure on the right road?" Mr. Jefferson laughed, but his laughter was plainly forced.

"Quite sure, Mr. Jefferson. I give you Andrew Jackson's toast. The Federal Union——"

"It must and shall be preserved." The old man's voice grew firmer. "Good Lord," he breathed, "you've come at last!"

The next instalment of **"Sally Castleton, Southerner,"** will appear in the September number.

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Enough to Live On

by

ELIZABETH GANNON

ERNESTINE, a pretty, well-bred girl of eighteen, gets five dollars a week as a stock-girl in a Boston department store. All her relatives are dead, and her "home" is a furnished room, for which she pays $1.50 a week. She does her own laundering; goes without breakfast, or "eats a banana." For lunch she pays ten cents; sometimes fifteen. Her big meal is dinner. She pays twenty or twenty-five cents for that. Ernestine has been working and living alone for almost a year, and has never since she started to work had a meal that cost more than a quarter.

"She is just a child, and bewildered by facing life on five dollars a week. Terribly afraid of debt. Intelligent and clever."

This is a little story of real life. Not fiction, but fact. It is only one, chosen at random, from a Massachusetts commission's report on 15,278 women and girls at work to-day in that state. Here is another:

While Annie lived in a little tenement home with her father, two brothers, and an older sister, she got work as a bundle-girl at $2.50 a week. Her father died after a year and a half of illness. Within another year or two an accident had taken one brother, and tuberculosis the other brother and sister. The $2.50, her sole income, was helped along by poor neighbors, who took her in when the little home was broken up.

Annie is now working at a six-dollar-a-week rate in a department store, but her wage-card shows very irregular work, so that it averages only $3.20 a week. She says she pays $4.84 a week for her room and board. When asked how she paid more than she earned, she broke down and said:

"No girl can live on six dollars a week. No girl can get along on that. And it's lonely without any of your own people."

Piece out for yourself the tragedies hidden in these brief accounts. Then multiply it by hundreds for Massachusetts; by thousands for the rest of the country. And you will begin to hear the inexorable grinding of the modern industrial competitive machine. Or, better, get the report of the Massachusetts commission, and be convinced by the mere weight of facts.

But low wages are not confined to the work of women and children, nor to the workers in any one state. The greatest indictment against modern industrialism is the overwhelming evidence given by statistics that millions of men, as well as women and children, are working in cities and towns throughout the country *at less than living wages*. This means workers regularly employed and in average health. It means that these workers are receiving "less than the cost of maintaining themselves alive and in health."

What becomes of them?—of the thousands of workers who drop out every year, and of those who so promptly replace them, needing whatever work can be had at any price?

Charities often bridge the gap between wages and the money cost of keeping a human being alive. For the rest—hospitals, almshouses, insane asylums, prisons, degeneration in every manifestation.

In the meantime the work goes on. "Industry" prospers.

What should be done? Or, rather, what can be done?

When society finds out that, under conditions as they are now, employers can not be relied upon to grant all workers a living wage —enough to keep the worker alive and in health—then society should interfere and decree that no worker shall be paid less than a living wage. This is the minimum-wage idea.

The governor of Massachusetts, in May, 1911, appointed a commission to inquire into the wages of women and minors within

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the state. During the seven or eight months of its investigations it conferred with persons acquainted with industrial matters from every point of view. Employers of large forces, representatives of labor organizations, social workers familiar with the needs and lives of working people, all gave their help to the inquiry. Merchants and manufacturers helped substantially by giving access to pay-rolls and permission to consult with their employees.

Three industries of different types were chosen, that the information might be of the widest nature possible. Confectionery factories, retail or department stores, and laundries were decided upon as offering a variety of conditions. The candy-manufacturing business is a large Massachusetts industry, with interstate competition; the work of the department stores and laundries is non-manufacturing, with only local competition.

As a result of the mass of information and opinion gathered, the legislature has just passed a bill establishing a permanent Minimum Wage Commission in Massachusetts. The bill provides for a commission of three persons. Their duties and powers are to inquire into the wages paid to women and minors in any industry within the state, if there is reason to believe that the wages are too meager for the work done.

The way in which wage commissions work, where they are now in operation, is to establish wage boards for any industry in question. These boards are made up of an equal number of representatives of the employers and employees, and a chairman who belongs to neither party. When the wage board determines upon a rate below which employment shall not be contracted for, and the minimum wage commission endorses the judgment, it becomes illegal for an employer to pay less than that rate.

This will afford great relief in Massachusetts, where the supply of women and children who must work in order to exist is much larger than the number of places to be filled. The women and children are of course in a helpless position. They are eager to get anything to do, at whatever price is offered.

The same might be said of every unskilled laborer.

The idea of wage boards originated in Australia and New Zealand. The system was first adopted in 1896, and its popularity has increased every year since that time. A representative of the United States Department of Labor was sent to Australia in 1904 to study the working of the plan. He reported that of the thirty-eight wage boards in operation at that time, eleven had been created upon the application of employers.

He further stated that the better employers were eager to avail themselves of this legal protection from the competition of unscrupulous men in their own trades. When a fixed standard of wages, in any trade, is made legal, the undercutting of a sum decided upon by the board becomes an offense against the government. As such it is punishable by fine or imprisonment, exactly as any other law-breaking is punishable.

Labor reports of 1910 show that ninety-one wage boards had been created in Australia and New Zealand up to that time.

In that year, England borrowed the wage board system from Australia. The British Trades Board Act, as it is called, was made to apply immediately to four of the "sweat-shop industries," in which wages and working conditions are at the lowest ebb. Wholesale tailoring, box-making, lace-making, and chain-making were decided upon as the trades in greatest need of adjustment.

But there is no reason why the minimum wage should not be applied to all industries; and undoubtedly it will be. For employers are gradually awakening to the expediency and profit in *conserving* labor power—in keeping the worker well nourished, well housed, and happy in his work. In fact, they are beginning to feel that only by such concessions can they hope to stem the tide of recent labor disturbances.

The minimum-wage idea is, at present, being favorably considered by several important lawmaking bodies in our own country. The Ohio Constitutional Convention, at Columbus, adopted the measure on April 22; and hence it is to be a part of the proposed new Constitution of Ohio.

The Industrial Commission of Wisconsin has pledged itself to introduce a minimum wage board bill at every session of the legislature until it passes.

This minimum wage legislation will do as much as any other one reform to remove from us the indictment of being on the lowest rung of the ladder of social progress.

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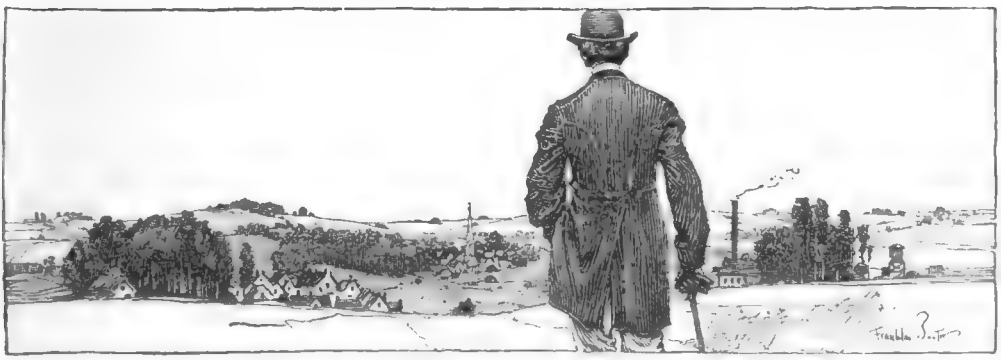
LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE



THE MAN WHO PLANTED THE HUNGRY-GRASS

BY RUTH SAWYER

CORPORATION DAN was dying.

Washington knew it. Senators and congressmen, heads of departments, even the attorney-general and the President himself, looked uncertainly into the future. They knew full well the man who had made them, and they speculated as to how far his death would count toward breaking them in the next campaign.

The men in his own works knew it; and as they went about the great sooty buildings, their faces black with smoke, their ears full of the roar of furnaces and the clanking of metal, they prophesied much concerning it. Some said it would bring better wages and more decent living; others said—worse.

The Great City knew it. Stocks dropped, life grew sluggish on "the Street," and bankers and brokers went about their business half-heartedly. Across the water cablegrams were registering the news in foreign papers; while a bitter, disappointed woman gave directions for her maid to pack, wondering indifferently if the next boat would bring her home in time.

Out of the thousands who feared, worried, prophesied, or wondered, there were just two who cared: a boy who waited in a far-away college town for the outgoing train, and an undersized, withered old Irishman who pushed his way against wind and sleet toward the house in which Corporation Dan lay dying.

Outside, reporters hovered like kites; not one had been admitted. For Corporation Dan ruled even in death.

It was dusk when the specialist closed the door behind him, the last words of the sick man still ringing uncomfortably in his ears. Then it was that the undersized old Irishman disentangled himself from the mob of reporters on the steps and laid a detaining hand on his arm:

"I'm wantin' to go to him," he said, jerking his thumb toward the house. "An' I'm thinkin' ye'll have to speak for me—to get me in."

"Who are you?"

"No one at all—but we were lads together yondther; an' it's a cruel thing for a man to be passin' alone."

The doctor hesitated for only a moment. "You are right," he said. "Come!" He wheeled about and rang the bell.

The reporters, watching in amazement, saw the back of the undersized stranger disappear inside the forbidden house.

In the sick-room Corporation Dan lay—his mind full of numberless things. He was without pain; only a great weariness and an inability to sort out his thoughts testified to his illness. He was glad he had made them set the clocks going again, glad he had told them all to make their usual

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noise about the house; the hushed whispers and quiet of those first days had been unbearable. He wanted the world to go on with its work just the same—it made his return to it seem more probable.

At the end of the day a feeling of loneliness and disability had overpowered him, and then it was that the iron entered his very soul. For the specialist had come in dinner dress; and there had been a tradition of long standing among those who knew him best that when he attended a case clothed thus there was not a fighting chance left. Corporation Dan had taken the thrust like a man; he held out a shaking hand, without wincing, and said grimly:

"Good-by. We are keeping different engagements to-night—you and I. Here's hoping we both find a welcome."

But when the doctor had gone he turned his face away and groaned; he—Corporation Dan—knew for the first time how bitter loneliness could be. Why could not the doctor have stayed? Why could not some one have come to lessen the burden of his loneliness? A man could live alone and live better so, for it meant no hindrance to his work; but who wanted to die alone? He did not hear the tread of feet on the stairs nor the whisper of voices at the door; but suddenly he was conscious of something which swung wide the gates of his memory and led him back—back——

"Danny—Danny lad!" A voice was saying it from somewhere far, far away.

He knew—he had forgotten the cattle again and they had strayed into the ripening corn. It was his father calling him to drive them out. No—that was in another country—his father was dead. He was Corporation Dan, a great man, and the voice was close beside him. He turned his head toward it and opened his eyes curiously.

"Danny lad, are ye not knowin' me?"

He looked perplexed. The undersized old man standing by his bedside was a stranger; but the voice he knew. His mind stumbled back past the years of his ladder-climbing and his growing power, and left him, a boy, on the steerage deck of an ocean liner with a young man beside him.

"It's Con," he said hesitatingly, and then more firmly: "It's Con McDougherty."

"Aye, that it is. I knew ye'd not be forgettin'—but it has been a long waitin', lad, an' a sad meetin' afther it."

"How did you know?"

The old Irishman drew a chair to the bedside and sat down. His face was an odd mixture of loving pride, sorrow, and tender pity.

"How was I knowin' it? Faith, I came up for to keep a promise I made to a little lad forty years ago. I was down at Battery Park when I heard them cryin' the extra."

"Curse them!" said Corporation Dan. "Can't they let a man die without howling?"

"'Tis a tribute to ye, lad. Are ye not proud of it?" And the faintest glimmer of a laugh crept into the old man's eyes. Then his face sobered, and he reached quietly across the bed to pat the hand of the sick man.

"Is it thrue—what they had in the papers—about the wife and childher bein' away from ye?"

The man nodded absently. His mind had slipped back to the past again. He was catching glimpses of gray days on an upland pasture with the moorland about him and the white ocean stretching away at his feet. He was remembering how tired and hungry he was when he tramped home afterward—almost as tired as he was now. He was seeing the crowded hearthside at night, the air thick with turf smoke, and the faces dim about him. Were they the faces of his father and mother and the small brothers and sisters? His mind groped for a minute. How foolish — they were the faces of his men at the works, black with furnace smoke.

And that reminded him—he must tell Patterson to cut down the men's wages; there would be a drop in the market, and it could be done safely without any danger of a strike. Once more his mind slipped, and he found himself back in his home-land. It was a clear, brave morning, and he was

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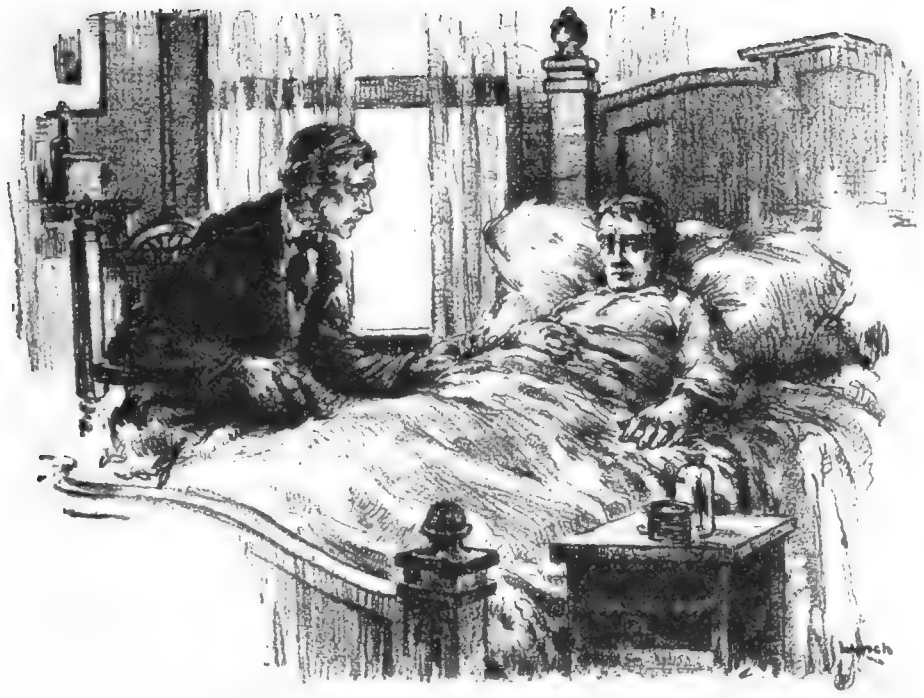

"YE'VE SOWN HUNGER FOR OTHER LADS YE MIGHT HAVE HELPED—YE'VE PLANTED IT ABOUT THE WEE HUTS O' YOUR WORKMEN."

climbing down the sand-dunes—an old, empty creel on his arm—on his way to the sea to hunt for cockles. He laughed.

"Con—do you remember the market-day at Donegal when we sold cockles, and took enough money between us to buy the cap we wanted in Hennessy's window? I think you wore it one Sunday to mass, and I the next."

"Aye, I mind it. 'Twas the cap ye wore comin' over."

"Did I? Seems to me we were to meet just a year from the day we landed—why didn't we?"

"I'm not knowin' what kept ye, Danny; but I was there—lookin' for ye."

Corporation Dan closed his eyes again, and thought back—hard. How well he remembered the morning they had landed; he, a raw, green boy of fifteen, and Con, a man ten years older. He had felt at first a terrifying sense of alienage and ignorance, which had made him cling closer to the man beside him. Then slowly, insistently, had come to him the throbbing vital noises of the Great City: the rumble of traffic in the streets, the jarring whir of machinery, the never-ending footsteps of people about him.

And out of these myriad noises had sounded the call of Power; it gripped him in an instant and bound him fast to the Great City. Never once in the succeeding years had he allowed any of the little senseless things of life to dull his ears to the call. Con had gone on to the small western farming town alone, after he had given him the half-hearted promise to meet him at the landing-place a year from that day. Then promise and friend had been speedily forgotten.

His ladder-climbing had taken comparatively few years; and throughout he had been dominated by two resistless ideas: to be legally honest in all his dealings, and to give no place in his life to sentiment. Softheartedness was an Irish failing which had ruined many a lad, and he had no use for it. So there had been safe, brilliant years at the top; and now, as they reviewed themselves before him, he glowed with exultation and pride. Yes—he had been a great man, and he would be remembered.

The man beside him spoke, as if he had been following the trail of his thoughts: "Ye have been a great man, Danny. Have ye been a happy one?"

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"Why not? I am dying one of the richest men over here."

"Aye, and one of the lonesomest." He said it under his breath, but the sick man heard and turned uneasily toward him.

"Why did you say that?"

"I was thinkin'—that was the why."

A silence fell between the two. The house had grown very still; the world outside seemed stopping. It oppressed the sick man.

"Open the windows—pull up the shades—I want air and noise. I want to hear the city—it's too still!"

The old man rose to do his bidding. As the wind scuttled in through the window it brought the rumble of a wagon with it.

"That's better," said Corporation Dan. "Things must not stop until—they have to." The next moment he turned impatiently to the man beside him. "Look here, Con, I have had what I wanted all my life. If—just at the last—I am missing anything—it has been more than paid for. Understand that. I haven't a single wish—" He broke off suddenly. "Yes, I have—just one. I'd like to see the boy. I'd like to give him the gold watch, in the drawer over there, that I bought for his birthday. Never had time to buy him a present—always gave him checks—much more sensible. But the boy is fond of me, and I'd like to have him get here in time."

He smiled; and then a look of great annoyance came into his face. "He must get here in time. He has too much of that damned Irish soft-heartedness, and it has got to be knocked out of him. Patterson will look after him; he will put a stop to any sentimental bosh at the works; still, I'd like to talk to him myself. Funny—his mother was like that at the beginning."

"Where is—his mother?" The old man asked it timidly.

"She's abroad—it's just as well she couldn't get here—we wouldn't have anything to say to each other." He paused for a moment; and then, strangely enough, he felt that he must explain. "You see," he went on slowly, "a man in my position doesn't marry for any foolish, sentimental reasons; he marries a woman who can look after the fashionable side of his life and do what the world expects. My wife has done all this, and she has never bothered my work."

"I don't suppose—" said the other, still timidly, "I don't suppose the two o' ye have spent a great number o' evenin's together by your hearthside—now?"

Corporation Dan almost laughed. "You haven't changed a whit, Con. You're as simple and as Irish as you were the day you came over."

"Aye? Well, lad, *that's* what I'm proud of."

The smile still softened the lips of the sick man. "Tell me," he said, "what have you made of these years?"

Con McDougherty rubbed his fingers nervously through his shock of gray hair, and thought for a moment. "It's what ye'd be callin' a failure. I've been naught but a gardener all my life—a gardener for a great man like ye. All these years that ye've been growin' grandther, I've been tendin' flowers."

"I remember," said Corporation Dan. "You were always foolish about flowers. Didn't you walk me over the moorland from dawn until dark one day just to find a little bit of white heather?"

"Aye. 'Twas the day afore we came away, an' I was huntin' it for Jenny."

The old man looked furtively at Corporation Dan as he spoke; but the sick man lay quietly with his eyes closed, and in a moment the other went quietly on:

"I mind my mother had the sayin' when I was born that she found me undther a primrose, I was always so daffy about the wee things. 'Tis long I've had the feelin' I belonged to them, somehow. I've planted so many generations o' them and brought them up—it makes ye fond o' them same as if they were humans. I've helped some as came up crooked—to straighten their backs, an' some as was sickly—to get strong. I've made my livin' by them these forty years—but I never crushed them doin' it."

This time Corporation Dan opened his eyes and looked sharply at the Irishman beside him; but he found nothing but simple kindliness in the face, and his thoughts went back to the things they had been talking of.

"Well," he said magnanimously, "every one can't succeed. Did you marry?"

"Aye. Jenny. I sent for her the second year I was over. 'Twas herself made me come to ye this night. I was for stayin'—'The lad's forgotten, an', what's more, he has small need o' me now,' I says, 'an' the journey will have the same endin' it's al-

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ways had.' But she answers—'Ye can never be tellin'. Ye keep your promise same as ye've been keepin' it.'"

"Do you mean to say—" and there was something very like consternation in the face of Corporation Dan—"you have been at Battery Park every year to meet me?"

"Aye, lad, every year."

"Then you were a fool—that's all. What possible need could I have of you?" And then he added brutally: "Why, I'd even forgotten your existence." Suddenly a thought swept everything else from his mind: "Didn't your Jenny have a younger sister—a pretty girl about my age?"

"Aye, an' ye forgot her along wi' the other things. Ye'd promised her ye'd bring her over when I sent for Jenny. 'Twas a lad's promise—I grant ye—but she held by it; an' the waitin', an' the watchin' Jenny go without her, broke her, just. She went, same as a harebell when the wind snaps it. Lad—lad—ye may have got power and money a-plenty—but ye've planted the hungry-grass along every bit o' road ye've thraveled."

"The hungry-grass! What do you mean by the hungry-grass?"

Con McDougherty leaned across the bed; the gentle kindliness was fading from his face, and in its place was growing a look of stern, unrelenting rebuke.

"Do ye not mind the tale o' the hungry-grass? Ye had it from your mother as I had it from mine. Every Donegal lad hears it when he goes to herd the cattle for the first time on the upland pasthures. The mother tells it as she bakes the bannock he carries wi' him for the noonday meal. 'Mind,' says she, 'that ye be not greedy in eatin' an' forget to scatter the crumbs for the faery people; else, when ye have gone, they will make the hungry-grass spring up. An' every man and woman and child that follow your way will brush it wi' their feet, and they will feel the hunger your greed has planted afther ye.' Are ye not mindin' the tale?"

"No!" And anger brought a last sudden flood of strength to Corporation Dan. He raised himself on an elbow and pointed a shaking finger at the other. "How dare you call my success greed? By what right do you say I have made others suffer—what do you know of my life?"

"I know—I know—" and truth spoke unerringly and without fear. "'Twas your greed for the power and the money that made ye forget the home-land, an' the promises ye left behind there. Hunger ate out the hearts of two I mind: your lass, and your mother. Ye've taken everything to yourself; and ye've left never a crumb for any one. An' that's but the beginnin'. Ye've sown hunger for other lads ye might have helped, for the shopkeepers and the thradesmen your corporations have killed. Ye've planted it close about the wee huts o' your workmen, till the air is heavy wi' it, an' the faces o' their childher are pinched wi' it."

"I'M NOT KNOWIN' THE MEANIN' OF IT," HE SAID STUPIDLY.

The stature of the undersized old man seemed to grow and grow, until he towered above the bed like an accusing angel, with an invisible but mighty flaming sword.

"I've heard there were good men your power put out o' work. I've heard there were good laws your hand kept others from makin'—an' that's not all of it. Ye have

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planted the hungry-grass for the woman ye married without love, and for the son ye never fathered."

The sick man sank back exhausted on his pillow: "It's not true," he said thickly. "None of it's true."

"Aye, it is thrue—and ye know it. Moreover, there's a bit left to the tale, an' that's thrue, too. The man who plants the hungry-grass crosses it himself—once—afore he dies; an' then he learns the taste o' hunger—the hunger o' loneliness—for the things he never had."

"Curse ye," said Corporation Dan, the speech of the new world slipping from him. "An' curse this night that brought ye wi' your bitter tongue to trouble a dyin' man. I was passin' peacefully till ye came."

"Ye were not—" and then the old man's face softened, and all the simple, gentle humanity showed in it again. "Forgive me, Danny lad, I was not thinkin' of ye this once, but of the lad to come afther ye—an' the words ye said about him. Don't ye take his heart from him till ye are sure of havin' somethin' betther to leave."

"You'd better go," said the nurse beside him; and Corporation Dan repeated after her weakly: "Yes—go—and remember—I am dying content—absolutely content."

At the door the old man turned. "Good-by," he said, "good-by, and good luck—" and he passed slowly out of the room.

But Con McDougherty did not leave the house. Something held him, and he stood a long time in the hall below, fumbling with the buttons of his coat, bewildered and uncertain.

Then steps sounded above him; and in a moment the nurse came down holding a small leather case in her hand.

"He's gone?" he asked tremulously.

"Yes—a few minutes ago. But he sent this to you—" and the nurse gave the small case into the old man's hard hand.

He opened it. It was a gold watch. "I'm not knowin' the meanin' of it," he said stupidly.

"He said—you were to wait here until his son came, and then to give him that. I think his mind must have been wandering, for he said—you were to tell the boy about the hungry-grass."

The lips of Con McDougherty quivered as he closed the case. "I'll wait," he said softly, "an' I'll tell the tale to the lad."

THE JOY OF BATTLE

BY ARTHUR R. ANDRÉ

"WHITEY" COLLINS popped his head out of the galley door like a frightened rabbit. He saw Jules, the Frenchman, standing beside the forecastle steps, with a short-barreled gun raised to his shoulder, and he guessed that the shot had been fired at Macdonald, the second engineer. Then he heard the captain running out of his cabin, and, a moment later, there was another "barking" detonation, a pale jet of flame from the leveled weapon—and he drew his head in again. But as he did so he saw the captain clutch at his breast and fall forward on the deck, and he remembered that he himself was the only other man on board. A cold sweat broke out all over him.

He didn't understand it. He knew that the Frenchman had been kept aboard that day for punishment, while the rest of the crew were permitted to go ashore; that the man had been looked upon with suspicion ever since he had shipped at Honolulu; that he was believed to be an escaped convict from the settlements of New Caledonia—and he had heard of sailors running amuck before. . . . He gazed helplessly around the galley, noting unconsciously one familiar object after another—the little nickel watch, which he had brought on board with him at San Francisco and which pointed to half-past five; the vegetable-knife, lying on the table in front of him; the coal-box, with its greasy wooden cover; and the pot of potatoes that was just beginning to boil.

The Frenchman—big, lumbering, malevolent—was doubtless advancing toward him along the port side of the ship. . . . If he made a dash for it and tried to hide himself in some other part of the ship, he would be caught like a rat in a trap. If he ran to the side and jumped overboard, the sharks

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would get him. His heart pounded unsteadily against his ribs, and he felt physically sick.

A gust of wind blew in through the galley door, plastering his wet shirt against his body, and the chill of the contact revived him. He had read somewhere that a knife, at close quarters, was more to be dreaded than a gun; and as he glanced at the weapon on the table, convenient to his hand, the plan occurred to him of stealing around the front of the deck-house to take the Frenchman by surprise. . . . Or he might lead the man a chase around the vessel, dodging in and out among the bales of merchandise, till he could possess himself of the dead captain's gun. . . . Which should he do? . . . He almost laughed aloud. It was as if some other self in him jeered at him as he asked himself the question; for he well knew that he would do neither one nor the other; and at thought of the captain, lying dead on the deck, the nausea seized him again.

And so it had always been. He had always sickened at the sight of blood, even if it was only from a cut finger. This was in part constitutional; but the tendency was fostered by his upbringing. He had never known his parents: he had been "reared" by an elderly maiden aunt—his only surviving relative—in a little village in Pennsylvania; and the old lady had taught him to be self-sacrificing and forgiving, and had shielded him from every possible ill. She chose his amusements for him, and kept him from contact with "rough" boys; she read to him passages from the lives of the saints, holding them up to him as models for him to emulate; she taught him how to sew, and to wash dishes, and to cook—treating him more as a girl than as a boy.

Yet, curiously enough, and in spite of this handicap, a desire for adventure had grown up in him; and when his aunt died, and left him, at the age of fourteen, to shift for himself, he set out manfully in quest of it. He drifted from city to city, and from state to state, working his way across the continent to San Francisco. There he got a job in the kitchen of a sailors' boarding-house—where he could watch the vessels passing in and out of the Golden Gate—and when he learned, one day, that there was a chance to ship as cook on a British tramp steamer that was lying in the bay, he eagerly embraced the opportunity. But wherever he went, he took his peaceful philosophy with him. He didn't want to fight. He didn't believe in fighting. He couldn't see any sense or pleasure in it.

Now he perceived that he must fight if he valued his life, whether he wanted to or not—and he gazed helplessly again around the little galley.

Captain Bates never avoided a fight. Captain Bates had a wife and children dependent upon him at home; yet at the first sound of trouble he had rushed out of his cabin, gun in hand, to do what he conceived to be right. Macdonald, the second engineer, never avoided a fight. He had a record as a fighter; he had fought off pirates in the China seas. And the crew, every man of them, were fighters.

Whitey Collins had often looked down on them from the heights of his own moral superiority, but now he envied them; for in a world of stress and struggle and unexpected dangers—which was the world he lived in — they were the more fitted to survive. He was a visionary, a reader of books, and he had carried his doctrine of non-resistance to aggression to foolish lengths. Now, in the emergency that confronted him, he was helpless. And for the first time in his life he saw himself as others must see him. He was a coward.

He glanced again at the watch hanging on the wall in front of him and saw that it still pointed to half-past five. It had stopped. No, for he could hear it ticking. The thing was unbelievable: the watch was still going, and it still pointed to half-past five; and while he wondered vaguely how this could possibly be, he listened in an agony of apprehension for the Frenchman's steps. "Perhaps Jules has taken off his shoes and is stalking me barefooted," he thought. The suspense became unbearable at last, and he stole quietly to the starboard door of the galley and looked out. The second engineer was still sitting on the forward hatch, with his back to the forecastle; but his face was deathly pale, and a tiny stream of blood was trickling down his beard and dripping to the deck.

"The Frenchman fired at him first," the cook verified his first impression, and drew in his head again. "Then he shot the captain. Now he is coming along the port side of the deck for me; and, afterward, he will go back and finish the engineer, lower

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a boat over the side, and row himself ashore."

Whitey was furious now. It was monstrous that the perpetrator of such a crime should be permitted to escape. But he was angry with himself most of all. Captain Bates and the second engineer had been taken unawares and had no opportunity to defend themselves. But he had. He had been forewarned. And he had youth on his side, and ingenuity.

But something more than youth and ingenuity was needed in the present emergency. Courage was needed, decisiveness, presence of mind—qualities which he knew that he did not possess; for he had chosen rather to be absent-minded, indecisive, and weak. And he had thrown dust in his own eyes. Not only was he a coward, but he had rejoiced in his cowardice, he had made a virtue of his cowardice—and he deserved no better fate. . . . Suddenly he grew cool and collected. It was as if the other self in him had taken control—the self that had mocked at him and upbraided him—and he knew now that if a plan occurred to him to outwit the big Frenchman, he should undertake it.

He gazed again around the little galley—at the watch, which still pointed inexplicably to half-past five; at the vegetable-knife, lying on the table in front of him; at the coal-box, with its greasy wooden cover, and the pot of potatoes that was bubbling on the stove. . . . Perhaps the Frenchman was playing with him as a cat plays with a mouse! . . . A few minutes before, the thought would have thrown him into a frenzy of fear; now it served only to stimulate his mind. Plan after plan occurred to him in quick succession, to be as quickly rejected. Then his glance lighted again on the pot of potatoes, and he smiled.

He reached out his hand and slid the port door of the galley shut. Then, as he heard the Frenchman approaching, he picked up the pot by its two handles, ran noiselessly to the starboard side of the vessel, and threw it overboard. He was back in the galley again by the time the pot struck the water.

Had the assassin seen him?—if so, his ruse had failed. But, no, he could hear the man running across the deck—he had heard the splash, and had taken it for granted that "Whitey" had jumped overboard in a panic of fear. Whitey Collins smiled grimly. He no longer recognized himself. He was bent slightly forward, in an attitude of attention, with his arms held loosely at his sides, while his fingers opened and shut mechanically. All his senses were alert; his heart was beating steadily, and he took deep drafts of air into his lungs, as he unconsciously prepared himself for the struggle—for he was going to fight!

And as he listened to the Frenchman's hurried progress across the deck, every second was freighted richly with new and glorious emotions. His brows were drawn together in a slight frown; his chin was thrust out at an aggressive angle; and a new light shone in his eyes, as he slowly turned his head. Then he tiptoed to the open galley door.

Jules was peering over the side, with the gun held loosely in his right hand. Whitey poised himself lightly in the doorway of the galley, watching. Presently, the Frenchman's suspicions must have been aroused, or perhaps he caught sight of the pot of potatoes sinking into the sea, for he turned with a sudden snarl of rage. Two little reddish-brown eyes, set close together, gazed menacingly into the pair of light-gray ones that as fiercely returned the stare.

Then the cook launched himself.

So swiftly he sped across the deck, and so great was the impetus of his rush, that he flattened his opponent helpless against the rail. His left hand went to the Frenchman's throat, his right hand gripped the man's knee, his right foot was planted on the deck, well out behind him—as he tried to force the assassin's head back over the side—while the Frenchman, taken by surprise, could only brace his elbows against the rail. This prevented him from using his hands—one of which was encumbered with the gun—but he was half again as big as his young assailant, and he was well content to let the struggle resolve itself into a contest of strength.

A mocking smile flickered over the man's evil face, as his head inched slowly forward. .

Whitey Collins felt his foot slipping back over the smooth deck. He could feel the man's hot breath upon his cheek; could see the yellow, uneven, tobacco-stained teeth that were angrily bared at him; and could see right into the crafty little red-brown eyes. Cruel they were, and relentless, quite unused to giving or expecting

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quarter; and as Whitey Collins looked into their wicked depths, fear clutched at him again. . . . If he had only had sense enough to stay ashore! he mentally bewailed himself. If he had never given way to the impulse to go in search of adventure!

Then his other self came to the front again: Better, a thousand times, to die fighting, as Captain Bates had done, and as he was doing, than to beg for the boon of life from such a wretch—and he gazed as implacably as ever into the fierce little red-brown eyes. . . . His foot ceased slipping.

He couldn't believe it at first; but his foot had found a purchase against a bolt in the deck; and he made another desperate effort to force back the Frenchman's head. The malevolent little eyes still glowered at him derisively; the coarse, misshapen lips were still parted in a mocking grin; but the man's head no longer moved forward. . . . Nor did it move back, try as he might to force it. . . . Well, he had lost! There was a ringing in his ears; everything went blurred before him; the little red-brown eyes were burning into his own like coals of fire; and the hateful, leering face was inching forward again.

The Frenchman would murder him, as he had murdered the captain, and as he would afterward murder the second engineer; then he would lower away a boat and escape to the shore. The thought was maddening!

Whitey Collins had never known hate before—blind, unreasoning hate—but now he knew it, and the strength that comes with it. Æons of softening civilization fell away from him in that elemental moment: he no longer thought of saving himself; he wanted to destroy his enemy. His vision cleared again. He forced back the Frenchman's head. He saw the mocking smile die out of the little red-brown eyes, to be succeeded by a look of fear and pain.

Then, using the top of the bulwarks as a fulcrum, he suddenly shifted the grip of his right hand and swung the man over the side. The Frenchman's hand shot out to seize his throat, missed it, and caught the sleeve of his shirt. But here, too, Fate was against the murderer; for the garment was old and thin, and the flimsy fabric came away in his hand.

He sank straight down, and the cook caught a fleeting glimpse of him, still clutching the gun in his right hand and the fragment of torn shirt-sleeve in his left. Then a wave broke against the side of the ship, dimpling the sea with spray and making of its surface a myriad-faceted reflector, and when the regular swell succeeded it the man had disappeared. Something was going on in the oily depths. Weird, fantastic shapes formed and dissolved and formed again, and a big bubble of air rose to the surface and burst. Then another wave dashed against the side of the vessel—and that was all. . . . Whitey Collins raised his eyes with a sigh of relief and looked about him.

The sun was still shining in the heavens where he had last seen it; all around him were the dancing, twinkling waves; overhead, the blue sky—yet it seemed to him that he was coming back to a world that he had left ages before. One of the ships in the harbor told off three bells; and as the sound came to him softly sweet across the water, he remembered the little nickel watch, hanging in the galley, that had pointed to half-past five. And it was two minutes fast, he remembered.

Then the sound of oars in rowlocks broke upon his ears, as a boat rounded the stern of the vessel with a part of the ship's crew, and he wondered what the men would have to say when they came aboard.

Other boats were putting off from the shore, to investigate the cause of the shooting; and as Whitey Collins took in all these details, a deeper insight into things was vouchsafed to him. He perceived the necessity of struggle—he saw that conflict was as much a part of the cosmic process as cooperation—and that any other kind of universe was inconceivable.

He understood himself better. And he understood his shipmates better. Coarse, primitive creatures they were, hard-drinking, loud of speech, men who fought for the sheer love of fighting; yet they were not so alien to him as they were before, for he, too, had tasted of the joy of battle—and, squaring his shoulders and holding his head erect as this new conception of himself and of the world took possession of him, he went forward to do what he could for the second engineer.

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STRAIGHT TALK

SOME POSERS FOR THE SINGLE-TAXERS

There was a very interesting article on the single tax in the April EVERYBODY'S, but there were some statements in it about which I would like to ask questions.

It says: "For land values, as you must clearly see, are not created by anything except the occupation of the land by the people." What does "created" mean? What are "land values," and in just what way does the mere "occupation of the land by the people" "create" them? Can't the idea be made a little clearer?

Again it says: "And Henry George's notion was that society is entitled to take for community purposes as much as it needs of the values it has itself created." You know Henry George said that there are, primarily, just two factors in the production of wealth—land and labor. Here is one of Henry George's statements: "When we speak of labor creating wealth, we speak metaphorically. Man creates nothing. The whole human race, were they to labor forever, could not create the tiniest mote that floats in a sunbeam—could not make this rolling sphere one atom heavier or one atom lighter. In producing wealth, labor, with the aid of natural resources, but works up, into the forms desired, pre-existing matter, and to produce wealth must therefore have access to this matter and to these forces—that is to say, to land." Doesn't the metaphorical use of "created" befog the subject?

If these land values are wealth, produced by the community, and production consists in labor applied to land, in what respect can the mere "occupation of the land by the people" be considered as labor applied to land? And what is the form and substance of these "land values" thus produced? Can they be taken, as wheat or potatoes are, in sacks?

The article says: "*Of course* these prosperous and prominent citizens who are collecting the values created by society don't want the single tax." "Of course" we know that farmers do not turn their wheat over to the tax-collector; but they *do* turn it over to some one in order to get the money they hand to the official. That is, the taxpayer has to give up something tangible, so that, so far as the taxpayer is concerned, the payment might as well have been made in kind as in cash. What is the nature of these "values?"

WHAT DOES VALUE LOOK LIKE?

Again the article says: "'Where are the revenues to come from, then?' you ask. *From the values society has created, rather than the values created by individual industry.* Owners of vacant town lots who are 'holding for a rise' will be called upon to give up a larger share of the socialized value of their property." Remembering that "created" is metaphorical, we will bear in mind that "produced" is meant. What is the nature of these "values" the production of which is distinct from individual production? In what way does society produce anything without involving individual production? What is the difference between "socialized" value and unsocialized value?

Again it says: "They will have to pay, not only on the value of the lands society permits them to occupy, but on the actual value of their franchises—values directly created by society." If labor applied to land produces all wealth, what kind of wealth is this "value of the lands society permits them to occupy"? How does society "directly" produce the value of their

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franchises"? And what kind of products are these values of franchises—what do they look like; of what do they consist?

When the writer says, "His doctrine, carried to its logical limit, would take from every landowner every year the entire increase in value of his land—the 'economic' rent," doesn't that make "value of land" synonymous with "economic rent"? Is it? Henry George said: "Rent, in short, is the share in the wealth produced which the exclusive right to the use of natural capabilities gives to the owner." And again: "...rent—the price that labor must pay for the opportunity to utilize its powers." And the single-tax national platform says it is a payment "for permission to use" natural resources. In what sense is this "created by the community"?

Again: "...as soon as the people discover that there is still a legitimate tax value left in the land after the ordinary county and state requirements have been met . . ." What kind of a product (of labor applied to land) is that "tax value left in the land"?

In conclusion I quote: "To the thoroughgoing single-taxer one of the beauties of the plan of taking all the unearned increment is that it will enable society to do so many things for the common good that it can not do under present conditions." What is here meant by "unearned increment"? Products of labor? If society does more "things for the common good," will not that still further increase land values? And then there will be another "tax value left in the land"? And by spending it for still more "things for the common good," still more land values will result? Where's the end of the chain? When society finally does everything, and there is not only nothing left for the individual to do, but nothing more for society to do, what will it do with the last—and largest—instalment of land values?

ROBBING THE ROBBERS?

Doesn't this "land value" seem to be a sort of will-o'-the-wisp? Do you get a real grip on the idea of the nature of the thing—what it is, how it is made, what it is like, and how it differs from other things? Can't some one clear up this fog for us?

If the single tax "boosts" land values—as they say it does in Vancouver—how does that help the landless laborer? Henry George said: "For the right to the produce of labor can not be enjoyed without the right to the free use of the opportunities offered by nature. . . . When non-producers can claim as rent a portion of the wealth created by producers, the right of the producers to the fruits of their labor is to that extent denied." How can the single tax make natural opportunities free when it consists in taking rent from non-producers who have previously taken it from producers? Isn't there some form of land tenure that will actually *free* natural resources, so that the users of those resources will not have to pay anything for permission to use—or for access to—them? Doesn't the single tax look like robbing the robbers, rather than stopping robbery?

PUZZLED.

IT'S OVER ON THE JERSEY SIDE

What *is* the explanation?

In company with about two thousand other automobile owners, I live on Staten Island. The Standard Oil Company, as you know, has a refinery directly opposite on the Jersey shore at Bayonne, and, I am informed, runs a pipe line to Staten Island. Yet while gasoline retails, in 100-gallon lots, for 14 cents in Connecticut, and 11 cents in Montclair, N. J., we on Staten Island are paying 17 cents.

The Texas Company, a competitor (?), also opposite on the Jersey shore, will furnish us a certain grade of gasoline for 14 cents. Unfortunately, there is no competition, for the use of this liquid is no economy.

S. I., New York. C. E. F.

THAT MICHIGAN FLAVOR

I have just been reading the article in the June number, by Carlyle Ellis, entitled "Out in the Orchard." First, I want to say that it is splendidly written from the standpoint of the author's ability at word pictures; but I also want, in behalf of all fruit growers in Michigan, to protest because Mr. Ellis failed to mention even that we were a fruit-growing state.

For the past ten years, at least, we have proved to thousands of people that we have the "fruit with flavor," and the whole country knew of the wonderful show that was held in Chicago and then in Grand Rapids last fall, and in all the great cities of this state. And then our Western Michigan Development Bureau has been carrying on an advertising campaign through Indiana, Illinois, and Ohio this last season. It was through the efforts of our Board of Trade that this Development Bureau was organized four years ago, and it has grown to have a country-wide reputation.

We do say that the people of the West have gotten the matter down fine, in the way they take care of their products; and we can learn many things from them. But this we say too—and will back it up with the goods—that we have the FLAVOR that is found only in the Michigan fruit.

To show you what our people are doing I am sending you under separate cover some of the literature that we are putting out.

This Development Bureau is now planning one of the finest and largest shows in the

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history of the state, to be given in Grand Rapids in November under the auspices of the Grand Rapids Board of Commerce. Keep this in mind!

The different orchard companies and development bureaus last year distributed over 700,000 pieces of literature.

M. B. HOLLEY, Sec'y Board of Trade,
Traverse City, Mich.

WANTED—MORE FLICKINGERS

When I opened your covers yesterday and discovered that Bessie Hoover had come back, bringing some of the members of the Flickinger family with her, I could have shouted with joy.

I have known the family ever since Opal took care of Butch and the twins so that Mandy and Jule could go to see the Dog-Show parade; and the acquaintance ripened into a lasting friendship. I have often wanted to shake little Butch until his teeth chattered, but I was so glad to see him yesterday that I forgave his past meannesses and could have embraced him.

I am devoted to every member of the family. They are as real to me as my next-door neighbors. So please, Miss Hoover, bring us word soon again of Pa and Ma Flickinger and oblige

El Paso, Tex., S. M. H.

BUT THEY'RE NOT ALL DEAD YET

This is to say that Hood River very much appreciates the nice things said about her in the recent article by Carlyle Ellis, entitled "Out in the Orchard."

This article gives us the chance to say something that is on our mind about your attitude toward accepting "Land Advertisements."

All kinds of people visit this beautiful valley, looking for what they may find. Many of these people are in earnest, looking for what we really have to offer—a beautiful location for a home, and a place that at the same time gives them an opportunity to make a handsome living, and do it out-of-doors among a very fine class of people. These are welcome, and we like to show them what we have.

Then there is another kind, two of whom recently visited this office. They were glad they came to Hood River, they said, because they knew it was headquarters for apples, and as they were looking for an investment, they felt here was the place to learn what apple culture was and what the science of it amounted to.

So they bought 5,000 acres of land in another part of Oregon—wheat land, to be explicit: not land adapted to apple raising—and are going back to form a company, and offer the tract in small parcels of ten and twenty acres to future orchardists, at a small payment down, and a little per month—"your own orchard in four years," etc., etc. If they plant this stuff to orchards and try to sell it, it is a sure shot it will never be sprayed, because water is so hard to get to this place that it would be necessary to haul it ten miles.

It is wrong that they should try to sell this land for this purpose, and it is to EVERYBODY'S credit that they can not offer it through your pages.

Another instance: A New Hampshire corporation sends inquiry to Oregon, saying they are in the market for 1,000 acres of logged-off land suitable for fruit raising. Investigation proves that they do want the 1,000 acres, but at a price near $1.00 per acre. Their proposition includes a "back to the farm" movement in Oregon, California, Florida, New York, and Texas, if they can find lands cheap enough to afford to pay for the advertising necessary to sell them. They will offer these lands at $2.00 down and $2.00 per month until paid for.

It is impossible for them to find anything in Hood River valley anywhere near either in size or price what they must have, so they will get something that is "just as good as Hood River," it is presumed.

The point of the apple business is this: Apples are one of the hardest things on earth to raise. Apples are raised where it has been *proven* they can be raised. Promoters have taken the success of Hood River, which has made Oregon famous for apples, to mean that any place in Oregon can raise the same kind. They are finding lots of suckers, and these suckers will in the end be awful sore on Oregon. This will do Oregon no good.

We have invited people to come and make Hood River their home, for we have much to offer them; but our invitation is "come and see it with your own eyes; investigate personally; go and look at the other places that 'can' raise apples; make your comparison; BUT DON'T buy land by mail; or without seeing it."

I read "The Porcupine Trap" last winter and wished at the time that you might present an article that would reach the class of "developers" spoken of above.

R. E. SCOTT, Secretary, Hood River Commercial Club, Hood River, Ore.

A DEMOCRAT IN HARVARD?(!)

Mr. Macauley has done some clever pictures for the "Insurgents" article; but you shouldn't have printed the one which represents Bryan among the politically defunct. That is a degree of inaccuracy which one doesn't expect to see in such a carefully edited publication as yours.

Weld Hall, Cambridge, Mass., J. E. D.

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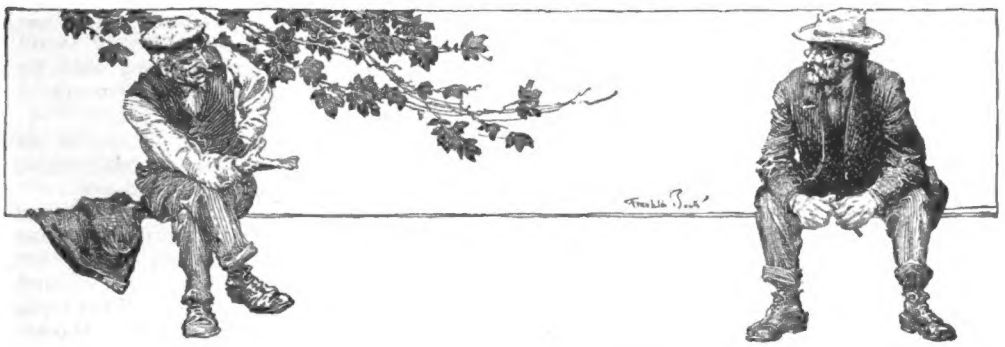

UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

An Englishman went to Paris, where he stayed for some time. When he returned to his home a friend asked him how he had liked France.

"A beastly country," he replied, "perfectly beastly. They know nothing there. They don't even know how to talk. Why, they call bread '*pain!*'"

"But," his friend said, "that is the French word for bread."

"Oh, I know that. But *why* should they call it that? It really *is bread*, you know."

At the bidding of the school board in a Missouri town, a physician visited the local school. He examined the eyes of the children. The teacher next day sent a note to the mother of one pupil, saying that he was "not perfect optically." The following day Johnny brought back a reply to the teacher which read:

"The old man whaled Johnny last night and I took a hand at him this morning, and I think you will find him all right now."

The man with the St. Vitus's dance and the man who stammered went out to shoot sparrows. The man who stammered had the first shot, but failed to bring down a single bird. He handed the gun to his companion, saying:

"You t-t-try your l-l-luck."

With many contortions and spasmodic movements the nervous one took aim and, to the utter astonishment of both, brought down a bird. The stammerer gazed at him in silence for a minute and then remarked:

"N-n-n-no w-wonder you k-k-killed a s-s-sparrow. Y-you aimed all o-o-over the whole d-d-damned t-t-tree."

When a potential lawyer seeks advice on the art of cross-examination, it is usually condensed into one word, "Don't!" A lecturer who believes that there are exceptions to the rule is Professor Hoehling, of Georgetown, and in support of his view he tells the following:

In a case of some importance, it was necessary to establish that one of the parties reached home on a particular night in a rather mellow condition. His valet, George, was put on the stand, and denied that his master had ever been intoxicated. On cross-examination he was asked:

"What did Mr. Smith do when he reached home?"

"He jus' went right to bed, sah."

"Did he have anything to say to you?"

"Nothin' much, sah."

"Well, now, tell us just what he did say."

"Well, he says 'Good night, Geo'ge.'"

"And he said nothing else?"

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"Well—" very reluctantly—"he says, 'Call me early, Geo'ge.'"

"And didn't he say anything besides 'Good-night, George, call me early'?"

"Well, sah, then he says, ''cause I'm to be Queen o' the May.'"

An Irishman entered a ticket-office one day and inquired what the fare was to Chicago.

"Ten dollars," said the clerk. "But," he added, "we are making a special rate. By buying a round-trip ticket you can get it for fifteen dollars."

The Irishman looked puzzled. "A round-trip?"

"Yes," said the clerk, "a round trip to Chicago and back."

"Well," said Pat, "what do I want to come back for, when I am already here?"

Esther, the old family servant, was sitting in the kitchen, with her feet propped up on a chair, when the daughter of the house entered, and, impressed with the large size of the old woman's feet, asked her what size shoe she wore.

"Well, Miss Edith," replied Esther, "I kin wear eights. I giner'lly wear nines. Dese yer I 's got on now am twelves, an' de good Lawd knows dey hu'ts me!"

Smith and Jones were discussing the question of who should be head of the house—the man or the woman.

"I am the head of my establishment," said Jones. "I am the bread-winner. Why shouldn't I be?"

"Well," replied Smith, "before my wife and I were married we made an agreement that I should make the rulings in all major things, my wife in all the minor."

"How has it worked?" queried Jones.

Smith smiled. "So far," he replied, "no major matters have come up."

George Ade says that when he was a cub reporter with a very small salary, he had just one asset that enabled him to tide over the period in every week when poverty seemed to be staring him in the face.

The asset was a handsome gold watch, a keepsake of his college days in Indiana. Tuesday was pay-day at the newspaper office where he worked. When Friday arrived, Ade would be broke, and he would take his watch over to a pawnshop. He would obtain five dollars on it, and by being extremely careful he would manage to worry along until the next pay-day. Then he would hurry over to the pawnbroker's and release his watch.

Finally, after this had been going on for many months, he received an advance in pay and no longer found it necessary to pawn.

One afternoon, about ten years afterward, Mr. Ade was accosted in State Street by a man whom he recognized as the old pawnbroker, now a prosperous jeweler.

"Hello, George," he cried. "What's the matter nowadays? I never see you. Did you lose that watch?"

Mike got a job moving some kegs of powder, and, to the alarm of his foreman, was discovered smoking at his work.

"Je-ru-salem!" exclaimed the foreman. "Do you know what happened when a man smoked at this job some years ago? There was an explosion that blew up a dozen men."

"That couldn't happen here," returned Mike calmly.

"Why not?"

" 'Cause there's only you and me," was the reply.

Among a large number of amusing letters received by David Belasco was the following:

"VENEERED SIR:

"Wishing to go on the stage, would like to join your forces. Have been a bricklayer for five years, but having failed in this branch, have decided to take up acting, the same being easier work. I am not young, but six foot in my stocking feet. Have studied elocution and am fond of late hours."

The bishop grasped the purser's arm with a gentle, ecclesiastical pressure.

"I would explain to you," he began, "that I am very much pleased with my roommate. That is, I find him a gentleman in every respect, and I wouldn't have you think—er—my coming to you with these valuables is—er—any reflection upon him, you know. His appearance is—er—in every way——"

"Oh, that's all right," interrupted the purser. "The gentleman has been to me with his own valuables, and he says the very same things about you."

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Everybody's Magazine
Trumbull White Managing Editor
Published by The RIDGWAY COMPANY
Erman J Ridgway President
Ray Brown Sec'y and Treasurer
Robert Brotherhood Adv. Manager

SPRING AND MACDOUGAL STREETS NEW YORK CITY

With EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

THIS is one of the very best of times for us to take a look at ourselves—us Americans who have spent a delectable campaign season picking out candidates from whom to choose a President for the next four years. It's a good thing to do almost any time. We have never overdone it yet. In fact, we Americans always seem too busy to get a perspective on ourselves, individually or collectively. We do that on others.

Just now there are some very pertinent points worth regarding. They might be lumped together as political paradoxes.

A paradox is something more than a whimsical bit of involved logic or a joke that seems to contradict itself. Sometimes it is a national attitude of mind. We have seen examples in that type of hero-worship which sets us all hysterical with applause when some big man does a big thing that we approve, and equally hysterical with rage when a little later he does something that we don't like. We want human creatures for companions—or for Presidents—but we don't want to allow them a human percentage of error.

That's a paradox. As a national attitude of mind, it's a lack of intelligence.

Whether it comes to politicians and candidates and campaigns, or to Presidents and Congresses, the paradox is always to be found.

For instance:

We all agree that the ideal President, besides his other equipment, should be a modest man, a man of humility in the high sense of the word, realizing his responsibilities and thirsting for the strength and wisdom to become the truest servant of his country. Such a man would leave to others the discovery and the exploitation of his worth and the distinguished things he has done.

Actually, such a man rarely becomes President. The office nowadays does not seek the man; and the man who seeks the office has no time to be coy or to bridle shyly when some one mentions it. He has to talk about his own qualities and distinctions with an eye to the main chance; he has to blow his own horn.

A paradox. But whose fault is it?

We dislike car-tail campaigning trips, the hippodrome junketing of candidates up and down the country. But we insist upon our right to meet face to face the man who may be President, to hear his voice, judge his personality. And the country is a big one, the people far apart. So the candidate must do the very thing we criticize.

THE TRAVELING PRESIDENT

We wish the President, whoever he is, would stay at home and tend to his business, which is our business, instead of going a-visiting east and west and north and south. But we all want to get acquainted with the man we send to Washington, and we all invite him, hither and yon, to go everywhere and make speeches about everything under the sun.

No town criticizes him for accepting its invitation. Only for accepting the invitations of others.

We always want a strong President. One who knows what he wants when he wants it. One who will "put things through." Then when we get a strong President who puts things through, we criticize him for

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this very quality and accuse him of encroaching upon Congress. Or upon the courts.

And if he merely recommends legislation, with no follow-up punch, he gets blamed just the same.

That's a paradox, too.

Every one of us is always ready to stand up in the meeting and deplore the use of money in campaigns. Yet how could elections be carried on without it? One United States senator recently tried to get along without it—to his defeat and sorrow.

What we mean is, we object to the *corrupt* use of money. But we usually find the other fellow guilty of that. And who shall say at what point a legitimate sum becomes corrupting, in size; or in use?

We deplore "the machine" and the professional politicians. But mighty few of us bestir ourselves to take a hand in the task of overthrowing them. Indeed, we don't even undertake that part of the work which has a color of the legitimate—the means of getting out voters, preparation of lists of challengers and watchers, and an infinite lot of purely clerical work attached to legitimate party organization.

One reason the professional politician runs the machine is that he stays on the job. In that sense he is efficient. He has learned the business. If we don't like the politicians, who are a sort of self-perpetuating board of directors, we, the rest of the stockholders in the country, must come to stockholders' meetings oftener.

THE PASSING OF THE "MUGWUMP"

It is only within recent years that we began to get rid of an abominable paradox that isn't yet entirely gone. People were willing to admit a warm admiration for the man with an independent mind, the independent voter. That is, between elections. But when election time came, the "bolter" who did not stick by his party through thick and thin was an object of scorn. "Mugwump" was a term of odium; and every town had its long list of men who would boast that they "had never scratched a ticket."

Of course there are a lot of them yet. Even a stupid sense of loyalty dies hard. But the boast doesn't carry the glamour of old, and the "straight-ticket voter" is rapidly being put in his proper pigeonhole.

There is an element of the paradoxical in the very idea of public office-holding. In private affairs, long and faithful service is the thing that we prize. Family doctor, family lawyer, family banker, merchant we know, employer we like, employee who knows his job—these we keep to the end. But the theory of perpetual service in political position seems to breed an arrogance of office that we can't endure. We soon begin to feel the need for change. So we put the other fellow in, willy-nilly.

Gilbert, in the "Pirates of Penzance," neatly summed up the working of paradox thus:

> How quaint the ways of Paradox!
> At common sense she gaily mocks.
> Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha!

Luckily the heat of the campaign doesn't begin till the heat of the summer is ending. Perhaps before both are through we shall recognize how these political paradoxes mock at common sense. Not gaily and quaintly. Not with Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha! But seriously.

A WORD OF EXPLANATION

Attorney-General Wickersham, in his annual report for the year ending June 30, 1911, reviews the investigation of several Federal Court clerks, of whom he found some eighteen guilty of irregularities, varying in kind and degree. Mr. Connolly, in his June instalment of "Big Business and the Bench," mentioned this fact in one place; and later, after discussing Federal Judge Hanford, of Seattle, referred to the fact that one of the clerks attacked by the Attorney-General was the clerk of Judge Hanford's court.

In the meantime, the clerk alluded to by both Mr. Connolly and the Attorney-General, has been succeeded by Abraham W. Engle. There is not the slightest taint of irregularity in Mr. Engle's record.

We are sure no one will think that the article referred to Mr. Engle, or that any imputation against him was intended by Mr. Connolly. But we offer this further explanation to make assurance doubly sure. *It was Mr. Engle's predecessor who was indicted* by the Federal Grand Jury in Seattle on December 8, 1911, on the charge of embezzling Government funds.

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